ANNUAL UNIVERSITY PRESS ISSUE

Saturday Review

May 22, 1965 25¢

THE FOULING OF THE AMERICAN ENVIRONMENT

Special Reports by:
Peter Bart
Jonathan Daniels
C. W. Griffin, Jr.
Oveta Culp Hobby
Norman E. Isaacs
George Lazarus
Ralph McGill
Robert Rienow
Wallace Stegner
Stewart L. Udall
and others

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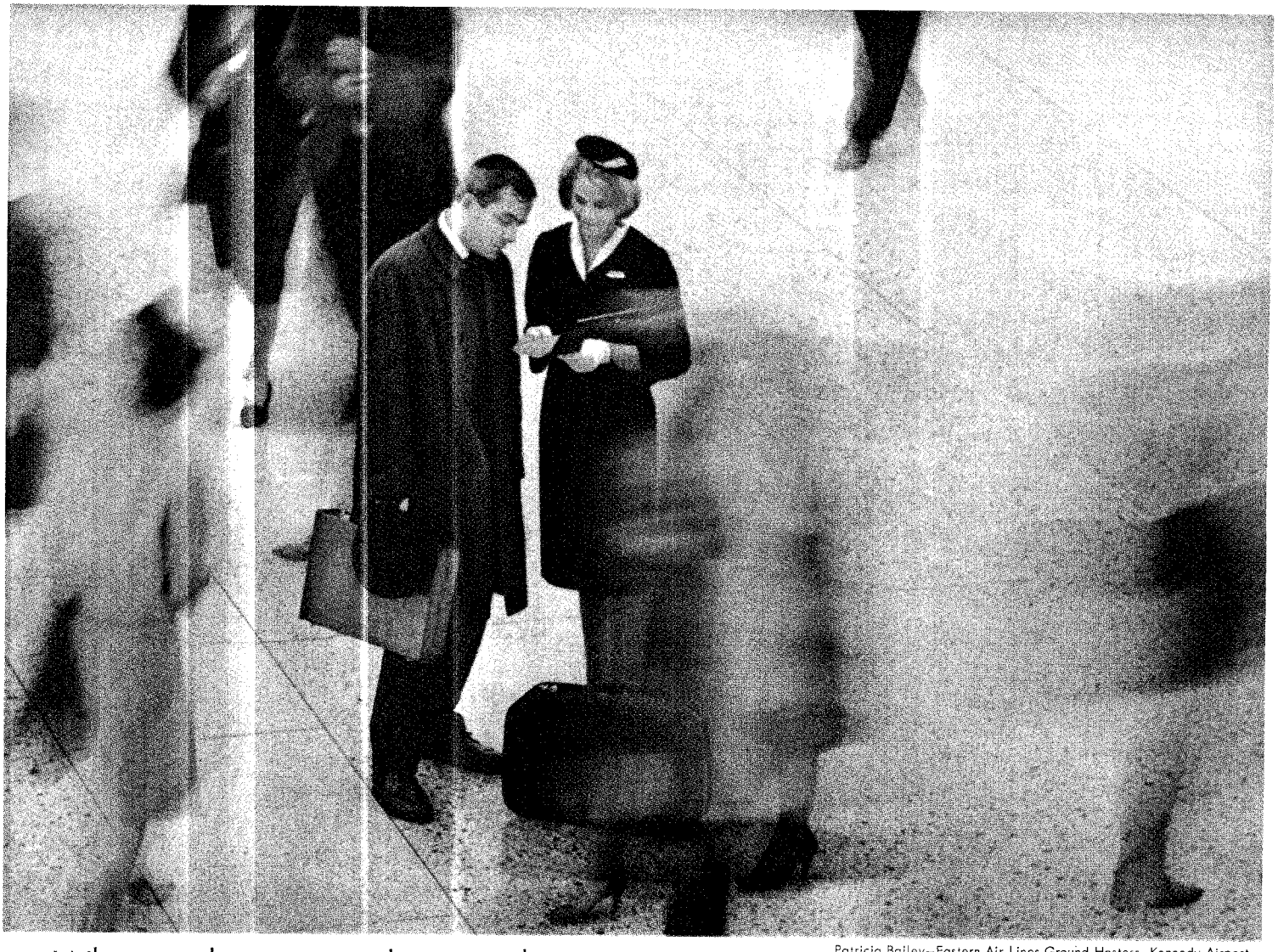

Patricia Bailey—Eastern Air Lines Ground Hostess, Kennedy Airport

Why are there special Ground Hostesses at Eastern terminals?

For the same reason dinners on our Famous Restaurant flights from Chicago are by The Pump Room.

Why are dinners on Eastern Famous Restaurant flights prepared by The Pump Room, Voisin, and Old Original Bookbinder's? Why do Eastern crews go back to school each year? Why will there soon be Ground Hostesses to look after you at more major Eastern terminals?

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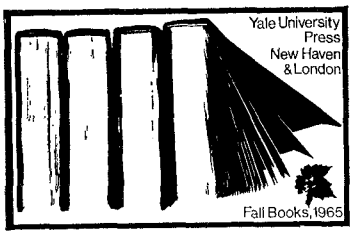
A message from Yale



Once in a great while an unusual number of impressive manuscripts in preparation for a number of years all come together into one seasonal publishing list. For Summer and Fall of 1965 this has happened to Yale. We do not hesitate to label this the strongest list, containing the largest number of significant titles, that has appeared under the Yale imprint in many years. On that basis, we commend to your special attention the selection listed below. We do so with pride and exuberance.

The Vinland Map and the "Tartar Relation"
R. A. Skelton, Thomas E. Marston, and George D. Painter, with a Foreword by Alexander O. Vietor

Here are twin major discoveries in the field of early North American and Asian cartography and exploration. **October, $15.00**

Man Adapting
Rene Dubos

The dominant theme of Mr. Dubos' book is that the state of health or disease is the expression of the success or failure of the organism to respond adaptively to environmental changes. **November, $10.00**

Letters from the Paris Peace Conference
Charles Seymour, edited by Harold B. Whiteman, Jr. **December, $7.50**

Political Oppositions in Western Democracies
Robert A. Dahl, editor **December, $10.00**

Beyond the Cold War
Marshall D. Shulman
September, cloth $3.75; paper $1.25

A History of Modern Criticism, 1750-1950
Volumes 3 and 4
Rene Wellek
October, Vol. 3 $8.50; Vol. 4 $10.00

Trials of the Word
R. W. B. Lewis **October, $6.50**

The Nez Perce Indians and the Opening of the Northwest
Alvin M. Josephy, Jr. **October, $10.00**

Twenty Years on the Pacific Slope
Letters of Henry Eno from California and Nevada, 1848-1871 **W. Turrentine Jackson, editor** **October, $6.00**

The Historical World of Frederick Jackson Turner
Wilbur R. Jacobs, editor **October, $5.00**

The Jesuits and the Indian Wars of the Northwest *Robert Ignatius Burns, S.J.* **October, $10.00**

Wagon Roads West
W. Turrentine Jackson **October, $7.50**

Italian Architecture, 1750-1914
Carroll L. V. Meeks
December, probably $20.00

The Portraits of Alexander Pope
William Kurtz Wimsatt **September, $20.00**

Fifteen Master Drawings
Egbert Haverkamp-Begemann **June, $5.00**

Music in Bali *Colin McPhee* **June, $25.00**

Interconnections in the Ancient Near East
William Stevenson Smith
November, probably $17.50

Yale University Press
New Haven and London
in Canada: McGill University Press

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The place to go is Mexico

And one of its most charming regions is the State of Michoacan. Morelia, its capital, about 200 miles from México City, retains its colonial atmosphere. Within its boundaries lies Lake Patzcuaro, one of Mexico's largest and one of the highest in the world. From its waters comes a delicate white fish, highly regarded by gourmets. Literally dozens of spas famed for their restorative radioactive waters are scattered throughout the State. Among the most famous is San Jose Purua, located in a lovely sylvan setting. Popular arts flourish including lacquered ware and embroidered blouses, much being the product of the Tarascan Indians native to the area. Come for a pre-Olympic view of this fabulous land so near, so modern and yet so foreign.

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Saturday Review

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Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Manager of Advertising Sales, Harry T. Morris; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy; Advertising Promotion Manager, William Donald Garson. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLVIII, No. 21, May 22, 1965. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." © 1965 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article, without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage. **Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017.**

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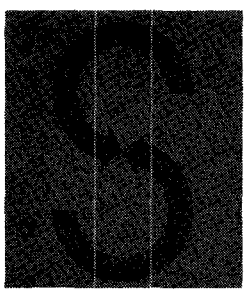
BOOKS FOR PERSPICACIOUS PEOPLE

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN PAINTING AND SCULPTURE, 1965

with an introduction by Allen S. Weller. The best recent works of 135 American artists are on display in this famous biennial publication, which also includes biographical sketches of the artists and, in most cases, statements by them about their work. Weller's introductory essay interprets a number of exciting developments in American painting and sculpture in the last two years. "Over the years the Illinois biennials have come to be valued as conscientious periodic reports on the state of our art." —*Arts Magazine.* 7½ x 10 inches. 135 black and white plates. 210 pages. $3.50.

THE POLITICS OF WAGE-PRICE DECISIONS

A FOUR-COUNTRY ANALYSIS



by Murray Edelman and R. W. Fleming. Here is a multi-faceted analysis of the way in which Italy, Germany, Great Britain, and The Netherlands have attempted to exert a restraining influence on price and wage levels since World War II. It includes a comparison with the U. S. that throws light upon current American wage-price decisions and policies. 331 pages. $6.75.

NATIONAL PARTY PLATFORMS, 1840-1960: SUPPLEMENT, 1964

compiled by Kirk H. Porter and Donald Bruce Johnson. Civil rights, extremist groups, and other planks in the Republican and Democratic platforms were major issues in the 1964 presidential campaign. This quadrennial supplement to our *National Party Platforms, 1840-1960* ($10.00) contains the complete 1964 platforms of the Democratic, Republican, Prohibition, Socialist Labor, and Socialist Worker parties. 7¾ x 10 inches. 58 pages. Paper, $1.95.

URBAN LAND USE PLANNING

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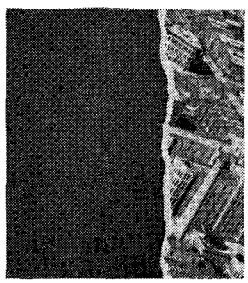
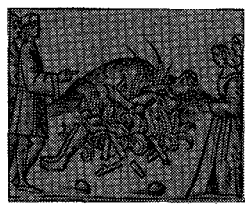


by F. Stuart Chapin, Jr. This well-known book combining a modern, dynamic theory and the techniques necessary for successful urban land use planning has been enlarged, revised, and brought up to date to reflect the latest significant developments and trends in the field. 40 illustrations. 498 pages. $7.95.

ITALIAN TRAGEDY IN THE RENAISSANCE



by Marvin T. Herrick. The genesis and development of Italian tragedy and its important contributions to English and French drama are revealed in this companion volume to the author's *Italian Comedy in the Renaissance* ($4.50). He examines the major plays of the period, offers analyses of plot, character, and style, and flavors his detailed account with selections of dialog. 315 pages. $6.75.

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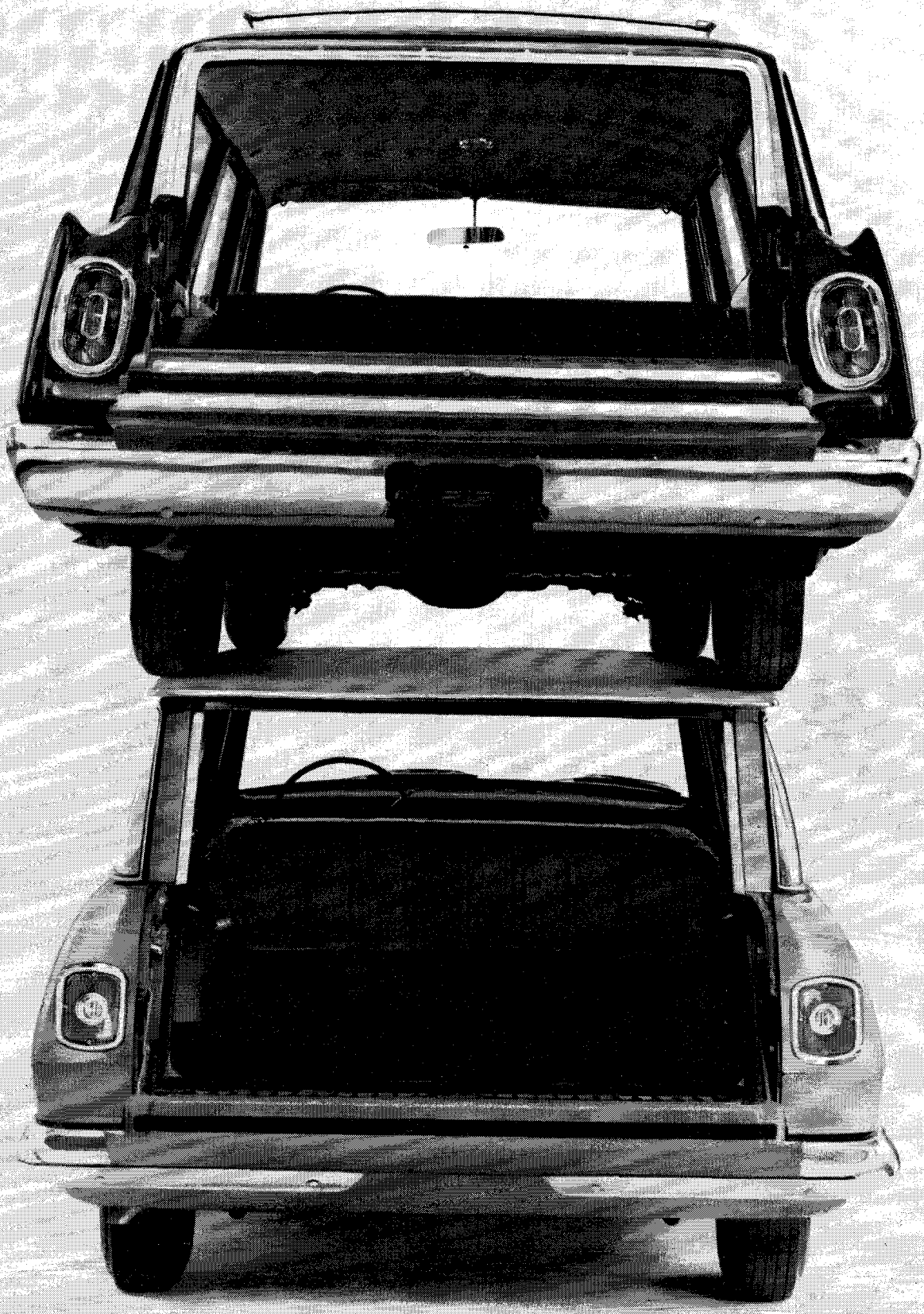

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170 cubic feet of station wagon.

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(Not "or" 28 cubic feet.)

But on the outside, it's only 9 inches longer than the VW Sedan.

You can park it like a sports car.

And everywhere you go, the VW engine is right behind you.

It goes over 20 miles on a gallon of regular gas. And you never have to pay for antifreeze, flushings, or radiator repair.

There isn't any radiator.

And you can safely expect 15,000 extra miles on your tires. (Ours average 35,000 miles.)

When you think about it, the VW Station Wagon not only holds a pile, it can also save you one.

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Edited by Martin Levin

Purple, 40 Fathoms Deep

I REMEMBER an antique store with a display sign which read, "Nothing less than one hundred years old."

Antiquity, in the retail definition, has been sneaking up on us lately. At big city antique shows, dealers display moustache cups, telephone fixtures of the Teddy Roosevelt era, souvenir ash trays and walking sticks from Atlantic City, circa 1915, and Woodrow Wilson campaign posters.

Small shops in the country have become meccas for collectors of buttons, early phonograph records, theatrical programs, and everything to do with the railroad and steamship era into the 1930s.

Recently I found in a clutter of old post cards, a house organ of The Eastern Steamship Lines, Inc. Its title was, appropriately, *The Log*. This particular issue was dated "Spring, 1921." The date stabbed deeply into my youth. Gone forever are the lovely days of cool and leisurely coastal travel by water—and here was a publication with news of such things at their peak, days I had known, lived and loved!

The time schedule of Boston to New York service blew jets of oxygen into the ashes of memory:

5:00 P.M. Leave India Wharf
5:18 " Deer Island Light—flash red and white
5:20 " Nixie's Mate—flash white gas buoy and bell buoy.
5:25 " Bug Light—flash red.
5:30 " Boston Light—flash white.

There were twenty-five of these scheduled check points, ending up with "8:30 A.M. arrive Pier 18, North River, N. Y."

Along with other rich dividends of memory and pictures of the beloved old steamships, was a nautical tone poem, obviously a copywriter's delight. Every word had been rubbed into paper with purple salt. Innocently enough, it was slipped in beneath a map of the company's lines, tracing the waterfront from New York to St. John. It was captioned "Love of the Sea." Hold your hats, adjust your life belts, and women and children first:

> What man is there who does not love the open sea far from the sight of land where the water is clear, the air pure and the sky bends down to kiss the leaping waves? In the city there is so much that is small, sordid and debasing that we fall under the influence more or less, but in the open sea, face to face with the infinity of space, where the air and the sun come to us in Nature's full perfection, the mind expands, and as the physical horizon enlarges, so the mental horizon takes a wider range and we form a truer judgment. To open a man's heart and make him what he should be, nothing is better than the open sea and the open sky.
>
> There is much life about the water. Seen from the deck of a staunch, wave-buffeting steamer, here it ripples, there it sparkles, yonder a wave shows a lacy edge, another rises in a clear green slope. Ever in motion, responding so easily to wind and weather, it charms one in its power of calm almost to forgetfulness of the power which it has in time of storm and the majestic thunder with which, when the tempest drives, it hurls itself against the cliffs.

Caught up as I am, in a saturated saline mood, I fire back:

Oh copywriter of a bygone day
you dipped your pen in ink of
purplish hue;
I too recall the city's evil way
and sordid things that happened
there, a few
I too have seen the sky "bend down
to kiss"
the waves, yet I prefer in memory's
flight
the girl I kissed, off-shore, in utter
bliss
with Boston Lightship flashing red
and white!

—FRANCIS W. HATCH.

Exasperats

DO YOU like to hear about dreams? Then hear this one. I swear it really happened.

I dreamt I was talking to a lexicographer. He was saying that it was difficult to think of a word that didn't have its opposite.

"I'm glad you said that," I said, "because I've been trying to think of an opposite for a certain word and I haven't been able to do it. Perhaps you can help me."

"Certainly," he said, "What is the word?"

"If somebody has done something especially fine that you find pleasing and

(*Continued on page* 14)

You'll find your heart's desire in Jamaica...come and let us show you why.

Underwater fantasy... maybe even mermaids. Lazy beaches, gentle lagoons. Moonlight raft rides on jungle river rapids. There's so much that's so different and so lush and so lovely here. And who can bring you here with such sure knowledge, such spirit and style as BWIA? First to bring the fabulous Boeing 727 Sunjets to the Caribbean, finest with bounteous BWIA service that puts you in a Caribbean holiday mood from the moment you board. Just tell your travel agent your heart's desire. He'll do the rest. For falling-in-love-with-places vacations on Jamaica or any of the lovely BWIA islands, fly the airline that knows... and serves... the Caribbean best. Ask your travel agent, any BOAC office or, in Florida, BWIA-Miami. And for your free Caribbean Fun-Pak write to BWIA, Dept. S-5, 530 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10036.

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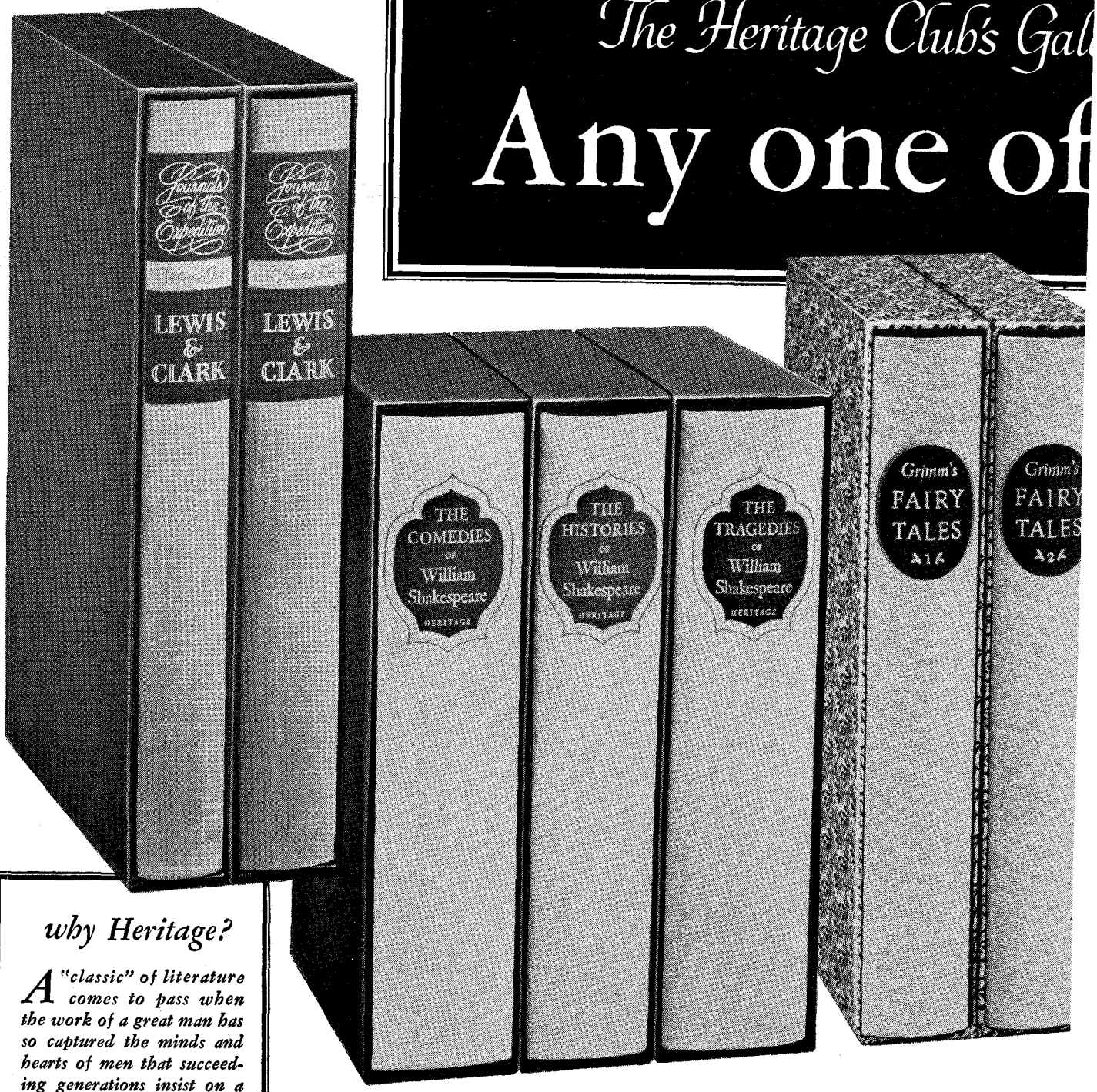

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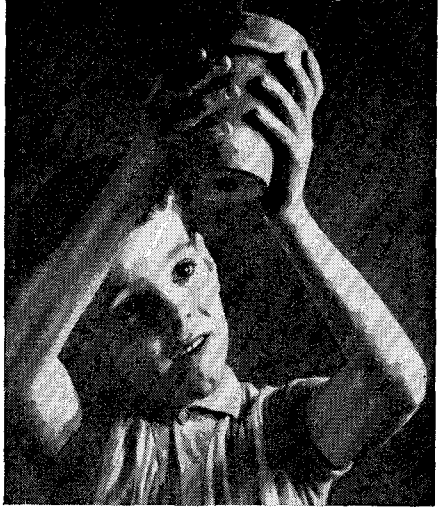

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Continued from page 8

you want to congratulate him in the vernacular, you send him your congrats. Right?"

"Right."

"Now suppose you are exasperated or displeased or frustrated, and you want a word in the vernacular that would be the opposite of 'congrats' to send him, what is it?"

"No problem. There is such a word. You send him your 'exasperats.'"

"Excellent, excellent," I said. "That is precisely the word I want. I had never heard of 'exasperats' before. It fills the one hole in the language that had bothered me. Please accept my congrats."

Now here comes the part of the dream that is difficult to believe. Just after I offered my congrats to the lexicographer for having thought of exasperats, my dream became inverted. That is, I said to myself in my dream: "Hold on—it wasn't the lexicographer who thought of the word. It was you. This is a dream, you thought of the word yourself. It was you who put the word 'exasperats' in the mouth of the lexicographer. Therefore, you are the one who is to be congratulated. Congrats."

As sometimes happens when dreams become too vivid, the excitement caused me to wake up. I couldn't restrain myself. I tapped my wife on the shoulder.

"Ellen," I said. "I hate to wake you, but something very unusual has happened."

"What?" she asked, propping herself up on her elbow and squinting at me in the dark.

"I just discovered a new word."

"Can't we talk about it in the morning?"

"Yes, of course, but this is very exciting."

"What is?"

"Well, if you have just heard about something that a friend has done that you find exceptionally pleasing, and you want to congratulate him, what do you send him? In the vernacular, that is."

"I don't know. What do I send him?"

"You send him your congrats, of course."

"So?"

"So if you want to send him something when he has done something that has had just the opposite effect on you, what do you send him?"

"I don't know. What do I send him?"

"You send him your exasperats." I said, beaming in the night.

"O.K." she said, "please accept my congrats and exasperats."

And she turned over and went back to sleep. —CULL PEPPER.

THE MAKING OF A PRESIDENT, 1912

Woodrow Wilson: Reform Governor

BY DAVID W. HIRST

A Documentary Narrative

A fascinating, behind-the-scenes account of the transformation of Woodrow Wilson from a private citizen to a national figure. Wilson's vote-getting potential drew notice as early as 1902, when he became president of Princeton University. In 1907 George Harvey, editor of **Harper's Weekly**, assigned one of his staff writers to "advertise" Wilson as a candidate for the governorship of New Jersey in 1910 and the Presidency in 1912. New Jersey Democrats desperately sought a new leader, and Wilson, thwarted in his efforts to democratize the social life of Princeton, was ready to be lured into politics.

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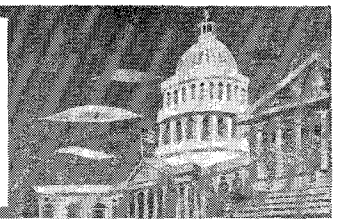
State of Affairs



New Tools for the CIA

THE Central Intelligence Agency, that problem child of the American government, got another governess the other day when John McCone stepped aside for his successor, Admiral Raborn. The change was not in any way a disciplinary move. On the contrary, both the agency and its supervision have been getting increasingly better marks among insiders.

It was with John McCone that the romantic age of the Dulles era ended and something of a managerial revolution began. Allen Dulles, who used to be referred to as the "master spy," learned his craft in Switzerland during World War II when, understandably, it was almost all cloak-and-dagger work. The fascination of spycraft continued to keep a hold over him. Very often he talked to some of the secret agents himself, and very often he tried to second-guess them.

He was not unaware, of course, of the great opportunities new scientific inventions offered, and it was under him that the technological era of spying made great strides. The notorious U-2, the most effective spy ever invented, was developed, and a start was made with the spy-in-the-sky satellites—though their value may have been exaggerated. Automation thus took its toll even among the Mata Haris, for the number of enemy missile emplacements and nuclear production lines came to matter much more than the number of enemy divisions or what General X had to say.

And yet it was the excess of romanticism in the CIA that became its undoing and led to the Bay of Pigs disaster. The outcry then for something close to disciplinary action became deafening and John McCone became the disciplinarian. The light reins Allen Dulles had kept were tightened, most of the central authority that had been delegated a little too freely was reasserted, and a somewhat autocratic regime was introduced. Great pains apparently were taken to prevent accusations that the CIA was running its own air forces, or installing governments it preferred, and emphasis was shifted to the less dangerous but ultimately more important analytical work. The so-called national estimates here became something of a Bible inside the government and are now accepted by men like Rusk and McNamara as their guidelines. (President Kennedy, when he appointed John McCone, told him that what haunted him most were the true objectives of Soviet, Chinese, and international Communism, and he wanted these carefully analyzed.)

The Director of Central Intelligence has always suffered from a certain schizophrenia. There is the question of his main customer and favorite reader: is it the President or the government in general? There is the dilemma of whether his main function is to preside over the entire intelligence community —military and civilian—or solely to run the CIA.

President Kennedy was immensely interested in the craft of intelligence and he himself often asked for various refinements of an analysis. President Johnson is not particularly interested in the operation of intelligence agencies; he is chiefly a user. He judges everything by the end product. And so the emphasis now is on improving the end result. He soon gave up the personal intelligence briefings by McCone himself, preferring instead to read the reports (although since the recent installation of press tickers in his own office Mr. Johnson often telephones the CIA director for the inside story of what he reads on the tape). This has restored some of the personal attention of the Kennedy days, which evidently made people feel that they did not work in oblivion.

To improve the end product is, of course, easier said than done. The assessment of enemy intentions is always a chancey business. During the Diem days in Vietnam, for instance, the CIA was not only well abreast of events, but was indeed said to be able to influence them. After the fall of Diem, as one official puts it, "the CIA had the props knocked from under its feet," and ever since has had trouble keeping up with events. Clearly, men who are planning coups that displease the United States are going to keep their intentions closely

"I'll feel great for days at a time, and then suddenly my heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains my sense as though of hemlock I had drunk, or emptied some dull opiate to the dregs one minute past, and lethe-wards had sunk."

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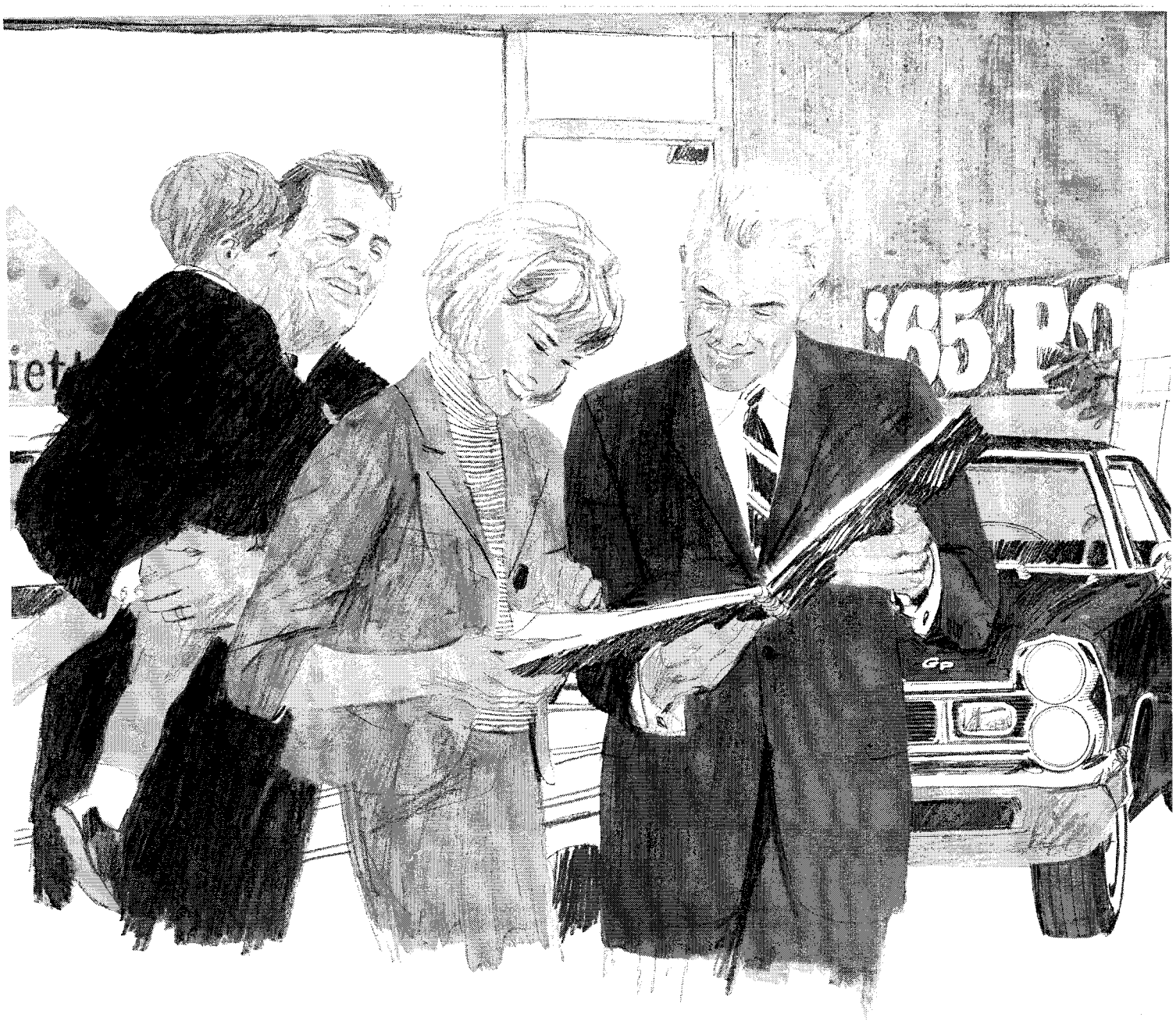

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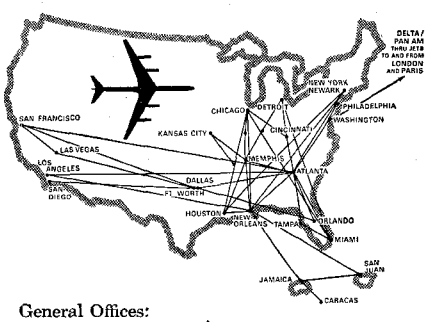

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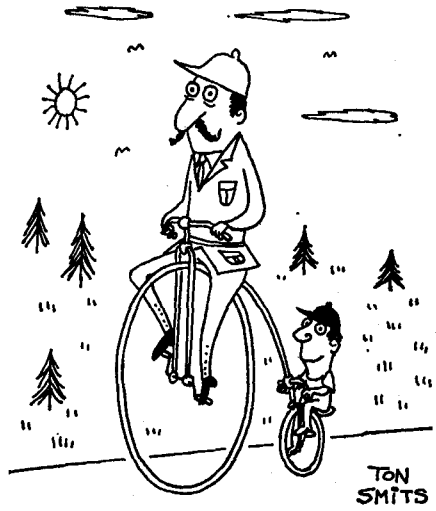
guarded from Americans who would want to take countermeasures. As to the larger picture in Vietnam, the key question, of course, is whether the Chinese will intervene and under what circumstances. The prevailing view of the analysts is that they will not intervene with troops, and (though there are dissenters to this opinion), the Johnson Administration is proceeding on the basis of it.

Another hard test for the intelligence analysts came with the rebellion in the Dominican Republic. The massive American intervention in that area and President Johnson's warning that "there are signs that people outside the Dominican Republic are seeking to gain control over the rebel movement" were very likely based, at least partly, on CIA intelligence estimates. All this goes to show how important indeed is the CIA's "end product," for on the basis of it the President may decide how to meet an emergency.

THERE was considerable opposition to John McCone when President Kennedy appointed him. Fourteen Senators voted against the appointment and there was much criticism in the press. One liberal columnist devoted seven columns and two broadcasts to attacking him, but recently he confessed that he now feels he erred.

McCone, who looks more like a man of the cloth than of the cloak, does not make friends easily. He is withdrawn and austere and has the autocratic way of corporation presidents. One member of the Atomic Energy Commission once said that McCone, during his tenure as the commission's chairman, often went to meetings with his mind already made up, and was concerned only to convince others of the rightness of his own view. But those who were bothered by his rigidity of mind on some matters now admit surprise that he showed much subtlety in distinguishing between the détente with the Soviet Union and Chinese implacability.



Summing up his experience now, McCone says that the most dangerous trap in intelligence work is to rely on one's own hunches. The essence in this game, he feels, is to sort out the wheat from the chaff of mass data, refine it, reflect on the result, and then reach a judgment.

The CIA scored high in estimating almost to the day the first Chinese nuclear explosion. But it was mistaken in calling a news conference, something unique in the history of intelligence agencies, to debunk Russian claims of their economic growth—though in retrospect those analysts who had pressed for the publicity turned out to be more accurate than had been thought at the time. Another slip occurred when John McCone personally tried to interfere with the publication of an exposé book about the CIA called *The Invisible Government*.

Admiral Raborn is nevertheless taking over a CIA whose image is healthier and whose administration is more businesslike. As one close to these circles summed up the situation, "The CIA is now more an informer than a doer, and the morale inside it has greatly improved." Raborn is a gregarious type, anything but a cloakish man, who knows how to make friends and is popular on Capitol Hill—two qualifications that count high with President Johnson. He will be running an organization whose total personnel is estimated at something less than 20,000 men and whose annual budget, although secret, is said to be about half a billion dollars. But this agency, whose resources have animated the imagination of many, only recently began a campaign—and one that is not secret—to collect money for scholarships for the sons of the CIA employees—who apparently find it increasingly difficult to help educate their children on their own salaries.

Admiral Raborn won his great reputation for managerial efficiency, personal drive, and the ability to inspire others when he succeeded in getting the Polaris missile far ahead of its original schedule. And now, having been brought back from retirement and a remunerative industrial directorship, he has the added advantage that he is not obligated to anybody. Thus an old man of the sea will now be on the bridge, and though he has had no experience in the intelligence field there will be his deputy, Richard Helms, who once controlled the nether regions of the agency's operations.

Together as captain and helmsman, they may yet succeed in steering the CIA into a natural function of government.

—HENRY BRANDON.

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What has this man discovered about the "secret games" people play that has intrigued intellectuals and psychologists and can give you astonishing insights into your own hidden self?

His name is Dr. Eric Berne. He is a prominent California psychiatrist. His special area of investigation: *games . . . the dead serious little "games" we play with each other almost every day of our lives.* (Games like RAPO, for example — our subterranean, national sex game — the unspoken call to arms that silently goes forth each night across the land.)

All of these games are at last totally exposed and brilliantly analyzed for you in a new book which — largely through the "grapevine" — has become a runaway dark-horse bestseller from coast to coast. It's called **GAMES PEOPLE PLAY.**

Dr. Berne's book, Games People Play, is being greeted — by professionals and laymen alike — with the shock of recognition and the intense enthusiasm which go only to the breakthrough books like Reisman's *The Lonely Crowd* and Freud's *General Introduction to Psychoanalysis.*

As Dr. Berne has said, "Most people, in most of their family and business relationships are constantly playing games with each other. What's more, they are striving — often unconsciously — for an emotional 'payoff' which is startlingly different from what they might rationally expect to get from winning or losing their game. This is an intriguing phenomenon which everyone has observed at one time or another . . ." But never, until Dr. Berne, have we had anything like Games People Play.

Here are just a few of the games and insights awaiting you (including a few that — in their gently humorous way — could actually save your sanity — or even your life).

▶ The game of **Schlemiel:** Every host or hostess who has ever had a lace curtain ruined or a rug destroyed by a "clumsy" accident will want to read this vivid analysis of one of our most common, least acknowledged party games. Find out the surprising answer to the question: Who's the schlemiel, the host or the guest?

▶ How to protect yourself if your psychiatrist starts to play **Schlemiel.**

▶ **"Mama, they're anti-ssssemitic."** Read how the latest wrinkle on this old joke is costing the American taxpayer millions each year.

▶ The game called **Homosexuality.** Dr. Berne shows why the psychiatrists' view of the homosexual is so biased, and how an analysis of his games can help the fully committed homosexual to avoid wasting a great deal of his time and creative energy.

▶ **Of great interest to psychotherapists:** an actual transcription of a session of transactional therapy with Dr. Berne's commentary.

▶ **Uproar:** A three-handed game. Dramatis personae: a maturing, teenage daughter; a father; a sexually inhibited mother. Read how one variant of this game has been sanctified as a semi-ritual in America . . . and read how the British upper classes handle it.

▶ **The Party Games.** Of course, every one of the 120 games in this book can be and is played at parties. You will chuckle or grimace as you read Dr. Berne's incisive thumbnail sketches of how often personality types like "Big Daddy" and "Little Old Me" unerringly find each other across a crowded room and how, as though by deep instinct, they start up brisk games of **Broken Skin, Blemish, How'm I Doing,** or that all-time party favorite: **Why Don't You — Yes But.**

▶ **The Office Games.** Often, a failure to understand the workings of such on-the-job favorites as **Ain't It Awful** and **Look What You Made Me Do** can cost a deserving man the advancement he deserves.

▶ **Creditor and Debtor.** Anyone who has ever suffered at the hands of one or the other — or both — will be grateful for this advice on how to have the last laugh on virulent members of the species.

> New games are constantly being discovered, especially at parties. So if you read **Games People Play** and keep your antennae tuned, you might make a real contribution to psychological research by noting and recording games that you've unearthed.

▶ The game called **Alcoholic.** This is perhaps the most startling discussion in this startling book. Dr. Berne starts off by stating, "In game analysis there is no such thing as 'alcoholism' or 'an alcoholic'; but there is a role, **The Alcoholic,** in a certain type of game." He then goes on to analyze the roles played by this **Star** and his supporting cast of **The Persecutor, The Rescuer, The Connection** and **The Patsy.** Dr. Berne shows that the "payoff", the true raison d'etre of the game of **Alcoholic,** actually lies in that aspect of the problem to which most doctors and other investigators pay the **least** attention and he casts serious doubt on the effectiveness of Alcoholics Anonymous cures.

▶ **Underworld games.** In this section you will find vivid descriptions of the most important criminal games — from third-degree **Rapo** and the **Badger Game** all the way to **Adult Cops-and-Robbers** and **I Want Out** (played by criminals desperate to stay **in** stir!).

▶ **Marital and Sex Games.** Starting off with the "three star marriage buster" called **See What You Made Me Do,** Dr. Berne pinpoints many of the stifling Punch and Judy shows which husbands and wives needlessly accept in place of the exciting, satisfying drama of real living and loving. This book offers insight into aspects of marital unhappiness from impotence to frigidity.

▶ In the game called **Corner** and in its anti-game, you may well find the cause of and even the cure for your child's asthma or other psychophysical illness!

▶ **Good Games.** Here are the delightful descriptions of some of the many interesting games whose social contribution outweighs their exploitive element. They include **They'll Be Glad They Knew Me** and **Cavalier** (a favorite of poets).

▶ **Beyond Games and Towards Autonomy.** In this final, inspiring section, Dr. Berne explains just what he means by intimacy, why he regards it as the highest level of experience and how the reader may attain it.

Are you a post-graduate connoisseur of the art of Gamesmanship? Are you an enlightened therapist in search of vivifying and unifying psychiatric concepts? Or—most important of all — are you a private individual who would like sensitive, expert guidance toward a happier, more successful personal and professional life? Then Games People Play was written for you.

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Games People Play is now at your bookstore — or use the coupon below to order direct from the publisher for ten-day examination. Please enclose $5.00. If you don't agree that this is one of the most exciting contributions to the understanding of human behavior you have ever read, you may return it within ten days for full refund. Write to Grove Press, Dept. G-3, 80 University Place, New York, N. Y. 10003.

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"The doctor may be smiling as he observes you, but he is not kidding."—WILLIAM HOGAN, *San Francisco Chronicle*

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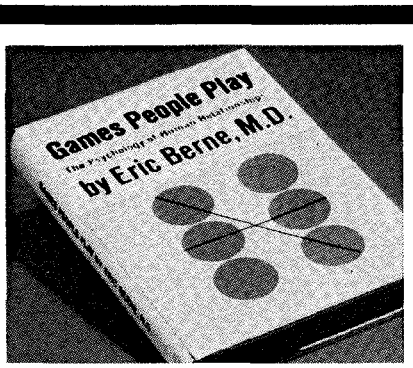

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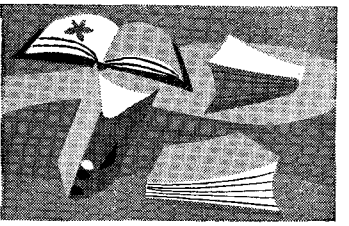
Trade Winds



If you thought you had heard the last from Jack Kerouac you are mistaken. Ten years ago he started working on a book, *Desolation Angels*, and when he finished it in 1961 he gave the manuscript to a friend to read and it got lost. Now, thanks to Coward-McCann, it has been found. *Desolation Angels* is the "missing" document in the "Duluoz legend." But don't ask me what that means; I am not hip. All I know is what the publisher told me: "Passed from hand to hand, its tattered pages reached Coward-McCann in 1964." Question: Is my tattered brain ready to dig another Kerouac book?

Don't get fresh with Alice McGrath. She will twist you around her little finger and toss you on your ear. She is the good-looking publisher from Hollywood, California, whose twenty books on self-defense have supplied advice to millions of men, women, and children who want to learn to protect themselves. Along with her collaborator, Bruce Tegner, she has put out books on karate, stick-fighting, judo, aikido (holds and locks), isometrics, and bone breaking. One or more of these books tells you what to do if you're attacked in a phone booth, barroom, auto, bed, street—everywhere. The latest is *Instant Self-Defense* (Grosset) and it's for people who need an answer in a hurry. (You keep it open to Chapter 1 and carry it with you at all times.)

Alice McGrath got started on all this when her son was nine years old and was more interested in Bach cantatas and Euclid than in baseball or anything like that. He and his mother started the course and pretty soon you couldn't make fun of anybody in the McGrath family. The boy's sixteen and still crazy about Bach and Euclid, but don't mess with him. As for Alice, she's still waiting for her first mugger to grab her from behind. It's been humiliating for her, all these years, not to have had a chance to put what she knows into practice.

Some writers and editors, including Howard Cohn of *True* magazine, were in Louisville to take in the Derby. They hopped into a cab one night and said, "The Kitty Kat Club." The driver started off, heaving a very audible sigh.

"Why doesn't anyone ever ask me to take 'em to the Forty-four Club?" he queried sadly. "It's a terrific place. Fun for all."

"Where is it?" asked Cohn.

Keeping his eyes on the road, the cabbie excitedly fumbled in a pocket and said, "Here's one of the cards they gave me." It said, "Attention Cab Drivers! We will give you $5 for each passenger you steer our way, $20 for a cabful! Forty-four Club."

When the late Quentin Reynolds roamed the country and the world for *Collier's*, filling out his expense accounts was often as much of a problem as anything else. Once, after Reynolds had come back from Ohio with a story, he was unable to account for about $300 of what had been spent. He finally wrote down, "Rental of submarine from Dayton to Cleveland." The item went through.

An eleventh edition of what we call "the Fannie Farmer cookbook" will be published by Little, Brown next month. The legitimate title is *The Boston Cooking School Cook Book*. It's the world's best-selling cookbook, having been

translated into many languages and even Braille.

Miss Farmer had to pay the costs of the first printing of this book in 1896. The reason was that when she offered the manuscript to Little, Brown it was rejected, on the grounds that still another cookbook would not sell. Now, more than 3,000,000 copies later, the editor who made that decision told me the other day that he believes he was mistaken.

After she had made a talk to a ladies' group, Eugenia Thornton, a frequent book reviewer for the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, had a question-and-answer period.

"Do they pay you the same for an unfavorable review as they do for a favorable review?" she was asked.

"Of course," replied Miss Thornton, "the *Plain Dealer* pays me without any effort to influence my judgment."

"The *Plain Dealer!*" exclaimed the

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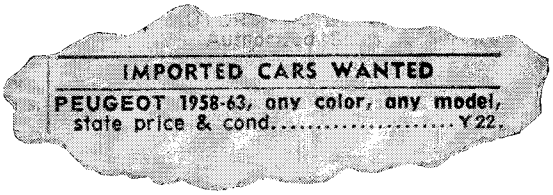

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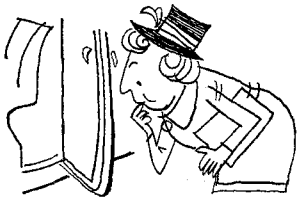
lady. "Why, I thought it was the author who paid you."

I was parked at the A&P in Portland, Maine. A woman approached the vehicle next to me, and threw open the door so violently that it crunched sickeningly against the side of my poor little Volkswagen bus. She didn't bat an eye, but blithely loaded her packages. I stuck my head out and said, "I hope the side



of my car didn't scratch the paint off the corner of your door."

She stopped, leaned over, inspected the corner of the door of her automobile, straightened up, and said, "I don't think so." Then she drove away.

Sharps and Flats: In New York the big issue is whether a citizen should "get involved," that is, call police on seeing a crime committed. Langdon Stookey of Brooklyn did and is glad. He saw a man being beaten up on the street. He summoned aid and the fight was stopped. Lots of people had just been standing there watching. Investigation proved that the victim was a city bus driver and the bystanders were enjoying the spectacle.

► On the radio Tom Ewell read a letter from a young man from out of town who said he was having trouble meeting attractive intellectual girls in New York. I always understood that the way to do this was to frequent the galleries and museums where modern art is exhibited. Stand directly behind a girl who strikes your fancy and eventually she will back up for a better look at something and collide with you. A liaison inevitably ensues.

► "During the early days on the Florida Keys," reads a recipe card I

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1623)

G. B. SCHALLER:
(THE) YEAR OF THE GORILLA

The response of gorillas to rain puzzled me. More often than not, they remained in the rain when they could easily have kept dry by moving a few feet to sit under the leaning bole of a tree. Occasionally, the whole group crowded into shelter, pushing and shoving.

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Puerto Rican engineers designed this new pylon for installation by helicopter.

Progress report to U.S. industry:

Puerto Rico boosts power output to record high

THIS helicopter is planting a power pylon in the mountains around Santa Isabel, in southern Puerto Rico. Electrical engineers should be delighted with our picture. It demonstrates a new method of installation—and it can save them days on labor.

A generation ago, the power supply in Puerto Rico was feeble. Only one home in three could use a light bulb.

By racing ahead with new methods, Puerto Rican engineers multiplied power output fivefold in the last ten years.

Puerto Rico now generates more electricity per square mile than any other country in the Western Hemisphere.

Today, nearly every home, no matter how remote, is plugged into the power system. Factories are being built in every part of the island, and are opening at the rate of *four every week.*

More than 2,300 industrial plants are turning out everything from antibiotics and switchgear to precision instruments and haute couture.

Electricity is not all that has been given a boost in Puerto Rico recently.

The incentives for branching out here are greater, too. You now get up to 17 years' tax holiday. There are more skilled workers than ever before. Average profits are a record *five times* better than on the mainland.

Ever considered Puerto Rico as a site for your plant? You should.

For information on profits and prospects, write: Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. C10M, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10019.

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NEEDED: SOMEONE WHO CARES

It would be very easy to give a moment of your interest... or some change from your pocket... to this child. It would be very easy —for us, too—to settle for this kind of help. But it just isn't enough. For a child who has to eat, not just once, but every day. Who needs shoes this month, and six months from now, and next year, too. Who needs books, schooling, shelter. Who needs... most of all ...someone who really cares.

Will you be that someone? Will you care enough NOW to send off your first month's check for $12.50? And help a child by helping his family help itself to a better life?

The child you help will thank you by personal letter (and snapshot). Will write to you regularly. Will let you know how wonderful it feels to have someone who cares.

SR-5-22-5

Founded 1932

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Norwalk, Connecticut 06852

I would like to sponsor a child in: ☐ Italy
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Enclosed is my first payment of:
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I can't sponsor a child, but I'm enclosing a contribution of $_____

Name_____

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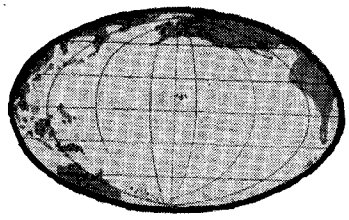
Contributions are U.S. income tax deductible.

Your weekly trip around the world of ideas



Saturday Review

The magazine for people whose time is limited, but whose interests are not

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Saturday Review • 380 Madison Ave. • New York, N. Y. 10017

5-22-65

have, "thrifty wives of conch settlers used juice from wild limes to devise and bake the now famous Key Lime Pie. This is an authentic copy of the original recipe: 1 can condensed milk . . ."

► A family in Connecticut was watching television one Sunday evening not long ago when they smelled smoke. Sparks from the chimney had set the leaves in the gutters on fire. They turned in an alarm and then squirted the hose on the flames. When the siren of the fire engine was heard approaching, the lady of the house screamed, "Oh, the beds aren't made!" She rushed indoors and straightened up before the firemen got there.

► A woman phoned the Denver office of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* to complain that she could not find the Isle of Langerhans in the atlas. She got very huffy when told to consult her physician. The Isle of Langerhans is in the pancreas.

► From *Sexual Reproduction*, written by Susan Michelmore and published by Natural History Press, I learned that there is an obscure male fish whose ambition is to bury himself in the skin of the female and pass his life as a bump on her head.

► One of the most startling new bathing suit designs to come from France is the Inikib. It's the opposite of the bikini: the parts that are uncovered by a bikini are covered, and vice versa. Will it catch on?

► I told you nothing was sacred. Now Simon and Schuster has published *Love Letters to the Mets*, a collection of personal letters written by various baseball fans to the New York National League team. With all these books of letters, how does anyone know whether a letter is a real letter or whether it's written for publication?

► Those scientists aren't so smart, after all. I heard a NASA expert talking about "SCUBA apparatus." He doesn't know that the "A" in SCUBA stands for apparatus.

► A banker in Albany, New York, who types all his own correspondence, was irked to receive a letter from a businessman in Richmond, Virginia, written and signed by "Miss Dorothy Brooks, Secretary to Mr. Ludlow U. Newton, Jr." The banker, no novice at oneupmanship, sent his reply signed, "Susan K. Davidson, Assistant to Miss Smythe, Secretary to Mr. John R. Vincens." —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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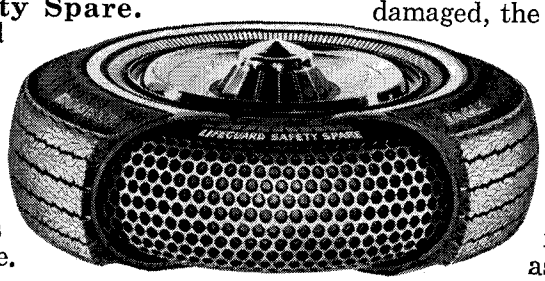
When there's no man around...Goodyear should be.

She'll never have to change tires with Goodyear LifeGuard Safety Spare. Stranded. Helpless. Alone. You'd help her if you were there—but you're not. Every woman should drive on Goodyear Double Eagle tires equipped with LifeGuard Safety Spares. The LifeGuard is an optional extra-safety feature that makes the Double Eagle two tires in one.



A tire within a tire. If the outside tire is ever damaged, the LifeGuard Spare takes over and lets her drive until she's safe. She keeps right on going—even after a blowout. Get Goodyear Double Eagle tires, equip them with LifeGuard Safety Spares and your wife will never have to worry about being stranded. It's almost as good as having a man around.

GO GO GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Double Eagle, LifeGuard—T.M.'s
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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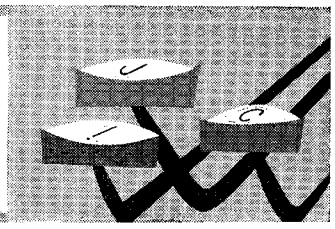
Manner of Speaking



Meet Sugar Bear: Let a child into the house of life, and who knows what will trail in after it? The former Miss Hostetter and I had a pleasant and easy arrangement going when we first began letting children into it. I could even have been persuaded, back there, that what came was actually trailing clouds of glory. Even now I cross the wake of my own young with a sense of having entered some nebulosity, though let me confess that it suggests smog rather than the aether.

It was in some such fog-or-smog just lifting from a daily atmospheric disturbance known as breakfast that I found myself face to face with the new (NEW!) compact box of Sugar Crisp (brand) Honey Flavored Puffed Wheat by General Foods and his staff, with a special insert announcing the "Sugar Bear Inflatable Toy" and instructions to "See Side Panel."

A man just emerging from a fog is susceptible to suggestion. The truly fog-bound condition of any man's morning is as amorphous and as unnatural as zero gravity. Nothing would seem more natural than for the returning astronaut to stare at his feet as if hypnotized by the realization that they fit naturally onto the earth's surface. Just so, the man emerging from the morning mists of parenthood is drawn to any concrete object as if by a return of instinct.

I turned accordingly to the side panel and was greeted by an image of a Disneyized bear sitting under a yellow balloon in which I understood him to be saying in large red letters: "Hi, I'm Sugar Bear, An Inflatable Toy Filled With Fun."

In charity, I overlooked the obvious equation of fun and hot air, and read on (outside the balloon now) to learn that Sugar Bear is thirty-three inches tall and made of soft vinyl plastic in bright colors (primarily brown, if the illustration of Sugar Bear himself was intended to be relevant). And continuing, I learned that for *only $2.00 and two Sugar Crisp boxtops sent to PO Box #32, New York, NY, 10046,* I, too, might fill Sugar Bear with fun or spent breath.

I certainly don't want to give the impression that I am a hard case, but one does grow accustomed to some of the sounds of the world, and I do tend to think of myself as a man not easily bowled over. Let me confess, however, that I did exclaim a minor red "wow!" into a small yellow balloon of my own as the details of this handsome gift offer registered on me.

(NOTE: If the kiddies are interfering with your reading, give them some paper and let them illustrate this reaction for themselves. It's FUN and EASY. First have them draw one abstract head, which they may inflate with fun if they choose. Above that, have them draw a yellow balloon. In the balloon have them print in red: "TWO BUCKS?—WOW!" To add INTEREST and EXCITEMENT offer such prizes as a grubby fistful of Sugar Crisps for originality, neatness, punctuation, effort, or just for shutting up so you can concentrate on some of the profound ideas you are about to discover.)

I am sorry to say that my first reaction was a bit—well, reactionary. I found myself thinking back to the good old days (a sure symptom of senile decline) when gift offers were free ("just send 10¢ to cover postage and handling"—and sometimes with an additional line about a "plain unmarked manila envelope," though I may be straying from the point with this last detail—another sure symptom, I'm afraid). From the good old free-for-10¢ days to this brazen $2 PLUS TWO BOX TOPS was a distance I had not yet covered within my own psyche.

Yet, let me hope I am still adaptable, once out of the fog. Certainly I do not mean to resist progress, but only to survive it. Isn't America the land of the Rising Graph? Hasn't the Dow Jones made it through the 900 level, and didn't Kiplinger predict it would hit 2,000 by 1980? The man of mind is the custodian of the past, but unless he learns also to go with his times, he will cease to be the custodian of the past and be taken into custody by it, his testimony being no longer, then, that of a man to men, but rather of a fossil to its stratum.

I wasn't fossilized yet, I told myself. No, sir. My mind, in fact, was racing to a newly realized possibility. If today's Gravel Goos are ready to give away thirty-three-inch Boggle Bears for only $2 and two box tops, why shouldn't tomorrow's Yummy Snacks get up to twelve-foot Yonkel Giraffes for $10 plus four boxtops, and the next day's Syntho-Schmecks get up to . . .

But I was forced to pause. The trouble with looking into the future far as Tennyson could see is that the human eye can't really see that far. The visionary man has always been derided. Let me suggest, rather, that the unbeliever think back to how things were twenty or thirty years ago. Had a true visionary described to him then the wonders that would be, would that visionary not have been derided?

Yet all of us must risk something for principle. I do sense a danger and I am moved to warn General Foods, who certainly knows without my telling him that he is in a competitive business. I don't know what sort of profit margin the General reaches for on a thirty-three-cent package of Gravel Goos. It's a cinch, however, that it can't hold the hem of a rising graph when compared to the markup on a $2 Blowup Bear, with two box tops for leverage.

Sooner or later, as the General had better learn sooner, those Blowup Bear people are going to catch on to the idea of giving away Gravel Goos for only $5 plus two neckbands from a real fun-flatable Blowup Bear regularly selling at the marked-down bonus value of only thirty-three cents. Those Blowup Bear people are no fools, you know. I think General Foods had best do something dramatic before he finds himself in the subsidiary business of manufacturing gift premiums for General Vinoplast and his Blowup Bears.

And what I want to suggest, in the true spirit of the times, is stock options. Let's get the hot air out of these inflatable premium deals, I say, and start training the small fry to participate in tomorrow. The giveaway can still be made to pay for itself, and even to show a profit. It all depends on how you peg the option price.

For a start, therefore, I suggest a five-to-one margin. For only $5 plus *x* boxtops, that is, the kiddies could be invited to send in for an inflation-proof option to buy any stock at one point below market price.

There would have to be a bracket, of course. Probably something on this order:

> [Offer limited to stock selling for at least $3 per share at time of execution of order; 10% additional service charge for OTC transactions. Brokerage charges payable by buyer. All transactions subject to SEC regulations. The foregoing is not to be construed as an offer to sell stock. Offer not valid in states requiring . . . etc., etc.]

I, for one, am more than willing to leave the bracket details to the legal department. It's the outline of the idea I'm after. To me, it looks like a real chance to get on the surfboard of the future. Let's swim out and ride it in, General. Progress won't stand still, you know. Once opportunity has finished knocking, you've got to get that door open or all you'll ever hear will be its retreating footsteps. And even if you inflate your Sugar Bear then, what fun is he?

—JOHN CIARDI.

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italy

is for people like Michelangelo, Verdi, Sophia, Pucci and you. Italy is the Italians who made history...and their descendants, who make you welcome, admire you out loud. They are why three things happen to Americans in Italy—you feel at home the moment you land; you pick up more Italian than you need; and you leap out of bed in the morning.

The day will be sunny—it nearly always is—and eager as you are, you will not rush. Nobody rushes...or rushes you in Italy. Italy is the rooms full of Michelangelo and Botticelli and Raphael you expect—and the Leonardo drawing hiding behind a door at the Borghese. Italy is Aida at LaScala...and the songs of the fishermen overheard on your balcony. Italy is the Forum of the ages, and the prophetic Rome station...and was that Sophia herself that just passed by?

Italy is a climate so benevolent you bask without a beach, although two of the world's seven best beaches are in Italy—and dozens of other contenders. If you love the sea, there are two lapping Italy from either side. Spas are everywhere. The mountains range from Alps where you can ski all year to Tuscan hills that roll so gently you won't know you're climbing them. No wonder so many master painters are Italian; look at the land they have to paint...and the beautiful people.

It always comes back to the people. That's why people always come back to Italy.

ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT, OR WRITE TO ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE, DEPT. I (E.N.I.T.) 626 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20, ST. FRANCIS HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO 2, 203 N. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO 1, 3 PLACE VILLE MARIE, MONTREAL

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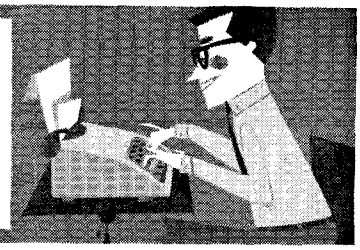
Top of My Head



My Name Is Aace

I WATCHED the recent TV show *My Name Is Barbra,* and I hate to be a party pooper but I did not find it "dazzling" or "a smash" or "a milestone in TV entertainment." Nor would I choose any of the other approbatory garlands that millions of critics, lay and pro, festooned it with the following morning. (At day's end it had become a veritable bucranium.)

The problem of how to present a singer for an entire TV hour remains unsolved. And no one attempts to detract from Barbra's vocal charm, graphically described by Paul Gardner of the *Times* as "the teardrop" voice. To this ear Barbra's tone is truer than true, and her empathic interpretation and projection of lyrics are heartfelt, which is great going for a girl who can't spell Barbara.

But to lose her in a maze of frou frou scenery through which she came flying on gossamer skirt panels—past violins and horns, until she stopped to sing a ballad to a drummer who delicately tapped a series of kettle drums—to have her speak an involved and uninspired piece of dialogue in accents strictly local about a button she picked up in a thrift shop—to have her finally settle down before a microphone to offer a bouquet of ballads in the Streisand manner and, after one song, to walk her across stage to a stool where she sat for another song only to rise and return to her microphone—all these, among many other devices to alleviate the monotony of a one-woman show, create no milestone in TV entertainment.

Neither did a scene which began as a Bergdorf boutique and wound up as a Bloomingdale basement. Nor did an overextended, overproduced, underconceived flashback to Barbra's childhood. Such distractions only distract.

How do you photograph a great singer for an hour of solo television? That problem was answered once when Lena made her hour debut in a show televised in England. With a minimum of movement and a modicum of settings she managed to capture time and hold it tightly in her fist for one hour. There was on her show one small interruption by an added player. Perhaps Barbra will try that next time out.

Almost all the Streisand fans who rhapsodized over her program added as an afterthought "and she's only twenty-three years old." How this pertains to the merit of her program eludes me. I have a niece who is only five years old. She sings "I Love You a Bushel and a Peck" and "If You Were the Only Boy in the World and I Was the Only Girl" and she has just added "People Need People" to her repertoire. Her tone may not be as true as Barbra's and her empathy and diction with a lyric may not be in the Streisand style but is anybody interested in an hour with her as soon as her second teeth come into place?

ON THE other hand, there was an hour-and-a-half show on another channel—Channel 13—or, as it is better known, "My Name Is WNDT." It was *Dear Liar* and there were only two performers, Mr. Jerome Kilty, who wrote the adaptation, and Miss Cavada Humphrey. This dramatization of the letters between George Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell was presented on the same night and at the same time that *My Name Is Barbra* was telecast on CBS. Before the WNDT telecast that night there was an announcement that if you were planning to watch Barbra you could do so and *Dear Liar* would be repeated the next night. Most fortunately it was.

For that announcement alone this hat is off to WNDT. But I saw no rave notices in the paper nor did I hear the huzzahs of the multitude for the captivating performances of its two stars who for an hour and a half lit up our local home screens with literate dialogue skillfully read and enacted. Nor were there any newspaper photos of a cocktail party with black-tie celebrities toasting each other for this fine TV contribution.

Recently I, and I hope many other anxious viewers, sent a contribution to WNDT to keep its programs going. After *Dear Liar* I sent an extra check for bringing the theater into our living room. It was only a small check but I wanted them to know we cared. It was for $4.40. I sat in the balcony.

—GOODMAN ACE.

"Everybody understands me."

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We thought we hadn't missed a spot. Then we spotted Ipanema.

We had been to Acapulco before the Jet Set found it. We had been to St. Tropez and St. Thomas. What we needed was a new playground.

Happily for us, a playboy acquaintance put his finger right on it. "Ipanema," he said, with the accent on the *Ip*.

"It's the latest find in smart resorts—and not many people have found it."

That did it. Not long afterward, we were on a Pan Am Jet headed for Brazil—and Ipanema.

Ipanema is a strip of land that looks on the Atlantic from the southern edge of Rio. It's a little bit of the Riviera with a dash of Jamaica thrown in. There are several miles of white sand, with dozens of choice restaurants, cafés and a race track nearby.

Best of all, Ipanema is right in Rio, probably the world's most beautiful city from the air. The perfect harbor is surrounded by purple mountains and street after street of white-and-pastel houses marching from the water's edge straight up the mountainsides.

When you come down to earth, there are miles of mosaic walks, fabulous restaurants, night clubs that go till dawn, shops that give Fifth Avenue a run for its money, plus music everywhere.

You really ought to fly down there and see it all. South America is a giant among continents, yet so easy to get around.

Fly Pan Am to Rio, for instance, and take advantage of no-extra-fare stopovers in oil-rich Caracas, Belém (on the Amazon), and Brasilia, the world's newest city. From Rio, you can fly Pan Am south to Buenos Aires. And, from there, fly Panagra west to Santiago, then north to Lima, the "City of Kings," then on to unspoiled Ecuador.

From there, Panagra will take you to a tame place called home.

A word from two airlines: Nobody knows South America like Pan Am-Panagra. This is the only airline system that can fly you completely 'round the continent. Fast Jets, frequent flights, a wealth of experience, plus the utmost in passenger comfort. You can see both coasts for the price of one on a round-trip ticket to Buenos Aires. See the East Coast with Pan Am, the West Coast with Panagra. Go one way, return the other. You can do it for less than you've ever dreamed. For instance, the new 30-day Jet economy excursion fare 'round the continent is just $550 from New York, $520 from Miami, $674 from Los Angeles.

PANAGRA • PAN AM

PAN AMERICAN-GRACE AIRWAYS PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS

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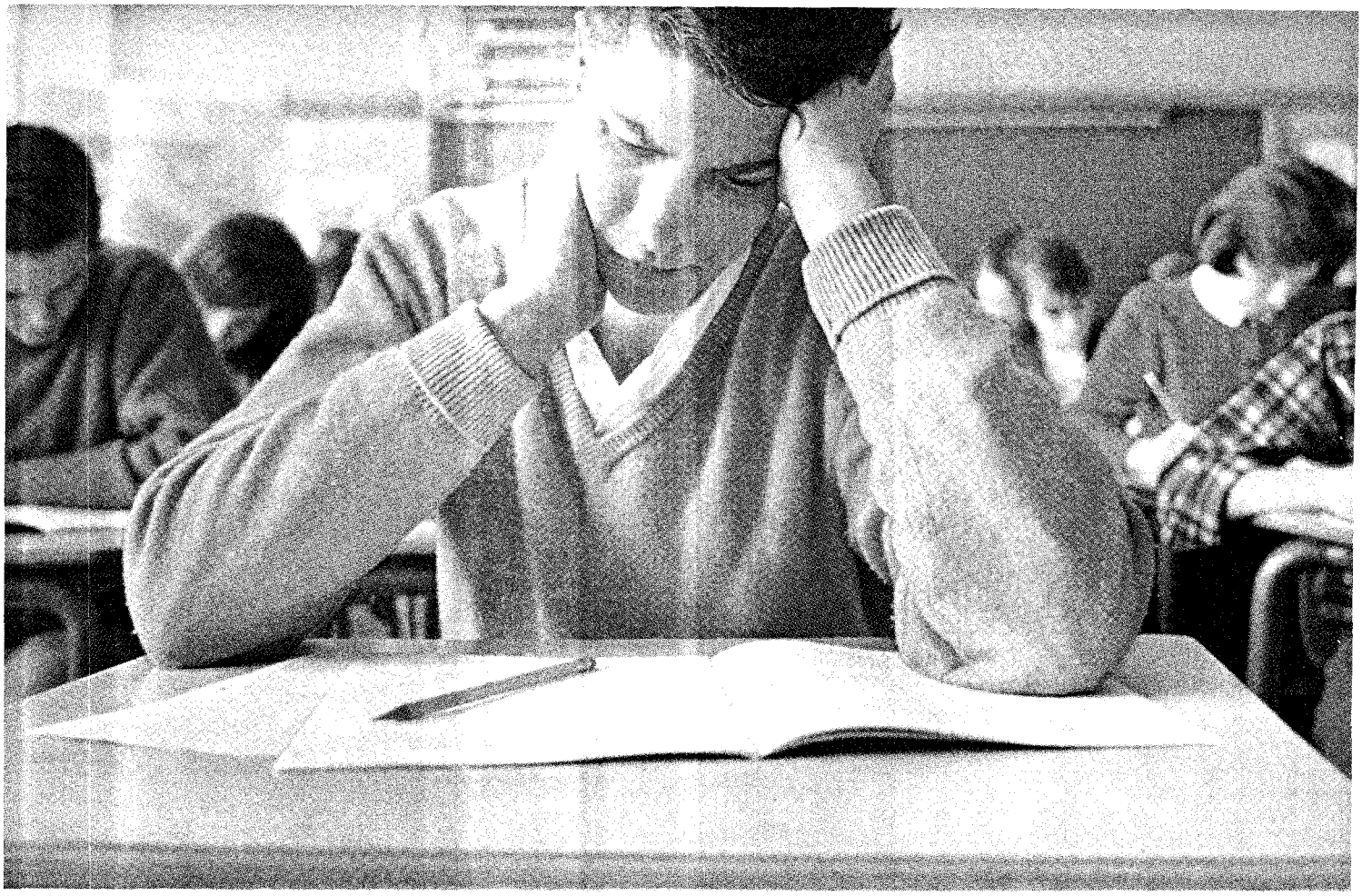

Your child will have twice the job getting into college that you did. Here's how reading can help.

By 1970, there will be almost twice as many college-age youngsters as there were thirty years ago.

Your child will face fierce competition getting into the college he wants. High test scores alone can't win a place in the Freshman Class. Colleges are also hunting for *hungry readers.*

Experience has taught them that the best readers are the best students.

The average college freshman must read the equivalent of two 300-page novels *every week.* If your son isn't an independent reader when he arrives on campus, he'll be sunk.

Is *your* child a skimmer *or* a digger?

What kind of reader is your child? It can make the big difference between success or failure in college. Does he just skim off the facts from his textbook? Or does he dig to discover as much as he can about a subject?

"We want scholars—not parrots," says one professor. "The student who quotes his textbook as gospel very likely has read no further. He knows *only* one point of view. He can't criticize ideas intelligently."

Give him an early head start

From the time your child first starts school, make reading a *family* habit. Read to him and let him read to you.

Get him a library card. It can become his ticket to the independent reading that will be so important in college.

If your youngster is headed for college next fall, here's an important tip. Most colleges supply lists of books for incoming freshmen to read *before* they get to school. Make sure he sends for one—and sticks to it.

A summer of reading will help get him in step with the tough job ahead.

FOR FREE REPRINTS of this advertisement, write to: Box 300D, International Paper, 220 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017.

"Send me a man who reads!"

A series by International Paper

International Paper believes the future lies with *men who read.* These are the men with new ideas—I-P's greatest resource.

You'll find these I-P ideas are all around you. They range from paper bags that stretch to printing papers that stay *white* to a new kind of wallpaper that peels off when you're ready to redecorate.

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INTERNATIONAL PAPER

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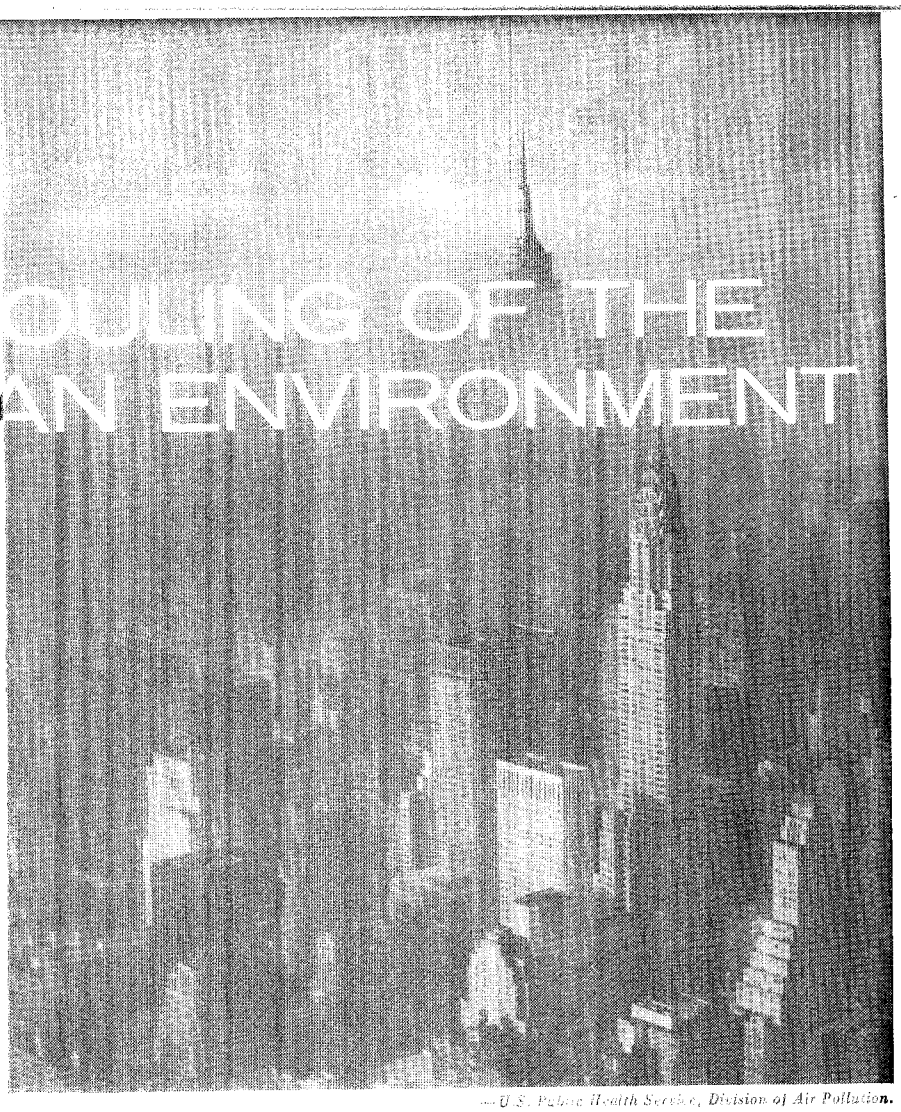
Saturday Review
May 22, 1965

THE FOULING OF THE AMERICAN ENVIRONMENT



—U.S. Public Health Service, Division of Air Pollution.

ITEM: Every day the nation's automobiles spew into the air enough pollutants to equal in weight a lane of cars stretched bumper-to-bumper from New York to Chicago.

ITEM: Not a single river system in the entire United States is free of pollution.

ITEM: The American landscape is being despoiled so systematically, and population is expanding so rapidly, that even the remotest national parks are beset by major traffic problems.

These are among the danger signs of our times. Together with thousands of other pieces of evidence, they are enough to persuade even the most skeptical citizen that the American environment is being subjected to a vast debasement from which literally no one can escape. Water is increasingly unfit not only for drinking but also for bathing, boating, and fishing. Hills that were once green are today scarred and pitted. Farmland and field and forest, sources of food and resources for recreation, are ravaged. And the air we breathe is choked with health-destroying filth.

There are, of course, a few indications of concern, and a patchwork of remedial programs is emerging. But it is clear that such a patchwork can never be enough. In the end, only an informed and aroused public outcry will summon up the resources, the research, and the coordinated legislative effort that is required if we ever hope to restore America the beautiful.

The special section in the following pages is intended to suggest something of the scope of the problem Americans face. Among the contributors are Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall, author of a special guest editorial; C. W. Griffin, Jr., an engineer-journalist who is currently engaged in a study of air pollution; Robert Rienow, a professor of political science at the State University of New York at Albany, and his wife, Leona Train Rienow, a specialist in water pollution; Wallace Stegner, a novelist and historian who has written widely on conservation; Peter Bart, a Los Angeles-based writer for the *New York Times;* Jonathan Daniels, editor of the Raleigh, North Carolina, *News and Observer*; George Lazarus, a Chicago *Daily News* staff member; Ralph McGill, publisher of the Atlanta *Constitution*; Oveta Culp Hobby, president of the Houston *Post*; Norman E. Isaacs, executive editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*; Charles G. Bennett, a *New York Times* reporter who specializes in city affairs; and Ted O. Thackrey, a writer and consultant on air pollution.

—THE EDITORS.

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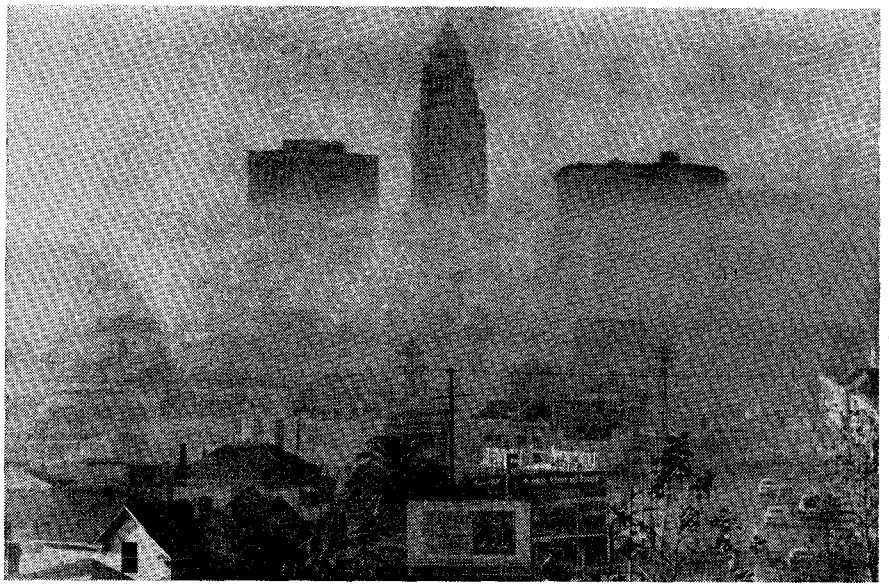
AMERICA'S AIRBORNE GARBAGE



—*Wide World.*

Smog in Los Angeles—"a diabolical brew of irritant gases."

By C. W. GRIFFIN, JR.

NEW YORK pedestrians still have happy memories of a week during the blizzard-plagued winter of 1961 when, against outraged protests that such an action would be unconstitutional, Mayor Robert F. Wagner banned private automobiles from Manhattan's streets until they could be cleared of snow piled ten feet high. Freed from the hazards, noise, and delays of crushing traffic, pedestrians got intimations of the delights of strolling in Venice. City-dwellers even enjoyed the sight of white snow instead of grimy, traffic-churned slush. But the following week, of course, Manhattan resumed its normal role as a battleground between motorists bulling through street-crossing crowds and pedestrians forever caught between traffic-light changes.

The most significant benefit of the automobile ban, however, received little immediate notice. Purifying the city's foul air had no part in the mayor's plan; yet, during the six-day ban on private cars, the carbon-monoxide count, an index of motor-vehicle pollution, dropped to one-third the highest count recorded during the previous month. This drastic reduction took place despite the continued operation of taxis, trucks, and buses (which constitute more than half of Manhattan's normal traffic) and the occurrence of atmospheric temperature inversions, which send pollutant counts soaring. On five of the six days of the ban, a stagnant mass of warm air hovered over the city, an invisible canopy preventing the dispersal of the contaminants.

The Manhattan automobile ban illustrates the kind of drastic action that may be required to limit air pollution to tolerable levels. If we continue on our present course, such basic atmospheric contaminants as sulfur dioxide, carbon monoxide, and nitrogen oxides will increase to two to four times present counts within the next thirty or forty years, according to Vernon G. MacKenzie, chief of the Public Health Service air pollution division. Probably the nation's chief source of atmospheric poisons, the nation's 88,000,000 motor vehicles spew into the air the staggering total of 350,000 tons of carbon monoxide, hydrocarbons, and nitrogen dioxide gas daily. Proceeding at a rate more than double the rate of population increase, the sheer growth in automobiles and the spread of traffic jams throughout our metropolitan areas destroy any hope of adequately controlling automobile pollution by presently proposed methods. Even if unapproved pollution-abating engine modifications proposed for new automobiles in California fulfil their most hopeful promise and become mandatory for new automobiles throughout the nation, they can only keep a bad situation from degenerating into an impossible one. If we want to make our cities' air fit to breathe, we must consider ways of limiting automobile travel in large urban centers like New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Detroit, and Washington, particularly during rush hours. The rush-hour traffic jam is more than a fantastically efficient way to squander communters' time; it is civilization's most diabolical method of multiplying atmospheric poisons.

Los Angeles, of course, best illustrates the desperate struggle against smog. Forced into action by the sheer necessity of keeping the area habitable, Los Angeles County has pressed its control program several light-years ahead of any other U.S. city's. The county's air pollution control district has enforced regulations that limit pollutant emissions from power plants, petroleum refineries, organic solvent industries, home heating furnaces, and other stationary sources almost to the limit of present technology. As a consequence, motor vehicles now contribute at least four times as many pollutants to Los Angeles's air as all other sources combined. Despite the many successes of their anti-smog campaign, including a hard-won victory over backyard trash burners, Los Angeles smog control officials have abandoned the hope of attaining their original goal of restoring 1940 air quality. Pollutant levels from automobiles are now three and a half times the 1940 level. Under the most hopeful projection, with all new cars fitted with ideally maintained smog control devices, the pollutant levels in 1975 will still be nearly three times the 1940 level.

THOUGH Los Angeles still has no competitors as the automobile smog capital of the world, its plight is by no means unique. The frequent temperature inversions that promote photochemical smog reactions in Los Angeles's air occur in at least twenty-seven states plus the District of Columbia. Los Angeles's smog differs from that of most U.S. cities more in frequency than in severity.

The automobile contributes a growing proportion of the air pollutants in many large metropolises. In Washington, D.C., whose prosperous citizens, like Los Angeles's, are addicted to automobile

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commuting, motor vehicles contribute nearly as many contaminants as all other sources combined. Even in New York and Philadelphia, where there is much greater use of mass transit, they still contribute a major proportion (estimated at 30 per cent in New York and 25 per cent in Philadelphia). And if carbon monoxide were included in the above counts, the motors vehicles' contribution would be much higher.

The automobile is the most serious source of a changing style that, within the past two decades, has radically altered the nature of air pollution. As an inevitable by-product of burning, air pollution of some degree has been with us since Prometheus. Seneca reviled the "heavy air of Rome and the stench of its smoky chimneys," and Roman patricians complained about the soot that soiled their togas. During the Middle Ages the substitution of coal for Europe's dwindling timber supply created the smoke and soot that still plague some industrial cities. Coal smoke, fumes, and soot from iron smelters fouled the air of medieval London. Despite the grisly example of a fourteenth-century artificer hanged for violating a ban against the burning of sea coal, the gray pall over the city darkened. "Hell is a city much like London, a populous and smoky city," wrote Shelley at the beginning of the Industrial Revolution.

London's smog, a true smoke suspended in fog, is today's counterpart of traditional air pollution. It consists predominantly of sulfur compounds, notably sulfur dioxide gas, released in the burning of coal and low-grade heating oil, ore roasting, acid manufacture, and similar industrial processes. Because England has limited access to the high-grade oil and natural gas fuels that have brightened the air of cities like Pittsburgh and St. Louis, London retains the pollution of Blake's dark, satanic mills.

AT the opposite extreme, Los Angeles's smog is the prototype of modern air pollution—a diabolical brew of irritant gases produced by complicated photochemical reactions. Almost all of Los Angeles's smog is gaseous; only 1 per cent by weight of Los Angeles's atmospheric contaminants is suspended particulates (solid particles so tiny that they literally float in the air). American cities lacking Los Angeles's rigorous control lie somewhere in the spectrum between London's smog and Los Angeles's. New York and Chicago record sulfur dioxide counts approaching London's. Only superior atmospheric ventilation spares these cities the catastrophic killer smogs that periodically kill hundreds, and sometimes thousands, of Londoners.

Of greater concern than the well-publicized but relatively infrequent killer smogs that have struck London, Donora, Pennsylvania, and the Meuse Valley in Belgium are the long-term health hazards. Some 120,000,000 Americans are exposed to perpetual attack from atmospheric poisons. Common sense suggests that pollutants capable of darkening white housepaint, disintegrating stone, corroding metal, dissolving nylon stockings, and embrittling rubber are less than beneficial to the delicate pink lung tissue, and common sense appears to be right. An accumulating file of circumstantial evidence, paralleling the evidence that convicted cigarettes, has linked air pollution with the common cold, asthma, pneumonia, tuberculosis, influenza, chronic bronchitis, pulmonary emphysema, lung cancer, and even Hodgkin's disease. At the latest National Conference on Air Pollution Control, in December 1962, the chairman of a panel of medical experts concluded: "The evidence that air pollution contributes to the pathogenesis of chronic respiratory disease is overwhelming." Seven medical experts on this panel unanimously agreed that air pollution is a cause of chronic respiratory disease. In the intervening two and a half years, the damning evidence has piled even higher. Beyond reasonable doubt, air pollution, like cigarettes, puts thousands of Americans into premature graves every year. Through its aggravation of diseases like chronic bronchitis and pulmonary emphysema, which entails a slow disintegration of the lungs' oxygen-absorption capacity, air pollution helps make the declining years of thousands of elderly city dwellers a perpetual struggle for breath. Breathing the air of cities like Birmingham, Alabama, exposes one to a lung cancer hazard equivalent to smoking two and a half packs of cigarettes a day. And against the proliferating, smog-borne poisons in the air, will power means nothing; the only possible protection is a gas mask.

FROM the admitted uncertainty about the precise effects of air pollution, pesticides, and similar threats to public health has sprung the fantastic doctrine, parroted by many industrialists and even by some public officials, that so long as there is the slightest reasonable doubt about the effects of a suspected public health hazard, we should do nothing to

A Doctor Looks at Pollutants: Man's fight against disease has gone through many eras. There has been much fumbling at times, and important scientific truths have come to light by sheer accident. Gradually, through the centuries, the scientific method was sharpened and a golden period was reached in the nineteenth century when Pasteur, Koch, and others presented irrefutable proof of the causative role of bacteria in infectious disease.

So impressive and far-reaching has been the work of the microbiologists that even today we are tempted to seek a single cause for any disease. Yet on sober reflection, we know that a combination of factors is often responsible for the transition from health to disease. Among these factors is environment—social, economic, and atmospheric.

Despite the evidence of our senses, only in relatively recent years have we recognized that pollutants in the air have a direct bearing on health. And there are still doubting Thomases who maintain that pollution cannot be linked to disease because no specific etiologic agent in the air has been identified as responsible for a specific disease.

But let's take a look at the circumstantial evidence. There are the well-known episodes of acute air pollution in the Meuse River Valley, Belgium, in 1930; in Donora, Pennsylvania, in 1948; and in London in 1952. During these episodes the great proportion of excess deaths was among people suffering from lung or heart disease, particularly among the aging population. Among those who were affected less seriously, coughing and shortness of breath were the principal symptoms, but there were also frequent complaints of eye irritation, sore throat, headache, and even nausea.

In the first waves of consciousness of the effect of unclean air, we were aware primarily of the most obvious pollutants—smoke from industrial plants, discharge from incinerators, fumes from automobile exhausts, and, in such countries as England, soot from the soft coal burned. We now know, however, that in addition to these obvious pollutants there are other gases and pollutants that cannot be seen by the naked eye, but that irritate the respiratory system, cause the eyes to smart, bring on a runny nose.

We need to know more about these forms of pollution and how to screen them from the air we breathe. We cannot wait to link a specific pollutant with a particular disease. We must act now to clean up the air.

After all, Jenner had never heard of the smallpox virus when he developed a vaccine against the disease.

—JAMES E. PERKINS, M.D., *Managing Director, National Tuberculosis Association.*

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control it. Under this doctrine a public agency confronted with a public health hazard should proceed like a murder-trial jury, taking action only if the hazard is proved guilty beyond all reasonable doubt.

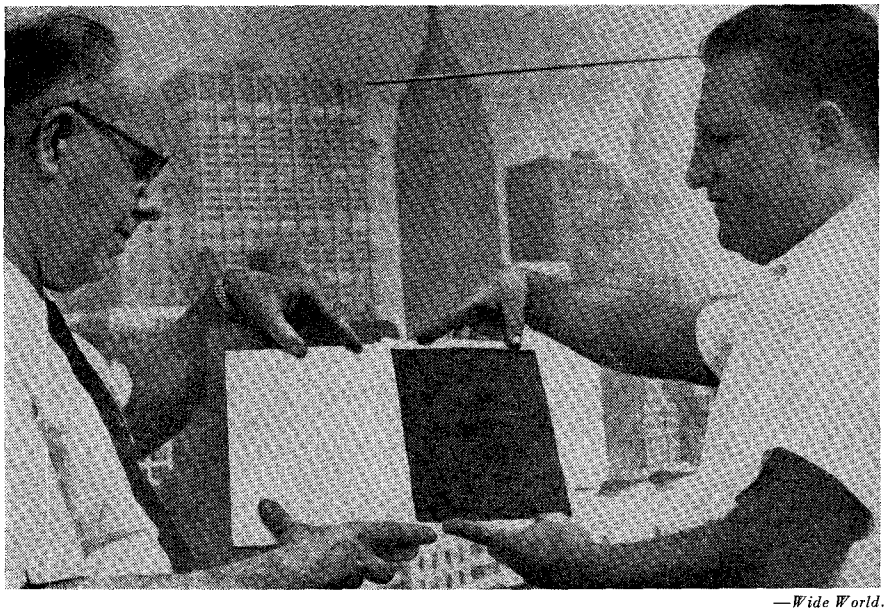
This doctrine of presumed innocence finds practical expression in the perennial plea, parroted by the most persistent foes of rigorous pollution control, that "more research is needed." In a subject as complex as air pollution, of course, more research is always needed, but *not* to justify immediate action. Except in California, U.S. air pollution control programs lag years behind present technology and knowledge. Throughout the foreseeable future research will be of minor importance compared with control and enforcement. Without control, research is mere academic leaf-raking.

Still another argument weighs against the view that we should do nothing "until all the facts are in." The assumption that each disease has a single, discrete cause, so fruitful in the etiology of communicable diseases, appears false in chronic diseases like bronchitis and pulmonary emphysema. To wait for irrefutable cause-effect proof might delay action forever. Vernon MacKenzie cites the parallel between the modern public health problem of air pollution and the sanitation problems of the nineteenth century. If the sanitation pioneers had postponed action on water purification until they had irrefutable laboratory proof to substantiate their circumstantial evidence, the world would have suffered untold thousands of unnecessary deaths from cholera and typhoid. The cholera germ was not identified until 1886, decades after polluted water had been discovered as its cause.

Even if air pollution presented no human health hazard whatsoever, we could justify a tremendous strengthening of control efforts on purely economic grounds. Our poisoned air damages crops, injures livestock, corrodes metal, spoils masonry, depresses property values, and costs the community huge cleaning bills for everything from dusty draperies to soot-blackened buildings. Pollution-reduced visibility costs airlines money and increases flight hazards. The nation's total bill is estimated at $11 billion a year, about twenty times the most optimistic estimate of total national expenditures by industry and by all levels of government for control devices, research, and enforcement programs.

Some industrial opponents of federal air pollution are guilty of more than merely disparaging the evidence against air pollution. Arguing against the 1963 Clean Air Act, which for the first time gave the federal government limited enforcement power in interstate pollution, the National Association of Manufacturers praised the generally ineffectual local and state control efforts. "There is widespread public misinformation about present control efforts," said a NAM press release. "Mr. Cannon [the NAM spokesman at a Congressional hearing] . . . said great strides have been made in air pollution control through the voluntary efforts of civic and industrial groups working in cooperation. This is borne out, he said, by statistics of the U.S. Public Health Service, which show "steady reduction in air pollution in 213 urban areas."

This expression of faith in the efficacy of togetherness didn't even square with the testimony of the NAM spokesman, Daniel W. Cannon. Rather than a "steady reduction in air pollution in 213 urban areas," Mr. Cannon had claimed only "a steady reduction between 1957 and 1961 in annual mean concentration of suspended particles at 213 urban areas." As a minor part of any city's total pollutants (normally less than 10 per cent), suspended particles are a totally unreliable index for assaying trends in air pollution. Despite improved methods of controlling particulate emissions, rising energy consumption and automobile use are creating gaseous pollutants in increasing abundance. Illustrating this over-all trend are the air-sampling records of New York City. During the six-year interval 1958-63, measurements of suspended particles (1/25,000 of an inch or less) traced an irregular but rising course. Several gaseous pollutants, notably sulfur dioxide, remained almost stable. Carbon monoxide showed an irregular but rising trend, and other gifts of the automobile rose rapidly. Among these were ozone and nitrogen dioxide, which increased more than three times.



—*Wide World.*

Smoke sample in Manhattan—Officials of New York's Department of Air Pollution Control examine a record of airborne solids.

THE automobile industry fares badly with the man who perhaps has had more experience than anyone else in the front lines of the battle against automobile smog. According to S. Smith Griswold, chief of Los Angeles's Air Pollution Control District, the automobile industry has been engaged in a "great delaying action."

"Everything that the industry has disclosed it is able to do today to control automobile exhaust was possible ten years ago," says Griswold. No new principles had to be developed, no technological advance was needed, no scientific breakthrough was required. Crankcase emissions have been controlled by a method in use at least half a century. Hydrocarbons and carbon monoxide are being controlled by relatively simple adjustments of those most basic engine components—the carburetor and ignition systems.

"Why has this action required ten years? One is forced to ascribe it to arrogance and apathy on the part of this, the nation's largest industry. Control of air pollution does not make cars easier to sell; it does not make them cheaper to produce; and it does not reduce comebacks on the warranty. To people interested in profits, expenditures for the development and production of exhaust controls are liabilities."

Certainly the automobile industry has demonstrated to all but the wilfully blind that it acts only in response to pressure. Beginning with 1962 models, California required installation of crankcase blowby devices, which return unburned gases to the combustion chambers. At an installation cost of only $5, properly maintained blowbys can eliminate about 25 per cent of an automobile's hydrocarbon emissions. Only

(*Continued on page* 95)

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LAST CHANCE FOR THE NATION'S WATERWAYS

—*Wide World.*

Snow? No, suds—Like many other American streams, Hop Brook at Sudbury, Massachusetts, is piled high with detergents.

By ROBERT and LEONA TRAIN RIENOW

IN THE Middle Ages a knight going forth on horseback at dawn found his nostrils assailed by the gutter rivulets that had been casually dumped from second-story windows during the night. Several centuries of enlightenment later, a knight of industry, taking his morning constitutional along a river, finds his nostrils assailed by the same ancient and unwelcome odor. Modern man possesses (or knows how to find) the answers to the disposal of every kind of waste—if he is interested enough. To date, however, he has been too occupied with other matters.

The crime is now catching up with him. The bulldozer operator at the town dump, who for years has been shoving refuse over the edge of a gorge, discovers one morning that the gorge is filled up. And after generations of irresponsibly channeling their wastes into the waters beneath and around the land, Americans now find themselves faced with the fact that the wastes exceed the ability of the surface waters to absorb them. Indeed, where septic tanks are close, even the earth is spongy with wastes that befoul the underground water. The situation is in crisis; the problem must be met, and no longer by half-hearted, niggardly, half-financed measures.

So pressing is the issue that President Johnson even championed the cause of clean waters in his State of the Union Message, labeling it a primary goal of his Administration. Governors, chambers of commerce, and public-spirited industries have begun to pledge their efforts. But how deep have we sunk into the pollution mire? How great, actually, is the need now? And, how can we attack so long-neglected a condition?

There is exciting hope of restoring our waterways, but the effort will be so vast, so demanding, so costly that unless the public is prepared now to meet it, the job will be impossible.

The Mississippi now bears more sludge than mud. The once glittering Milwaukee River is overlaid with a bubbly slime, and one no longer sees the gay throngs of swimmers that once crowded the mill race, or fishermen proudly bearing long strings of pike and bass. The Mahoning steams with heat from coke ovens, all life destroyed. The North Branch of the Potomac is suffused with sulfuric acid that corrodes boats, bridges, even dams. Then there is the storied Potomac itself, upon whose polluted estuary more than 65,000,000 cubic feet of silt descend each year, slowly smothering it. The Delaware's noxious waters threaten the drinking water of Camden, New Jersey, and other localities. Large areas of the Providence River and Narragansett Bay have been sealed off from fishing because they swarm with infectious diseases. The Kalamazoo can stomach no more industrial poisons.

Yet who can point fingers from the banks of a clean stream? Not the people on the Fox. Nor on the Mohawk, nor on the Hudson. Nor on the Connecticut, nor on the Charles. Nor on the San Joaquin, the Colorado, or the Red. Nor on the Coosa or Nolichucky.

These are the flowing surface waters which, with the help of lakes (the pollution of the Great Lakes themselves has risen so greatly that numerous beaches have had to be closed), supply three-fourths or more of all Americans with their drinking water. It is to these rivers that industry must look for its progress, for without plentiful and reasonably clean water, industry dies.

Driving into Biloxi, Mississippi, from the west recently, we saw the beaches of white sand. Here children splash in the warm bay water and play leapfrog over a series of great conduits that emerge from under the highway and cut across the sands into the water. But we slowed down in disbelief at the sight of the green and black slime at the mouths of the pipes, an excrescence into which the youngsters were digging their toes with glee.

At the next filling station we asked about the pipes. "Just drainage," shrugged the proprietor.

"You don't mean those are sewage outlets?" we asked.

"Oh, I imagine a little sewage here and there, but it flows away fast. Nothing to worry about. It's the best beach in the country — you should see the crowds of kids on a hot day."

Sixty miles along the coast we entered the attractive city of Mobile. Boys and girls were risking their lives in the heavy traffic, stopping the cars to sell cartons of doughnuts. "What's the money for?"

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we asked the pretty teen-ager who took our cash. "For the Children's Hospital," she said. "We need a million."

It is unscientific to draw any parallel between the demand for children's hospitals and beaches covered with green or black slime. It is precipitate to link, for instance, the uncounted hordes of new viruses with the increasing befoulment of our world. Yet New York's Governor Rockefeller does not find the two conditions unconnected. Speaking of the historic Hudson he stated bluntly, and to wide bipartisan applause: "For ten miles south of Albany . . . there are no fish, but sludge worms, leeches, rattail maggots, the larvae of flies—the handwriting on the wall to us, undeniable handwriting on the wall, that warns us to stop polluting our lakes and rivers, to stop treating our waterways as if they were open sewers." These conditions, he went on, have brought us to the brink of an emergency in which the health and future of the state are at stake.

And, at the recent Legislative Correspondents' annual show, Charles H. Palmer, the Governor's assistant secretary, offered a ditty, part of which (to the tune of "Lazy River") went:

Up the dirty river where the
sewage flows,
Say, any time you're near there
better hold your nose.
Swimmin' in that stuff you had best
avoid;
Get yourself a mouthful and you
risk typhoid.

What are the major pollutants that are saturating rivers, lakes, and ocean beaches? What are Americans drinking when they lift their water glasses, their beer mugs, their coffee cups?

Photos on this page—U.S. Public Health Service.

**Sign of the times—
Are beaches finished?**

The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare lists eight major categories: 1) sewage, 2) infectious agents, 3) plant nutrients, 4) organic chemical exotics, 5) mineral and chemical substances, 6) sediments, 7) radioactive substances, and 8) heat.

Sewage includes both domestic sewage and food-processing wastes. Barnett Fowler, columnist of the Albany, New York, *Time Union*, writes: "In Troy recently it was brought out that the Hudson there is a slimy cesspool filled with floating garbage and eels clamoring for bloody chicken waste. . . . Divers who worked on the Mohawk have run into water so foul, so murky, that it was an invisible world. . . ."

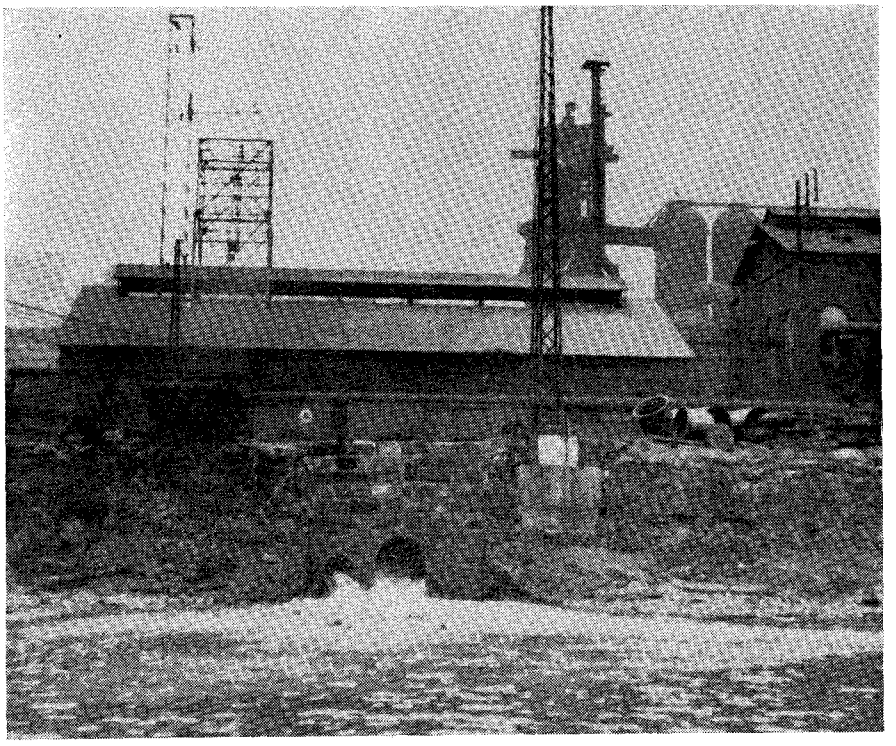
Aerobic bacteria and oxygen are able to reduce a certain amount of sewage, but we have overburdened our streams until the dissolved oxygen has fallen below four parts in a million. At this point all life dies; the river becomes an evil-smelling septic tank, rank with vicious diseases. "Every river system in America is now polluted," asserted the President in his February 8 message.

In 1964, it is estimated, we dumped into our once sparkling streams the equivalent of the sewage of some 82,000,000 persons. By 1980 we expect to load our waters with the equivalent of 92,000,000 persons' sewage. And industry discharges an equal amount of oxygen-demanding wastes. Thus the present sewage load adds up to the equivalent of approximately 165,000,000, and the figure will be more than 185,000,000 by 1980. But our streams have already given up.

Infectious agents encompass a menacing band of killers, including new viruses of all types. After all, we cannot expect to pour into our surface waters all the discharges from mortuaries, hospitals, and slaughtering plants with immunity from plague forever. Enteric and tuberculosis bacteria, hepatitis, polio, diphtheria, typhoid—you name it, Old Man River has it. He can even produce a few hundred more you *can't* name.

The third category of pollution, *plant nutrients*, is a startler; we have come to think of the 5-10-5 we tote home for our gardens as the gardeners' best friend. But leached out of the soil from vast

(*Continued on page* 96)



Contemporary battlefronts—Left, part of the great outdoors in Oregon; right, industrial wastes pouring into a river.

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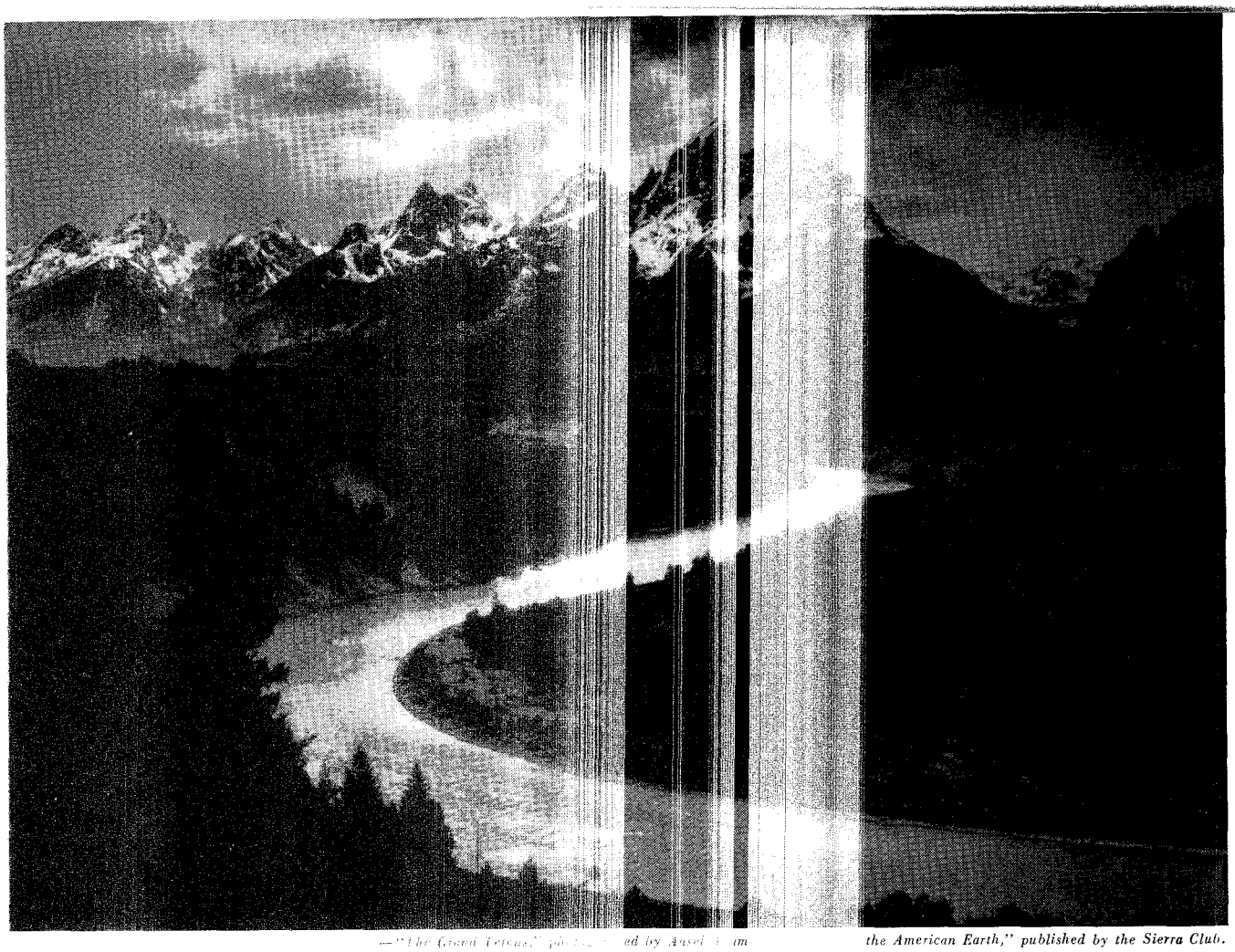

—"The Grand Canyon," photographed by Ansel Adams, from "This is the American Earth," published by the Sierra Club.

THE AMERICAN ENVIRONMENT—III

What Ever Happened to the Great Outdoors?

By WALLACE STEGNER

ABOUT CONSERVATION, which next to the Bomb is the subject of greatest importance to every person in the world, there is nothing new to say. In every aspect it is an old problem—which is to say an unsolved one. The basic fact is known to anyone who thinks at all: man's impact on his environment, on the total natural endowment of earth, air, and water, animal, vegetable, and mineral, has been bad, and is getting rapidly worse, and will get worse yet. We have found a lever long enough, and a place to stand, and we move the universe. But it is a question how much longer we will have that place to stand.

The extractable resources are not a crucial problem, for it is clear that we can create not only all the energy we need but all the materials. One worries more about the so-called renewable resources—soil, water, grass, timber, air—and in particular about the intricate web of life, the balanced interdependence of life forms from soil bacteria to the highest mammals, of which we are a part and on which, both physically and spiritually, we depend. At least since George Perkins Marsh's *Man and Nature,* published in 1864, we have understood the importance of even the apparently "harmful" species in the chain of being; and seven years before Marsh, Darwin had made it clear that man belonged inside, not outside, that chain.

But he is not an inert member of the life community, he is a link with a motor and a self-starter. Except in low-energy tribal civilizations that subsist by hunting and gathering, he has always to some degree controlled his environment and hence, to a degree, his own evolution. It is by his own volition that Western man has become the greatest of weed species—a weed being defined as a species that crowds out others by expropriating their room and nutriment. By 1965 the weed is rank enough to have spread into every former low-energy area of the globe, and to threaten not only other species but itself.

All of which is a way of saying that the enemy is not industrialism but its side effects in permitting human weedism; that the real conservation problem is the problem of population. The more we extirpate or crowd out rival or "harmful" species, the more we bend our environment to our own purposes, the more rankly we grow. And what is at stake is not some merely academic "balance of nature." Edward Hyams defines the human race as a disease of soil, and sees its future as identical with that of a colony of bacteria planted in a dish of agar. When it reaches the edge of the dish it must either die of starvation (Malthus) or strangle in its own wastes. And we are getting ever closer to the edge of the dish.

According to the projections of demographers, the present world population of 3.3 billion will double by 2000 A.D. Then the agar dish will have to harbor two New Yorks instead of one, two

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Londons, two Tokyos, two Calcuttas, two Hong Kongs, one more of every existing human congregation. There will be double the highways and freeways to link them, double the consumption of oxygen by human and industrial and automotive combustion, double the air and water pollution, half the elbow room, a shrunken area of cropland that will have to be more and more intensively mined, a limited amount of parkland and open space trampled flat by the millions wanting to smell mown grass or show the kids a squirrel. This will be in the lifetime of some of us, in the lifetime of all our children, but it is difficult for the imagination to grasp it. The projection for 2150 A.D., which indicates a world population of 150 billions, is simply inconceivable. Nearly *fifty times* as many people and problems as we now have? It will no longer be human life; it will be a termite life, if indeed it is possible at all. One suspects that long before then our exacerbated competition for dwindling resources and living space will have driven us into the war that will spare us any future whatsoever.

We may exercise our ingenuity in any way we please—colonize space, build floating continents for our surplus people, put half of them into deep freeze and let them drift around the Pacific on rafts until it comes their turn to thaw out and live again—but in the end all our ingenuities are mere delaying actions, as the discovery of the Americas was a delaying action. Sooner or later the weed must be controlled, or must control itself, in its most vital function; must have its capacity to breed limited, inhibited, cut away, or taxed away. If it does not, the Great Society is idle chatter, and conservation a mumbling of gums.

THAT these things are *not* idle chatter is an index of our good fortune. The average American consumes thirty times as much in resources every year as the average inhabitant of India, and it is a good guess that he has more than thirty times as much physical comfort and pleasure in his life. If he also wastes thirty times as much, there is hope in the fact: he has thirty times as much to waste, and thirty times as much opportunity to improve his stewardship over his still-opulent endowment. It is impossible for him to separate himself from the rest of the world even if he wanted to, for whatever human politics may do, human weedism makes the world one. (One reads of deposits of soot and smoke particles in the latest layers of the Greenland ice cap, and of measurable quantities of DDT in the bodies of penguins at the South Pole.) What America does to curb its waste, control its population, husband its resources, decontaminate its polluted air and waters, and reserve open space for the refreshment and relaxation of its industrially punch-drunk citizens is a favor done the whole world.

It is a favor even though our motives may be entirely selfish and our justification not grim survival but the preservation of amenities. Not life itself—not yet—but the satisfactions and in Mr. Johnson's phrase, *quality* of life, is what we move to preserve. It is in these that the American first feels the pressures and the threats of his own industrialized weedism. The uglier and more crowded the cities, the junkier the roadsides, the more choking and eye-smarting the air, the foamier with detergents the reconditioned sewage that we call drinking water, the more nostalgically friendly are grass and trees, birds, running streams, the sight and smell of pastoral earth, and the stillness of woods. For most Americans, conservation is primarily a matter of parks and open space, the keeping or creating of antidotes to the industrial society that as modern men we depend on and as natural creatures we loathe.

But it is no more possible to separate the problem of open space from other contemporary problems than it is to segregate America from the world. As President Johnson suggested in his Natural Beauty speech, and as Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall has been saying for five years in his campaign to dramatize what he calls the quiet crisis, conservation cannot even save open space unless it concerns itself with the total environment. The "land ethic" that Aldo Leopold called for in *The Sand County Almanac*, the sense of responsibility to the renewable earth, is itself hardly enough. We need an environmental ethic that will reach all the way from the preservation of untouched wilderness to the beautification of industrial cities, that will concern itself with saving the still-savable and healing the half-ruined and cleansing the polluted, that will touch not only land but air and water, that will have as its purpose the creation of a better environment for men, as well as the creation or preservation of viable habitats for the species that our expansion threatens. Some, like the passenger pigeon, are beyond our belated friendship. But there are the waterfowl whose nesting and feeding places we have drained or flooded, and the fish whose spawning grounds we have drowned or poisoned with agricultural sprays, and the robins whose decimation Rachel Carson made use of to shock a whole people; and there are also all the frogs, toads, newts, lizards, snakes, skunks, prairie dogs, coyotes, alligators, mountain lions, and nocturnal varmints that are apparently "useless" or "harmful" to man, yet by their enduring in the biotic pyramid give man both the pleasure of their company and the assurance of their biological support.

Leo Marx, in his recent book *The Machine in the Garden*, finds in American life a constant tension between the industrial on one side and the pastoral or primitivist on the other, a dialogue never resolved, a dialectic of contradictions between forces in our life and indeed within our individual minds. It is possible to agree with that diagnosis without agreeing that the pastoral and primitive are necessarily nostalgic and sentimental as Mr. Marx finds them. They are the indispensable opposite to industrial regimentation and dehumanization; in our haste to become something new, termites or otherwise, we need constantly to be reminded of who we are: creatures, made of water and chemicals but the children of sun and grass, and cousin by warm blood to birds and mammals. Though it is necessary for our survival to husband resources, it is necessary for our emotional health to husband natural things, and places where they may be known.

That is why one takes such satisfaction in what the present Administration in Washington is doing to promote both awareness and action. Mr. Johnson's Natural Beauty speech gave aid and comfort to a hundred citizen organizations and thousands of individuals who have been hoping for that sort of word from the White House for many years. Mrs. Johnson's campaign to beautify Washington ("There's nothing like a showcase") is the sort of pilot project that could galvanize cities all across the country. The White House Conference on Natural Beauty this month will have as one of its aims precisely that. Spots of beauty, areas of quiet, noble approaches, a harmony between the humanized and the natural are what any city ought to wish for itself and what any citizenry ought to respond to. To get them we must bring nature back to the cities from which we have paved and smoked her out.

WE must also move to keep urban concentrations and urban problems from overwhelming the areas we have set aside, or will in future set aside, for the outdoor refreshment of this people. Every major national park has a traffic problem of metropolitan proportions, and the temptation to solve it by the building of more and wider roads is always there. But more and wider roads, with their noise and smog and speed, are precisely the worst enemy of the peace and quiet the parks are meant to provide. A plausible conclusion to this problem could be increasingly magnificent roads leading to nowhere worth reaching. As with roads, so with campgrounds and other facilities. Old Faithful at eruption time is a mob scene in a

(*Continued on page* 97)

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NO PLACE TO HIDE

Americans can no longer get away from it all. The fouling of their environment, once an isolated local problem, is today taking place everywhere, as these spot-checks from around the country show.

Los Angeles: No End in Sight

IT IS a paradox that Los Angeles, blessed with one of the world's most sublime climates, is plagued with one of its most acute air pollution problems. Most of the nearly 700 people who take up residence in Southern California each day come in search of sunshine. What they find instead is a gray curtain of smog. Indeed, in view of the smog, it's amazing they keep coming. One reason they do so is simply that Los Angeles's smog, contrary to the concept of many Easterners, is a seasonal phenomenon; there are many almost smog-free months. Even during the smoggy months many of the near suburbs on the rim of the Los Angeles basin, especially those to the West, like Bel-Air and Beverly Hills, are unaffected by smog. Moreover, one expert, Dr. Leonard K. Greenburg, stated recently that New York's smog was potentially more dangerous than the Los Angeles variety, because New York smog contains far more sulphur dioxide, the substance that has been blamed for the smog-induced deaths in London.

Though Los Angeles had suffered minor smog attacks at least since the turn of the century, the first severe attack occurred in the late summer of 1943, when a gray-blue pall settled over the city, burning eyes and chafing throats. At first, civic officials assured everyone that it would go away, but the smog persisted. Later, officials placed primary blame on oil refineries and synthetic rubber factories, but despite expensive corrective measures the smog remained. By the late 1940s most Southern Californians had come to accept the fact that the smog could not simply be wished away, and officials set about to do something about the matter.

The basic condition causing the smog problem, it was discovered, was temperature inversion that had the effect of trapping city air over the Los Angeles basin. The mixture of trapped pollutants seemed to interact to intensify the smog. Informed of this condition, some of Southern California's less inhibited citizens advanced some bizarre solutions. Giant sky fans were proposed, along with chemical sanitizing sprays that could be spread from planes. Huge grids were proposed to heat the dirty air so it would balloon away. Scientists soon convinced most of the populace that there was no easy way of blowing away the smog, and that instead its causes would have to be attacked. And the chief cause, much to the distress of car-happy Californians, appeared to be the automobile.

The automobile companies promptly challenged this premise, claiming that there was insufficient evidence to pin the chief blame on cars. Undeterred, California in 1960 passed a law requiring all new autos sold in the state to be equipped with crankcase devices designed to restrict emissions by about 30 per cent. Officials estimate that more than 4,000,000 vehicles are now equipped with crankcase devices that are removing some 200,000 gallons of unburned gasoline from the atmosphere every day. Additional exhaust control systems aimed at reducing smog-forming hydrocarbons will be part of most 1966 model cars sold in the state. It is estimated that by the end of 1966 the crankcase and exhaust control devices together will reduce hydrocarbon emissions 28 per cent below levels that would have prevailed were no such devices required.

While dealing with the new-car situation, officials have encountered difficulty in curtailing emissions from used cars —perhaps the biggest offenders. The state's 4,000,000 used-car owners late last year were sent a list of complex instructions covering installation of crankcase devices. Along with their auto registration forms they were asked to sign affidavits stating that, under penalty of perjury, they had complied with the pollution control requirements. The used-car owners were up in arms, contending that they couldn't understand the instructions and therefore were fearful of signing the affidavits. Finally the complex law was rescinded and new legislation was drawn up.

Recently the State Senate passed a bill revamping automobile smog control laws and requiring (a) that all new cars starting in 1966 have both crankcase and exhaust smog control devices and (b) that all used cars in twelve metropolitan counties, including Los Angeles, install crankcase devices.

Complaints from motorists will doubt-

Rush-hour traffic in Los Angeles—Getting there is none of the fun.

—U.S. Public Health Service, Division of Air Pollution.

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less persist. For one thing, it appears that many of the smog control devices already installed on used cars were faultily fitted, causing loss of compression and frequent stalling. Mechanics blame the devices, but the manufacturers of the devices claim the mechanics simply don't know what they're doing. State officials hope that this problem will disappear once mass-installation gets under way.

Even with these elaborate and expensive measures, scientists are far from satisfied. Dr. A. J. Haagen-Smit, professor of biochemistry at the California Institute of Technology, argued recently that while the state was tackling some of the dramatic causes of smog it was not paying sufficient attention to the less obvious factors. He estimated, for example, that the improvement of traffic flow through major cities could reduce smog by 10 per cent by eliminating constant acceleration and deceleration.

The very dependence of Californians on individual autos rather than on some form of mass transit ensures a continuing smog problem, the professor indicated. Even with the smog control devices, he observed, the carbon monoxide fumes breathed by drivers during rush hours on the freeways dulled alertness and possibly even caused injury to health if exposure was excessively prolonged.

Clearly, whatever the advances in smog control that have been made in California, the long-range development of a mass transit system will have to be a part of the ultimate solution.

—PETER BART.

Raleigh: A Long Look Ahead

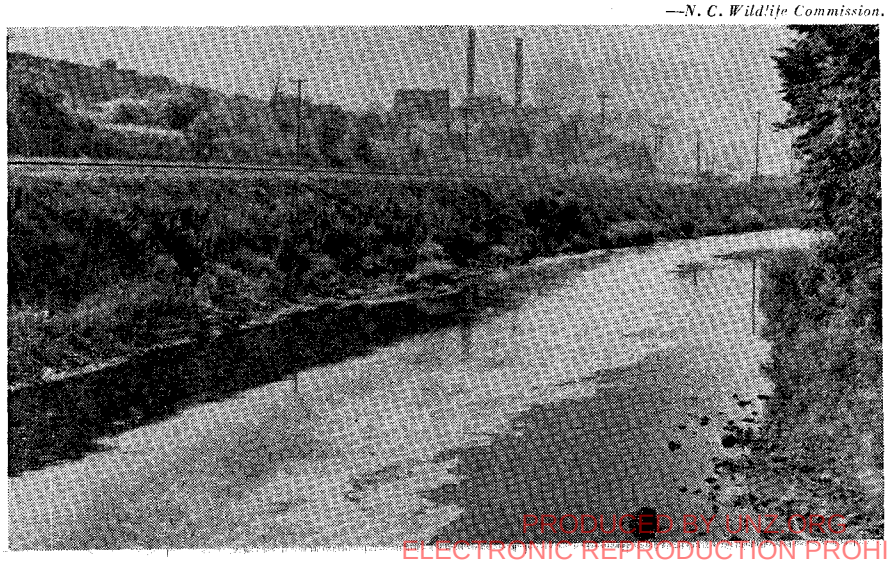
ONLY LATE and suddenly did North Carolina begin to realize that its generous natural resource of sixteen river basins would not forever carry clean water to the sea. In a still largely rural state, there long prevailed the frontier idea that every man has a right to do as he pleases with his land and his piece of the stream beside it. Not too many years ago it was not uncommon to see privies conveniently suspended over the banks of rivers and streams. Little towns, as they grew into larger ones, became only bigger backhouses careless of downstream folk. Such invidious individualism attended attitudes toward industrialization, too. Paper plants, fabric dyers, food processors added more poisonous pollution. And first protests were met with poor-mouthed reluctance by towns and factories to do anything about it.

Then, twelve years ago, a tall, slow-spoken state senator, Vivian Whitfield, from the rural downstream county of Pender, persuaded the legislature to authorize a clean-up program under a North Carolina Stream Sanitation Committee. He got tough laws couched in clear language. Then he secured his own appointment as chairman. With both push and persuasion, the committee has apparently done a very good job, but the problem grows as it is confronted. Unintentionally, perhaps, man is an ingenious polluter even as programs against pollution are pressed. In the state's beautiful mountains one big paper company has spent $2,000,000 on a pollution abatement program. Everyone hoped that the white scum would disappear from the Pigeon River below its mill. But because of increased production, the clean-up program is barely keeping pace with the rate of pollution.

Similarly, a huge textile plant nearby merely experiments with a solution while the waste runs down the mountains and the hills to the sluggish flow in the low country streams. And in the coastal country a big phosphate mining and processing industry creates new problems. But there the lure of a multimillion-dollar investment and the several thousand badly needed jobs it will create pose a common dilemma. Many wonder whether keeping the Pamlico River free of this operation's silt is more important than forgetting the pollution and encouraging the company's unfettered growth.

The old mill stream—Pollution in the Pigeon River from a mill in Canton, North Carolina.

—N. C. Wildlife Commission.



Whitfield and his associates have summed up their purposes in a simple statement. "We come as doctors of sick streams," he says. More sharply, he has declared, "In saving them from the asinine stupidity of gradually destroying their water supply, we are saving the state for future generations."

The task has not been easy. It has confronted the reluctance of townspeople unwilling to raise their tax levies to build expensive sewage treatment plants. It has involved the difficulties of dealing with wastes that are a by-product of the industrial growth which is welcomed everywhere. Under diplomatic prodding and legal threats, many towns and factories have cleaned up. But in some cases polluters have avoided the high cost of good citizenship by excuses or halfway measures.

Yet the pressure against pollution grows. Sometimes rural individualism has turned into a rural insistence on action for the common good. People close to the land, fishermen as well as farmers, often have been most offended by poisoned streams. They roared when dead fish by the thousands floated belly-up in the polluted Roanoke River. The country-dominated legislature responded to their demand for water in which rockfish, brim, or bass could survive. And businessmen increasingly recognize that demands for clear water for the future are more important than tolerance of pollution for industry already here.

The seven-man stream sanitation committee, headed by Whitfield, has shown accomplishment. It has quasi-judicial powers and can compel public and private officials to act with the threat of fine or jail term hanging over them. The threat has been made several times but never used. Satisfactory compliance has been generally accomplished. And federal funds have added a carrot to the stick wielded over municipalities. In recent years the committee has received a steady grant of $2,300,000 annually to parcel out as a 30 per cent grant to offending towns that are willing to pay the other 70 per cent for needed sewage treatment plants.

A detailed study of the last of the state's sixteen river basins was completed about a year ago. Its findings amount to administrative law setting quality standards for all streams and public and private interests on their shores. The polluters are now legally labeled as such. Most are expected to

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respond to the carrot and the stick. But there will be foot-draggers. Moreover, pollution control sometimes seems to lag behind pollution problems. Even where pollution in once-dazzling mountain streams is apparently overtaken and fully checked, clean water does not immediately follow. In the state's busy mica-mining operations another full decade will pass before all the mica silt and slime dumped into the streams disappear.

Air pollution has not yet been a problem. But the state, as the chief tobacco-growing area, is much concerned about charges that it exports pollution in the smoke of the cigarettes it grows and rolls. It is not ready to admit that charge. The smell of tobacco on the streets of Durham and Winston-Salem smells like prosperity, as it does in the eastern tobacco-marketing towns. And between poison and prosperity, if such a choice there should have to be, North Carolina would rather eat hearty than starve in the sparkling air.

—JONATHAN DANIELS.

Chicago: Doing Something About It

IN SEPTEMBER 1963 a Congressional committee investigating sources of air and water pollution in the Chicago area saw nothing but polluted streams and rivers and neighborhoods completely engulfed in smoke.

Although it was apparent that the situation was getting worse daily, corrective measures were slow in coming. Then, almost overnight, as if moved by a great spirit, Chicago did more than just discuss the matter. Now concerted drives are under way to clean the air we breathe and put an end to the constant polluting of the water in the Calumet region just south of Chicago, where Indiana's major industries are located.

The biggest steps were taken just recently. In one instance, the Illinois Air Pollution Control Board served notice for the first time that corrective measures must be taken to prevent pollution from certain industries. And early in March this year, a conference was called by the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare to underscore for officials in Illinois and Indiana the seriousness of water pollution in the Chicago area. Again, corrective measures were ordered.

The basic problems have, of course, existed as long as Chicago has been an industrial center. Thirty years ago Governor Horner of Illinois complained to Governor McNutt of Indiana that the health of Chicago's 4,000,000 residents was being endangered by pollution from the Calumet region. The Chicago City Council even went so far as to adopt a resolution asking a federal government order against pollution of Lake Michigan (the resolution indirectly referred to conditions believed to originate in Indiana).

In the intervening years the situation has worsened. But at last something is being done. As a result of a special conference in Chicago in March, industries and cities on the southern end of Lake Michigan have been ordered by the U.S. Public Health Service to halt the bacterial pollution of the lake by next April. The order also specified that within six months programs must be undertaken to control the danger from other pollutants dumped into the water. The alternative is legal action.

At the conclusion of the hearings it was alleged that:

1. Interstate pollution endangering health and welfare exists in the waters of Lake Michigan, the Grand Calumet River, the Little Calumet River, and their tributaries.

2, Industrial wastes from Indiana contribute to pollution in Illinois.

3. The Illinois-Calumet industrial area contributes to pollution in Indiana communities.

Conferees unanimously recommended the following remedial action to protect the Chicago water supply:

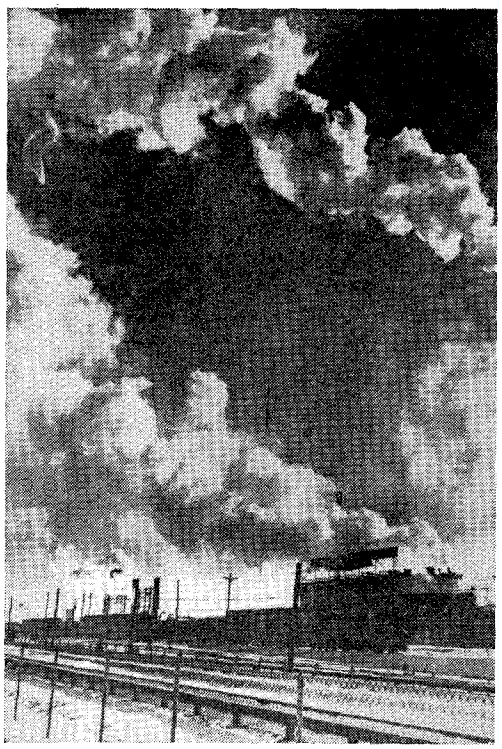
1. Bathing beaches in Indiana should be considered unusable if the bacteria concentration exceeds 1,000 organisms per 100 milliliters of water. (Chicago has no such restriction.)

2. A technical committee should be established to evaluate water-quality criteria and make recommendations to a second conference in September.

3. The Indiana Stream Pollution Control Board, the Illinois Water Sanitary Board, and the Metropolitan Sanitary District should take immediate action to give all sewage at least secondary treatment plus adequate effluent disinfection within a year.

4. Industrial plants should begin to sample their effluents and place reports in open files.

At least one leading Chicago spokesman, Frank Chesrow, president of the Sanitary District, believes only drastic action will prevent a loss of the lake water and beaches forever. "The cities and towns on the lake are not doing a good job," he says. "And state agencies are unable to cope satisfactorily with the issues since interstate problems are involved." He believes "the federal government should enforce anti-pollution controls under Congressional authority."



—U.S. Public Health Service, Division of Air Pollution.

Challenge in Chicago—Manufacturing plants at full steam ahead.

Scientists from the U.S. Public Health Service warn that pollution in the Chicago area is especially serious because sluggish lake currents may make it impossible to improve the situation. Three steel companies and four oil refineries have been labeled as the main culprits. (All are in Indiana.) Industrial wastes such as sulphuric acid, ammonia, iron, and oil caused the major part of water pollution, materially cutting down animal and plant life in that area. A Public Health Service study further showed that unchlorinated sewage and some untreated sewage dumped into the waterway system by twenty-one municipalities and sewage treatment plants contributed to the increase of harmful bacteria in the lake.

H. W. Poston, a Health Service Official who is director for water supply and pollution control for the Chicago region, sums it up: "People are afraid to talk about pollution today, just as they were afraid to talk about TB many years ago. The more you do talk about it the better are the chances it will be controlled. The problem, however, is more serious, especially around the shoreline, because of hundreds of new chemicals being dumped into the lake and the continuing growth of industry.

The job of curbing air pollution in Chicago proper is in the hands of James V. Fitzpatrick, director of the city department of air pollution control. The agency is now three years old. In just one year—1963—Fitzpatrick and his office

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held 2,796 hearings, filed 563 pollution suits, handled 4,958 smoke complaints, and inspected nearly 50,000 furnaces. In addition, twenty rooftop monitoring stations were established to trap pollutant particles in the air. Another twenty-seven stations measure dustfall. And eight stations measure sulphur dioxide, the invisible corrosive.

A federal grant of $357,000 for three years has enabled the pollution detectives to branch out from enforcement to scientific probes. One objective is to outlaw, by 1968, all improper burning of combustible refuse. This would hit hard at about 30,000 Chicago apartment houses that today pump refuse into coal-fired boilers, thus fouling the air.

Chicago is not without its smog problem. Testing stations in the central business district are measuring daily the amount of exhaust fumes emitted from automobiles. This has caused Fitzpatrick to urge uniform air-emission standards throughout the country. He believes, however, that these standards can be achieved only through federal legislation.

This is only part of the problem. "We have 197,685 tons of oxides of sulphur and 5,614 tons of other matter emitted into Chicago's atmosphere each year," Fitzpatrick says. Then there is the problem of dirt. Test stations measure forty-three tons of dirt per square mile in the city each month.

AN encouraging note came last month when four major steel producers agreed to spend $50,000,000 by 1972 for equipment to eliminate virtually all their contribution to pollution. Interestingly enough, all four companies are in the Calumet district, and together they account for 90 per cent of Chicago's steel production. Fitzpatrick estimates that these companies have been releasing 60,000 tons of pollutants annually, or 25 to 40 per cent of the dustfall. He also predicts that installations by next year will cut this total in half.

The Illinois State Air Pollution Control Board, created by the state legislature, is engaged in a series of activities outside Chicago, but close enough to help. It recently signed an agreement with the Indiana Air Pollution Control Board, the first agreement anywhere which provides that air pollution in one state be curbed by action of another. Criteria are now being established for industries in the two states to meet. Ordinances are also being written with enforcement procedures.

Of course, it is not possible to curb air and water pollution in quick fashion. There has been a constant failure to cooperate on the part of many industries. A hope lies in the prospect that the federal government will enforce regulations if the local governments cannot do so.

—GEORGE LAZARUS.

Atlanta: The Waiting Game

IN SOME of the last years of his life, the Georgia-born poet Sidney Lanier sought renewal of health in a cottage close by the headwaters of the Chattahoochee River in the northern section of his state. (The Creek Indians put the name on the river, Chátu Hutchas—river of painted rocks.) The beauty and purity of the river beguiled him, and one of his best known poems was titled "Song of the Chattahoochee." It begins:

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain,
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

The Chattahoochee River now flows —not far from where Lanier meditated and wrote—into a large and beautiful man-made lake that is a decade old. The lake bears the poet's name. One trusts that poets do not, like warriors, peer down from Valhalla at earth below. Certainly Lanier would be horrified by the condition of the river he loved. Folly is apparent on every side. It and the Savannah are listed by public health and water pollution experts as the two most serious pollution problems in the state. Lake Lanier itself is infested with raw sewage. Not too long ago a processor of broiler chickens was discovered to have been dumping daily a ton or so of chicken entrails and other offal into the lake. An immediate halt was brought to this pollution. But the pollution problem remains. It is the more acute because Atlanta's water supply derives chiefly from the Chattahoochee.

Other rivers in Georgia also are becoming pollution problems. Once the shad ran up the rivers of the state to the site of the present University of Georgia, at Athens, some seventy-five miles northeast of Atlanta. Indeed, this annual run of shad was one of the reasons for selection of Athens as the place where the state would educate the young men and women. In those days fish popularly were believed to be brain food and it optimistically was anticipated that the students, stuffed with shad, would thrive and achieve mightily. But, alas, not many years were to pass before it was said that the river was so silted with good red clay that surviving catfish, swimming in it in summer when the water level was low, would leave a trail of dust. To silt has now been added pollution.

Ralph S. Howard, executive secretary of Georgia's new Water Quality Control Board, reports that already parts of some lakes, ocean areas, and rivers are unsafe for swimming. Parts of the Coosa River are so listed, along with the Savannah and Chattahoochee. Lake Allatoona is "risky" for swimming because of sewage problems. Below Atlanta for some forty miles, the Chattahoochee is too heavily polluted for swimming. Savannah harbor is almost too "septic." Oysters taken from many parts of the Savannah area are unfit to eat. Savannah Beach has been notified it must correct its sewage problem if the beach is to continue to be usable. Between Savannah and Brunswick many areas have been declared unfit for swimming. Oyster bootlegging has been found responsible for cases of hepatitis. A U.S. Public Health Department report has asserted that pollution of the Savannah River by Georgia municipalities and industries is harming South Carolina, along which the river also flows.

In recent months Georgia and adjoining states have become alarmed and have begun the difficult job of trying to do something about it. Politics, the interference of some industries that do not wish to cooperate, and fear in some of the smaller municipalities that they will lose an industry that wants to dump its refuse into a creek or river all serve to delay.

BUT there are encouraging signs, too. The State Health Departments of Alabama and Georgia have recently signed a pact that provides for patrolling pollution along the Chattahoochee. (The river is the border between the two states.) This agreement provides for joint sharing of information and data about industrial practices along the river. Federal legislation will be most helpful in arming enforcement agencies against local political indifference or greed in the competition for industries, including those that lack a sense of responsibility about pollution. Some of the past history has been rather rough. Pulp mills have threatened to move away if compelled to cease dumping fish-killing wastes into the rivers. Elected officials have been loath to tax in order to build sewage disposal plants and have, instead, dumped raw sewage into the rivers. Atlanta, a progressive city, has grown so fast that its disposal plants are now inadequate and expenditure of $80,000,000 or more

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will be required to halt future pollution of the Chattahoochee. Savannah has been told its bill to end pollution would be at least $10,000,000.

The Chattahoochee and Savannah are two of some 600 major rivers in the United States listed as dangerously polluted. The story is the same for each of them. All kinds of wastes—human, organic, mineral, acid, oils, grease, soapsuds, salts, various chemicals, and garbage—are elements of pollution.

The Public Health Service reports that there are 600 municipal sewage systems in a 146,000-square-mile area that includes parts of Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi. Of these 600, the Health Service says that 200 give sewage no treatment and that another 200 give it only primary, solid-settling treatment. (Yet this Southern picture is not really as severe as that of other areas.)

Some idea of the effect of industrial wastes may be had from another report. A textile mill on the Chatooga River pours into it contaminants equivalent to the sewage of 112,000 persons. A paper mill on the Coosa has a sewage equivalent to that of more than 200,000 persons.

Air pollution is, of course, a problem in Georgia and neighboring states. But because the Southeast is not yet heavily industrialized, air pollution has not been subject to much study.

Meanwhile, in any Southern city, violations of the few existing laws about smoke pollution may be seen daily by the most casual look from a tall building. As industry comes, the problems will, of course, grow with it.

—Ralph McGill.

Houston: The Race Is On

"HOUSTON IS the outstanding boom city in the United States since it is enjoying a faster rate of growth than any other metropolitan center." That was the judgment last December of Dr. Eli Ginzberg, professor of economics at Columbia University, after making a survey of Houston's growth.

What does Houston's increasing size—unofficially estimated at 1,095,000, have to do with air and water pollution? Quite a bit, in the opinion of the authorities whose business it is to keep a continual check on contamination of the area. Houston, unlike a city such as Los Angeles, has a number of bayous to contend with—all potential sources of water pollution and possible disease. Buffalo Bayou, joined by Sims Bayou on the east side of the city, flows into a fifty-mile ship channel leading to the Gulf of Mexico. A number of industries, particularly petrochemical companies, are strung along the channel and use it, among other things, for discharging wastes. And more industry keeps coming in.

Potentially, pollution problems were enough of a threat to cause the creation eleven years ago of the Air and Water Pollution Control Section of the Harris County Health Department. Dr. W. A. Quebedeaux, Jr., director of this unit, thinks Houston's air is "in pretty good shape," but he is not equally confident about water contamination.

As early as 1956, the Houston Chamber of Commerce also began to survey potential sites and sources of pollution. It commissioned the Southwest Research Institute of San Antonio to conduct a two-year study on air contamination. A follow-up survey by SRI is now underway, but so far it has revealed no significant changes from conditions previously found.

These conditions, all pertaining to air pollution, were essentially as follows:

Although unfavorable weather occurs in Houston, "there is no evidence to indicate the occurrence of complete air mass stagnation for extended periods, such as has caused air pollution disasters in other localities." Air pollution problems that have been observed "do not involve the entire community at any one time." They have been found to be "localized" and extend downwind from specific sources for no more than "several miles under unfavorable conditions. . . . The type of chemical reaction in the atmosphere which is characteristic of the Los Angeles smog problem has not been observed in Houston, based on measured oxidant concentration."

Moreover, the report said, "carbon monoxide concentrations were found to be in the same range as those reported in other cities. Practically all of the carbon monoxide is attributed to automobile traffic." In a survey of vegetation, "most species of plants" showed no "visible evidence of damage due to air pollution." There were two species of trees, in "a limited area adjacent to the ship channel," that showed visible damage. "Eye irritation was experienced on two or three occasions, but the pollutant or pollutants responsible for this effect have not been identified."

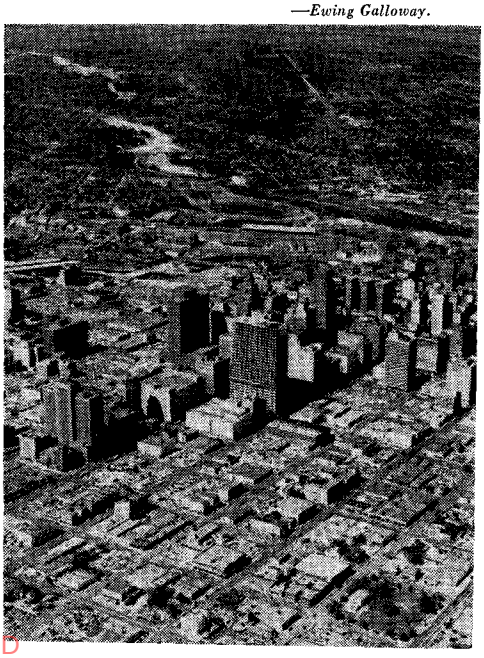
In regard to water pollution, the current situation—as seen by the air and water conservation division of the Chamber of Commerce—is this: There should be a comprehensive "analytical" approach made to the problem. A. W. Busch, professor of environmental engineering at Rice University, who has served as a technical advisor to the division, says a thorough study of the channel is a must. "Given a strong north wind and lots of rain and runoff," he says, "there can be fish kills in the lower reaches of the channel and in Galveston Bay."

Herbert C. McKee of the Southwest Research Institute's branch in Houston has made a survey of air pollution control near the Manned Spacecraft Center, which he said "is destined to become one of the largest industrial operations in the Houston area." His study included radiation hazards. He found nothing that could not be controlled, and growth of the area continued. And John P. Wold, who was chairman of the pollution control division of the manufacturers committee of the Chamber of Commerce, noted in a report the contributions industry is making toward reducing potential pollution. He mentioned specifically the efforts of Humble Baytown Refinery, the Rohm & Haas plant, Shell Chemical, Shell Oil Refinery, Sheffield Steel, and Champion Papers.

BUT the person dealing most directly with the average Houston citizen is probably Dr. Quebedeaux. He is also one of the most controversial figures in the Houston area because of his views on pollution, particularly where the Texas Water Pollution Control Board and the Houston Chamber of Commerce are concerned. The Chamber report was biased in favor of the Chamber's own interest, he claims, saying that sampling was deliberately done in such a way as to minimize some problems. He also says comparisons of solid-particle air pollution in Houston and other cities is misleading, since in the North and East the particles tend to be coal, while in

Downtown Houston—A goal in sight.

—Ewing Galloway.



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Houston they tend to be chemical refuse. Moreover, he takes issue with the Chamber's conclusion that air-traffic problems in Houston are caused mainly by fog. "A lot of restriction of airline traffic is actually due to industrial dust that allows moisture to collect around the dust particles," he says.

Dr. Quebedeaux argues that the problem of automobile traffic has been disproportionately magnified by the Chamber, following the position of the Public Health Service. "Auto traffic can't even begin to produce the hydrocarbon fumes that you can get from one refinery," he says.

What about the State Water Pollution Control Board? "While the members who must now initiate action may be competent in their own fields," says Dr. Quebedeaux "not a single one is familiar with water pollution." He also says he thinks their attitude of "cooperation" with industry and their unwillingness to go to court reflect more desire to avoid controversy than to control pollution.

Since the state has taken over water pollution control in Harris County, with its 1,460,000 population, Dr. Quebedeaux says conditions have steadily deteriorated. Because of the sewage being dumped into at least one of the bayous that weave through Houston, odors are severe, and in the summer he anticipates an increase of water-spread diseases among children who play in some of the parks near Brays Bayou.

On the subject of air pollution, Dr. Quebedeaux is more optimistic. In fact, he feels that, with a few exceptions, the air pollution problem is well under control in the Houston area and will stay that way unless the state takes over. The air pollution program cut its teeth successfully back in 1956, with a suit that resulted in an order that each offending plant should present a time schedule for dealing with its problem. "The only defendant that did not keep its promise," he says, "was the City of Houston. Its fertilizer plant is still operating and still bad. . . . We have also had severe odor from some of its sewage treatment plants." Dr. Quebedeaux says the reason industry complies with the air pollution program in Houston is fear of court action, which he has shown he is willing to take.

The court-action muscle is necessary, he says, but no special pollution laws are necessary. His own most effective weapon has been common-law nuisance laws, with which he can base his charges on interference with the health of the individual or with his enjoyment of his property. He opposes codes specifying exactly how much of this or that can be discharged from one plant stack. "I'm better off, I feel, without having specified standards," he has explained. "My standard is how it affects the neighbors. That way, you don't involve yourself in a smoke screen of a highly scientific nature."

It is my observation that the majority of the operators of industrial plants in the Houston area are aware of the need to prevent pollution. Dr. Quebedeaux admits that air pollution is not a serious problem in Harris County. Actually, it is becoming less of a problem each year. As new plants are built and old ones improved, air pollution control is being built into them, and great efforts are currently being made to prevent water pollution.

The Houston area sewage problem is the direct result of the rapid growth of the city. The population has increased faster than the capacity of treatment facilities. At times, some of the city's treatment plants are overloaded, but the situation has in no way reached a point where the public health has been affected.

On the whole, if air and water pollution in Harris County is not yet at an irreducible minimum, it is not being ignored. Efforts are being made to reach that point, and I think it will be done.

—Oveta Culp Hobby.

Louisville: Law or License?

IT IS late spring and there is no lovelier part of America at this season than Kentucky's Bluegrass region. Famous old horses, like Citation, trot over the lush, rolling fields. The frisky young colts nip at each other playfully. The white fences stretch for miles. Around Lexington and Versailles, the new industrial plants are antiseptically modern and busy.

But every Kentuckian knows how deceptive this can be as a picture of his state. For only seventy air miles away begins the contamination of both land and water. There is erosion. There is vast waste, not only of the land but of human beings. Here begins the poverty belt of Appalachia.

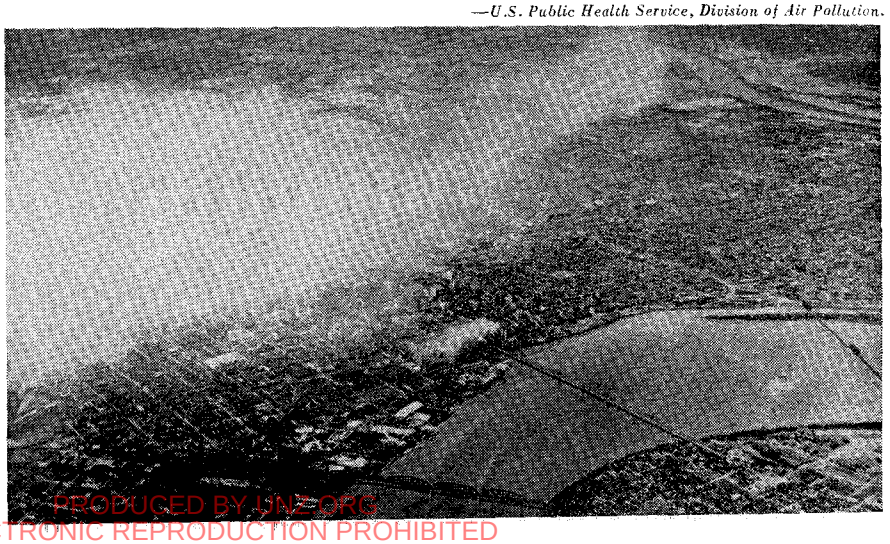
In the western part of Kentucky is another blighted zone, a once handsome land now pocked by vast dunes of mud and whitish rock, where the streams are as poisoned as the ground.

The stinking mess that exists in parts of eastern and western Kentucky is the direct heritage of politically excused commercial plunder. It is the result of strip-mining turned loose, of loggers free to overcut the great forests at will, of oil and gas speculators permitted to let the runoffs pollute the watersheds. Gone are the natural protections of the mountain towns; each year water gushing down the slopes of the strip-mine spoilbanks tears through these towns with mounting violence. Once all of it was beautiful and unspoiled, the "great meadow" and the "happy hunting ground" of Indian lore. Now thousands of acres are taken out of production yearly by the giant mining machines. The state's highest peak, 4,150-foot Black Mountain, which was a magnificent hunting area, is being torn apart by the great drilling machines. Once the water at Cumberland Falls State Park sparkled, but now it is often awash with slimy coal silt. The Green and Salt Rivers have been contaminated by salt-water runoff containing oil. Refuse from gas and oil wells has left streams unfit for cattle, and farmers are convinced that their underground water supplies are also becoming useless. One whole valley near the Kingdom Come State Park is being filled with sludge from a nearby mine. In Western Kentucky, the world's largest shovel throws up black monuments of slag and shale.

The strip-mining lobby is a potent

Pollution in Louisville—Kentucky's largest city under its umbrella of wastes.

—U.S. Public Health Service, Division of Air Pollution.



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one. It has won its point by arguing that it creates jobs and that the land was poor before mining started. It is far poorer after they are through and state money has to go to fight the blight that is left.

What Kentucky needs is a state law that would prohibit strip and augur mining in the eastern mountains and require open-pit miners in the west to restore stripped land so it could be used for farming or timber-growing. But passage of such a law is hardly likely. Strip-mining is an easy way to get coal. It makes money for the operators, the truckers, the railroads, the barge lines, and the power industry.

The tragedy began early in the century before anyone had thought of strip-mining. In their innocence, the mountaineers deeded away any protection they had against destroying their land (and even their homes) to get to the coal. These deeds even gave the coal operators a right to pollute streams on land they did not own. All efforts to break these deeds have failed. Even owners of adjoining land have been unable to protect themselves from damage to their land done by strippers on the hillsides above. Study after study has brought forth the same indictment. One research project, conducted by Resources for the Future, concluded: "The coal industry in Kentucky has most decidedly not paid its way in meeting social costs—private profits and losses aside." A federal study, made in 1963, reported: "Present practices lay waste the landscape, pollute streams, deplete or destroy forests, exterminate wildlife, and clutter roadsides." A National Forest Service official commented bitterly: "The forests in Kentucky are being exploited much as they were generations ago. The loggers are squeezing out everything good and leaving the next generation to pay for their abuses." And a study by the Kentucky Geological Survey, a University of Kentucky division, damned the coal mine industry for polluting the streams with acid water, killing aquatic life, and making a great many streams useless for industrial or home water.

All this will change only when Kentucky's legislature decides to change the conservation law to prevent polluting by mine and oil and gas operators, as well as to insist on real reclamation of land. TVA has established four Appalachian demonstration sites to prove that reclamation, if not real restoration, can be done in mountain areas. Ironically, it has been TVA's demands for low-grade coal that has brought on the strippers—and resulted in the despoliation.

A few operators have undertaken on their own to restore the ravaged land. But coal strippers are basically earth and mineral movers, not agronomists. The state will get to its work of reclaiming the torn land and of protecting its streams only when its legislators have the courage to stand up and defy the lobbyists.

Meanwhile, the mountain people ache over what is happening. Says big Charley Caudill at Whitesburg: "The biggest hurt we got is the young people leaving—and our doctors and our lawyers and our teachers. And our soil is all worn out. Such as that is no advantage to the hills." And Charles D. Richards, a former deep-mine operator who often flies over the mountain area where he has lived all his life, says of what he sees: "It makes my stomach turn."

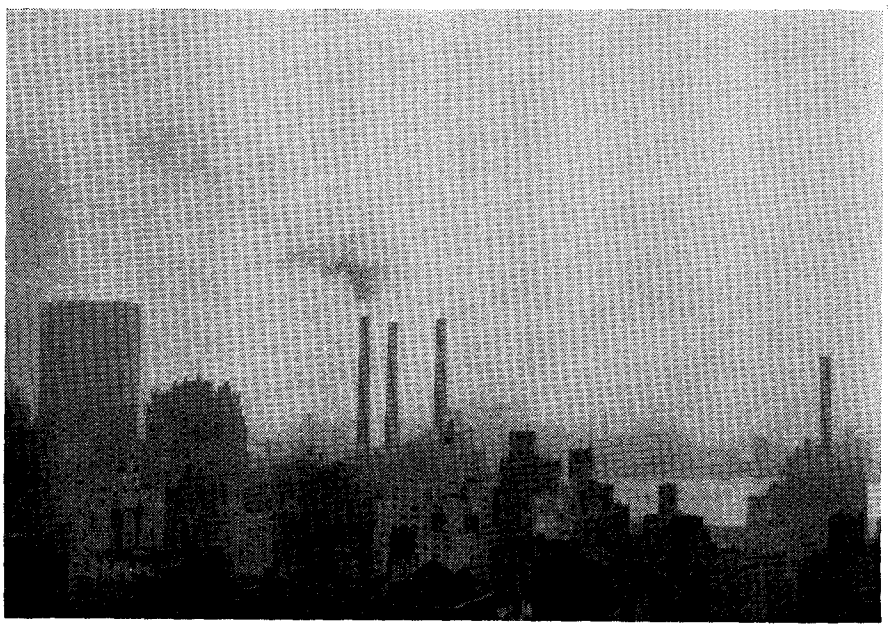
These are a proud people, and they have been left to the mercy of the plunderers.

Mrs. Lena Landrum graduated from Eastern Kentucky State College at Richmond. On weekends she works in her father's store in Rowdy. On weekdays she teaches in Perry County, where, she reports sadly, 35 per cent of the second-graders are eating free lunches. "But when they get in the seventh or eighth grade, some won't take it," she says. "They think somebody's giving them something and we have to let them clean trays or something to make them think they're earning it."

So the plunder lobby hasn't yet contaminated the spirit—at least not of the people who deserve the protection their state has never seen fit to give them.

—Norman E. Isaacs.

New York: Too Little, Too Late?



—*SR photo by N.C.*

Hardly a day passes when Consolidated Edison's smokestacks don't violate New York City's laws. But improvement is promised.

New York City's air pollution is no longer simply something to grouse about. It is a tangible, frightening evil. It has been blamed for contributing—under certain atmospheric conditions—to illness and even death.

No one recognizes this better than the city's Commissioner of Air Pollution Control, Arthur J. Benline, a retired Navy captain. Mr. Benline recently laid it on the line to a television audience with this indictment: "The air over our city is helping our citizens to shuffle off this planet at a much higher rate than they would ordinarily go. Yet there has not been any over-all demand from the public to clean up our dirty air."

New York's air is fouled with a monthly sootfall of sixty tons for every square mile. Into the atmosphere is belched not only smoke from factory stacks—such as those of the plants of the Consolidated Edison Company—but also smoke from most of the 14,000 apartment-house incinerators of the five city boroughs. These waste-burners include 2,000 in houses operated by the New York City Housing Authority.

Additional poisons spew into the air in the form of chemicals from the exhaust pipes of thousands of automobiles that new highways, tunnels, and bridges continue to funnel into the city's streets.

The city fights all of these ills, but Commissioner Benline confesses that without adequate funds his battle is on too small a scale—like fighting a five-alarm fire in the Empire State Building

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with a single hand extinguisher. The budget of the financially hard-pressed city gives the Benline department only about $1,000,000 currently. (The city also hopes for $180,000 more from the federal government.)

In his soft-sell manner, Mr. Benline, who ruefully admits that he takes his defeats in his quests for more money gracefully, concedes that what is needed is an uproar from the citizens and more money for policing the city's air. "Why don't you get up on the rooftops and yell your alarm to everyone who will listen?" the Commissioner was recently asked. He replied that he doubted if that would obtain the desired results.

Yet the budgets of few other city departments are so closely concerned—under just the right conditions of smoke, wind, and weather—with life and death as that of the Department of Air Pollution Control. The picture has been painted in broad strokes time and again to New York's Mayor Robert F. Wagner, but the mayor has been known before to defer an attack on a knotty—or expensive—problem, in an apparent hope that it will go away. In this case, however, deferring adequate appropriations has been likened to saving money by failing to defuse a bomb before it explodes.

Still, the Commissioner, close to the day-to-day readings of the city's air contamination and highly conversant with the published views of top medical and health authorities, concedes that he worries over the possibility of the kind of thermal inversion that could endanger the lungs—and the lives—of city residents with the full force of the poisons of air contamination. In October 1948 such an inversion in Donora, Pennsylvania, was blamed for the deaths of twenty persons. There have been similar disasters in the Meuse Valley and in London. New York had an inversion in 1953 that was named as a probable contributing cause of death of some 200 infants and aged persons. There have been other inversions in New York, but they have been briefer.

What about the power plants of the Consolidated Edison Company as contributors to the city's smoke? The Department of Air Pollution Control reports that in a batch of 200 smoke complaints by citizens—the agency bases the bulk of its enforcement program on such complaints—perhaps ten will involve smoke from Edison chimneys. Though this number is low, the city is constantly riding herd on Edison. And the utility gives constant assurance that it is putting all modern anti-air-pollution equipment in its new installations and replacing old equipment with modern in its old plants as rapidly as possible. The company also cites improved methods of boiler operation and the use of superior fuels. Despite all this, Con Ed has to concede that the peak operation of some of its plants to meet city power demands frequently does produce smoke. Yet it looks forward to the ultimate completion of its projected pumped-storage hydroelectric installation at Cornwall, New York, (the Federal Power Commission granted a license for it last March 9), which will enable the company to dispense with several smoke-producing plants that still produce smoke.

A few days ago Con Ed announced that it had indeed raised its sights in checking on its own smoke emission. Whereas it had formerly kept an eye on its stacks from its East River station and from its headquarters building, 4 Irving Place, it now had installed a trained observer in strategic office space on the eightieth floor of the Empire State Building.

From 6 A.M. to 10 P.M.—or until it gets too late to see—the observer (actually three men working in relays) is keeping tabs on seven Con Ed electric generating plants and two steam-generating stations. Once smoke is sighted, the observer telephones the superintendent of the plant concerned.

New York's City Council has a special committee that has just begun studying air pollution, with a view to writing new legislation, if such is needed, that will help the city wage a more effective war on air poisons.

But it is still felt that the ultimate weapon is money, combined with an uplift of staff salaries that will permit New York City to compete with private industry and other levels of government to attract the kind of technical aid it needs.

So the city plods on, waiting for some sort of hoped-for bold stroke by a city government awakened, by some miracle, to the need. If luck is with the city, this action will come before there is any disaster such as some air pollution authorities fear. —CHARLES G. BENNETT.

Pittsburgh: How One City Did It

IT'S POSSIBLE in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, these days to wear a white shirt, or a white dress, from dawn to dusk and come home almost spotless. Housewives are able to hang out a wash on a sunny morning in Pittsburgh, if they are so minded, without having the load to do over by noon because of sootfall and dust. The downtown skyscrapers, or most of them at any rate, appear newly constructed, though it may have been five years or more since the surface was washed or blasted. Since the middle or late 1940s, a generation has grown up in Pittsburgh that on any day could look up and see, of all urban wonders, the sky.

Before the 1940s, however, generations lived in Pittsburgh—once known as the Smoky City—that often found it difficult to see the opposite side of the street. Today Pittsburgh, the once murky steeltown at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers, is one of America's cleaner cities. It has, for example, only half the dustfall registered in New York City: thirty tons per square mile per month on the average, compared with New York City's current sixty tons.

The story of the Pittsburgh renaissance reaches back over more than three decades and is by no means concluded. It has been and continues to be a bitter, emotionally charged battle to keep the atmosphere pure enough to breathe and clean enough to see through. The struggle to rid the mighty rivers of pollutants and to halt the despoiling of the land has barely begun.

Coal and steel interests, along with the railroads, were not only the job-giving lifeblood of Pittsburgh but were also the chief despoilers of air, land, and water in the old days. But Pittsburgh also had many men of determination and vision who foresaw that Pittsburgh could choke itself to death on the smoke and fumes belching from factory and locomotive chimneys. The fight for clean air really began late in 1939, but it was seven grimy years before any specific results could be seen.

Leading industrial and business executives, including representatives of the steel industry, sparked the renaissance through formation of the Allegheny Conference on Community Development. By 1942 another civic group, the United Smoke Council, was formed by 142 men and women from seventy-one organizations. World War II was on—and the United Smoke Council entered the battle on patriotic grounds; smoke control, it proclaimed, was essential to save fuel needed for war production.

By 1943 an anti-smoke ordinance had been passed. It provided that as of October 1 of that year private homes were to burn only smokeless coal, fed to furnaces by stokers. But the effective date of the ordinance was eventually postponed to March 1945, partly because of opposition from soft-coal interests and partly because there weren't enough stokers and other smoke control equipment to go around. Meanwhile, rallies, meetings, and membership campaigns in the fight for smoke control were almost continuous. Finally, in 1945,

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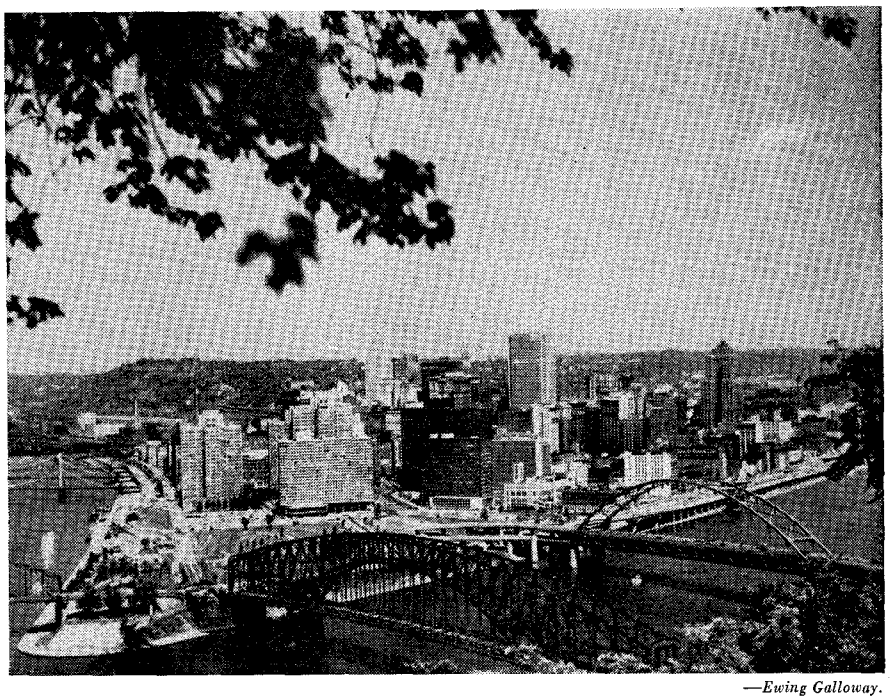
the United Smoke Council became a part of the Committee on Smoke Abatement, a subdivision of the Allegheny Conference on Community Development.

But something else took place in 1945 that dramatized the struggle for clean air so prominently that most of Pittsburgh's population had to take sides: David L. Lawrence, an independent and well-to-do industrialist, campaigned for the Democratic nomination for mayor, and his major appeal was to those who wanted smoke control.

Not everyone wanted smoke control by any means. Householders were told that smokeless fuel would cost them dearly and that smoke control would drive industry from Pittsburgh; that it would become a jobless ghost town if the Lawrence supporters had their way. "Remember Little Joe," read the opposition placards. ("Little Joe" was a personification of "the little man" who would have to buy smokeless coal, stokers, and other conversion equipment if smoke control laws were enforced.) It was a tough battle, but Lawrence won the nomination and the election. And he proved to be a man who kept his campaign promises, particularly where smoke control was concerned.

One key to Lawrence's campaign was an impressive fact sheet about the high cost of atmospheric pollution. Respected physicians said flatly that Pittsburgh was not a healthy place to live, and statistics on respiratory diseases appeared to bear them out (in 1945, for example, Pittsburgh led the nation in deaths from pneumonia). It was disclosed that forty industrial firms had decided to leave Pittsburgh because of smoke, smog, and impure air, as well as because of a recurring danger from floods and contaminated water. A department store estimated that on one winter day alone, smog soiled merchandise and home furnishings so seriously that the loss in cleaning bills and markdowns was $25,000. Nevertheless, the coal industry and the railroads continued to oppose clean-air efforts on economic grounds.

IN 1946, the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce, the League of Women Voters, and other civic groups joined the Allegheny Conference fight to extend air-pollution efforts to all of Allegheny County. Pittsburgh had discovered what many other regions have still failed to grasp: that polluted air knows no political boundaries; it drifts over borders and chokes communities impartially. Mayor Lawrence was deep into the fight by now, meeting around the clock with industrial leaders. In 1947, during a stalemate in the General Assembly in Harrisburg over legislation to permit county-wide control of air pollution, one of the major opponents capitulated. The Pennsylvania Railroad, which not only hauled but burned coal, feared a loss of freight tonnage and was also worried about the enormous cost of converting coal-burning locomotives to Deisels. At that point Richard King Mellon, most powerful of the city's financial and industrial giants, was persuaded to use his influence with the Pennsy's directors. The opposition died away, and the legislation passed.



—*Ewing Galloway.*

The new Pittsburgh—Winner of the first round.

By this time Pittsburgh was basking in some of the benefits of air pollution control. Two years after its smoke control ordinance went into effect, visibility in downtown Pittsburgh had improved 67 per cent, and there was a 39 per cent improvement in days of sunshine observable. The pall of smoke was thinning out.

Under the ordinance, factories, homes, steamboats, and locomotives were required to burn smokeless fuels or install smoke-consuming devices. River boats, which had once fouled the atmosphere, converted to Diesel burners. Apartment houses, churches, hotels, and office buildings converted to gas fuel. Schools installed stoking equipment and went to smokeless coal. Private homes, however, were once more exempted for a year, chiefly because of the combined opposition of the owners and unions involved in soft-coal production.

By 1952 industry, public utilities, railroads, and municipalities in Allegheny County were at work on a $200,000,000 air pollution control program. In that year a saving of $26,000,000 was estimated for Pittsburgh in cleaning bills alone. Household laundry bills dropped $5,500,000. Visibility was up 77 per cent over 1945. And no one even tried to estimate the benefits to physical and mental health. In the past ten years, the 132 open-hearth furnaces in Pittsburgh have found out how to limit smoke and fly ash, and are now working on methods of screening dust from open-hearth gas.

The Bureau of Air Pollution Control of the Allegheny County Health Department reports that despite record steel production last year and in the first quarter of 1965, the basic downward trend in dustfall continues (though in April of this year the dustfall registered thirty tons per square mile per month, compared with 1962's average of only twenty-seven tons.) And a ten-year report made available by Thomas E. Purcell, chief engineer for the Bureau of Air Pollution Control, shows an almost continuing drop from 1954 through 1964.

Sunny Pittsburgh has come a long way since the 1940s. Most residents and industries now believe in pollution control—at least in the atmosphere. But other troubles persist. Disposal of rubbish, garbage, and waste by municipalities is still a major problem. Sulphur contaminants, carcinogens, and other airborne health hazards are just coming under serious study by health department laboratories, aided by federal grants. And the state is only now preparing legislation to eliminate the privileged status of mines and make acid drainage subject to the same regulations as other industrial waste pouring into Pennsylvania's streams and rivers. The mining industry is, of course, opposed. The cost of avoiding such drainage, it says, would bankrupt every mine.

To anyone who was around thirty years ago, the arguments sound somewhat familiar. But the participants in the struggle have at least one advantage this time: On good days they can enjoy Pittsburgh's fresh air and bright sunshine.

—TED O. THACKREY.

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A Duty to the Future

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial, written for this week's special study of environmental pollution, is by the Secretary of the Interior.*

THE PARADOX at the center of the American scene in 1965 is that at the very moment man has built an unprecedented pyramid of personal prosperity he has exploited land, water, and air so thoroughly and thoughtlessly that he has failed to maintain decent standards of stewardship.

The quality of the total environment has declined with each new advance of the economic indices.

We now enjoy an unprecedented level of economic prosperity. New scientific discoveries enhance our material wealth; new technological developments hold greater promise; measured by goods, gadgets, and GNP, or by our adventures in outer space and into the atom, American society is a "success."

But we must face up to one notable failure—the squandering and abuse of those resources on which the public happiness depends. Pollution is the conservation scandal of our generation. Each of us must shoulder a share of the responsibility.

Revulsion with the squalor and disorder of our public environment is expressed in protest books with disturbing titles. *God's Own Junkyard, The Destroyers of America,* and *The Destruction of California,* are only the most recent of these polemics.

Conservationists once fought against floods, destruction of topsoil, and decimation of forests. In our time we face not only these threats. We face a threat to those common resources that constitute the irreplaceable heritage of tomorrow's America—the air, the water, and the land itself.

In his historic Natural Beauty Message to the Congress last February, President Johnson pinpointed the chief cause of our failure:

> The modern technology, which has added much to our lives can also have a darker side. Its uncontrolled waste products are menacing the world we live in, our enjoyment and our health. The air we breathe, our water, our soil and wildlife, are being blighted by the poisons and chemicals which are the by-products of technology and industry. The skeletons of discarded cars litter the countryside. The same society which receives the rewards of technology must, as a cooperating whole, take responsibility for control.

We have had no adequate pollution-control policy, only an unspoken assumption that science somehow would come up with solutions. Our sense of stewardship has been dulled as we have befouled our own backyards. We rationalize such conduct with the selfish and shortsighted attitude that the next generation—our children—will manage to pay the cost of the cleanup.

Each act of contamination indicts our stewardship. Pollution has destroyed parts of the countryside, impaired the rivers, invaded our very homes, eroding public assets all men should share. Its omnipresent effects take the form of unpleasant sights, unpotable water, and an atmosphere that grows more noxious by the day. Unlike the earlier damage to renewable resources, the worst forms of contamination can be undone, if at all, only at enormous expense.

Pollution is a subtle adversary. There is no crash of trees, there are no dust storms to warn us of our folly. We tolerate its inroads on our environment because we are unable to measure the daily diminution of the things we prize.

The once-sparkling waters of Lake Erie suffocate from pollution, air pollution is rapidly eroding much of the world's outdoor sculpture and stone art, fish and wildlife needlessly expire with each misuse of chemicals and pesticides.

Land litter is now the ever-present symbol of our sloth. Recently Ivan Sanderson, the British ecologist, sadly summarized a year-long study of our continent:

> But the worst feature of all—and it is an appalling blight in the United States compared to Europe, or even to Canada and Mexico—is the litter. Not only are there throughout the length and breadth of the country endless rubbish dumps, junkyards, abandoned industrial plants, and acres of littered lots and waste land, but there is also a veritable blanket of empty cans, bottles, cartons, and that almost indestructible material, paper tissue. . . . Unless something drastic is done, and soon, the rest of this country will eventually become one great junk pile.

The onslaught on scenic values has been momentous. Recently Edward Durrell Stone expressed the scathing opinion that the Americans of this century had turned one of the world's most beautiful continents into one of the ugliest.

The damage is now so extensive that it will take years of coordinated effort by public men, men of science, and organized conservationists to reverse the tide of contamination.

Science can help with the rescue. We must be willing, however, to put the work of reclamation high on our list of priorities and public appropriations.

For combating pollution will be costly. Once our political leaders discover that the American people want and are willing to pay whatever is necessary to win the fight for a life-giving environment, the battle for beauty will really begin.

We will need new concepts of social responsibility. As parents, and as school teachers, we must instill in our children a love of the earth and of beauty and

(*Continued on page* 98)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Reply from the Ranks

MR. CIARDI'S QUALITY as a poet and critic of poetry is without question. However, I feel that he would be more impressive if he remained within his own province and did not venture forth to judge those things of which he has little knowledge and less understanding. I am referring to his column of March 13 entitled "Skin." Being a member of that "processional of mechanical soldiers who have peeled off their skins and glued on uniforms," I feel that I, and my fellows, are in a much better position to judge fairly the military mind and character.

It appears obvious that during Ciardi's service as an Aviation Cadet when, as he wrote, "My own idea was to save my skin . . . I mean the skin of identity and idea," he was not accorded the recognition he felt he deserved. A traumatic experience such as this in the formative years can have a great influence on opinions arrived at when one is older, more mature, and possesses greater wisdom.

It is an easy thing to revile and criticize the Armed Services, since we who compose them are in many ways defenseless against our fellow taxpayers. If you would read magazines like *The Naval Institute Proceedings* you would find, however, that we tend to view ourselves in a harsh and glaring light. Just let your criticism be valid, and in a spirit of positive correction. And realize, please, that many of us are in the services not because we seek a womb, but because we wish to render a service both to our own nation and also, in some fashion, to all mankind. In many ways we are closer to the world situation than Ciardi could be. Seeing the poverty, sorrow, and despair that abound in many parts of the world gives many of us great concern.

It is easy to generalize about "the mechanism a man becomes when he takes his place in the ranks." But remember that many of these men in the ranks have died to ensure Ciardi's rights, freedoms, and posterity.

GERHARD H. W. ROGGENKAMP,
Lieutenant, U.S. Navy.

San Francisco, Calif.

The U.N. Role in Vietnam

THE ARTICLE "A Plan for Peace in Vietnam," by Don and Arthur Larson [*SR*, Apr. 24], is an appreciated effort, but it contains serious elements of the unreal. For instance, SEATO has not "set the stage for action" but for inaction. It has been simply impossible for the U.S. to get the SEATO nations to go along with its fallacious policy. SEATO will probably be more unwilling today than it was in 1964 to do so.

The further notion that the U.N. might be willing to form and put in the field a military force powerful enough to do what the combined U.S. and South Vietnamese forces have not yet been able to do is preposterous. Only the U.S. believes that the Vietnamese war is a matter of "simple aggression" from the North. For the U.S. to call for a Korea-type U.N. action to pull its chestnuts out of the fire would only serve to alert the world at large that the U.S. was still refusing to understand the nature of the morass into which it has plunged.

The U.S. will either have to occupy South Vietnam, militarily, taking the place of the dictatorship it has supported up to now, or it will have to treat with the largely autonomous Vietcong, as well as all other interested parties, in arranging a negotiated settlement of the conflict.

Surely the U.N. has a role. To be realistic, it is precisely what U Thant has offered: its good offices, help in arranging negotiations, and mediation. The U.N. might have a different and larger role in implementing a cease-fire or in policing a settlement. Even this is doubtful, since it is not likely that a U.N. presence will be acceptable to several of the interested parties.

Those interested in strengthening the U.N. should not ask the U.N. to do what it cannot do.

DONALD KEYS,
Acting Director,
National Committee for a
Sane Nuclear Policy.

New York, N.Y.

"What I'm going to say now is off the record."

Mangled Motto

I HAD an unnerving experience while reading about one of Cleveland Amory's unnerving experiences in his column of May 1. In his account of his visit to Daytona Beach, he says "up North you might find such slogans, under the name of the paper, as 'One Nation Under God,' or even 'The Truth Shall Set You Free.' Not in Daytona. Here we found, right under the name of the paper, ' 'Tis a Privilege to Live in Central Florida.' "

This is not the slogan of the Daytona paper, but of the Orlando *Sentinel*. The slogan of the Daytona paper happens to come from Milton: "Give me the liberty to know, to think, to argue freely according to conscience above all other liberties." Certainly this is not a flippant slogan and is one that I feel to be comparable in dignity to that of any Northern paper.

GAIL B. WEST.

Daytona Beach, Fla.

Anniversary Footnote

IT MUST have given the editor great satisfaction to have been able to write the retrospective essay that appeared in *Saturday Review* on April 24. I know it gave this subscriber unbounded satisfaction in reading it.

DAVID CRAWFORD.

San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Many thanks to Mr. Crawford for his generous comment. Yes, it was satisfying to browse through my memories of experiences on SR, and especially satisfying to hear from readers, but there were some inadvertent and unforgivable omissions. First of all, I meant to congratulate George Stevens, my predecessor as editor, on his twenty-fifth anniversary as editor of J. B. Lippincott Co. I regret that no mention was made of Elizabeth Kingsley, originator of Double-Crostics, and her successor, Doris Nash Wortman. I can kick myself for not calling attention to the editors over the years for books for young people: Mary Gould Davis, Frances Lander Spain, Alice Dalgliesh. Also our regular columnists in the book review section: Rollene Saal, John K. Hutchens, David Dempsey, Robert J. Clements, and Haskel Frankel. Tillie Rothenberg and Nellie Kenney have been members of our circulation department staff and Rose Wadler has been in our accounting department for more than fifteen years. Kay Gildersleeve has been secretary to Harrison Smith since 1945. Patricia Morin has greeted visitors to SR since 1954. Marcie Sussholtz has been assistant to SR's controller since 1953. Les Brown and Roland Woodland have for many years handled traffic in SR's mail and stockroom. Also, I should have mentioned Betty Chapin and the late Eloise Perry Hazard, both of whom, years back, were of prodigious assistance to the editor.*

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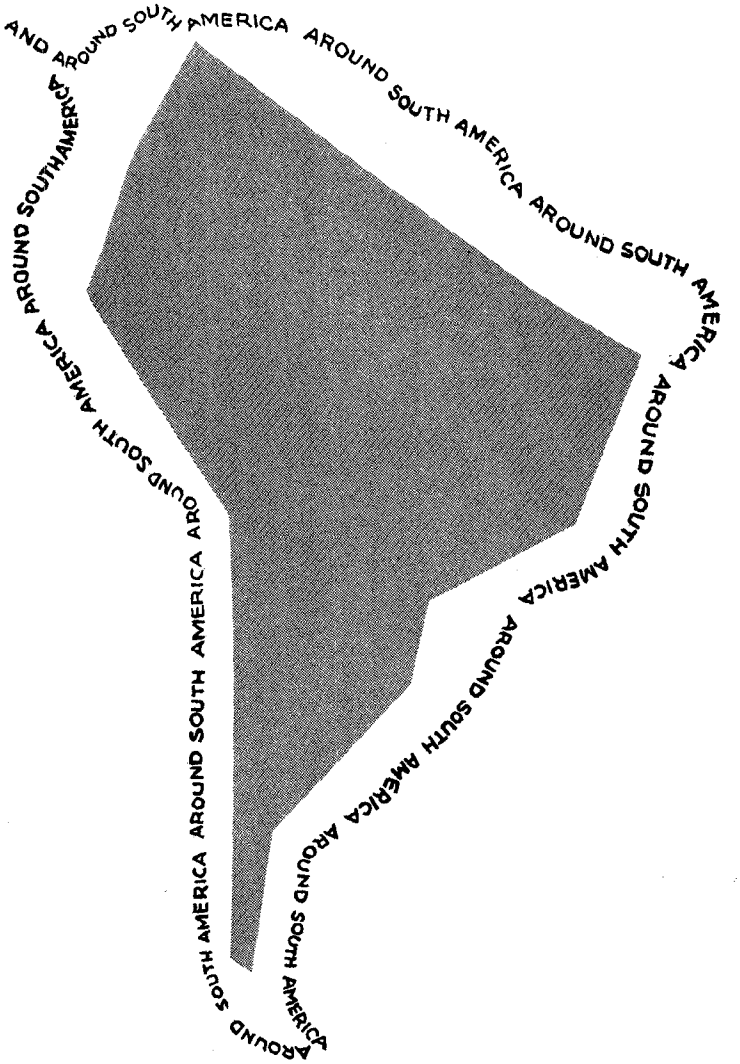

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The Relevance of Dante

Part II

By JOHN CIARDI

DANTE USES mythological juxtapositions not only horizontally within each canticle, but vertically from each canticle to the others. When we first meet Farinata degli Uberti we encounter a mythological presence of enormous power and dignity. When, in Purgatory, at relatively the same position Farinata occupies in Hell, we meet Sordello, we cannot fail to find that he is not only another mythological presence of enormous power and dignity but that he represents on a higher level the same emotional force of being that Farinata represents on the lower. And when, in Paradise, again in the same relative position within its horizontal structure, we encounter Cacciaguida, we know at once that he represents the same force on the highest level.

This sort of back-illumination is a characteristic of all good writing: as we read on, we understand more about what we have already read. Dante's method of back-illumination by an intricate pattern of thematic repetitions with appropriate variations, first horizontally and then vertically, is an extension of a common device to a range of uncommon excellence. To read *The Purgatorio* is, in effect, to re-read and to re-experience *The Inferno*. To read *The Paradiso* is, similarly, to re-read and to re-experience both of the earlier canticles. The method is symphonic.

And what this method communicates is a body of knowledge that is both exact and otherwise unknowable. It is that body of knowledge only art can give form to.

This body of knowledge is exact in two ways. First it creates mythologized personalities that we can accept as being alive in themselves and true to our feelings about ourselves. We believe it is actually Francesca who speaks; we experience what seems to be a real Farinata, a real Bertrand de Born, and a real Ugolino. We see that Dante has a natural knowledge of how a given sort of individual will feel and think in a given situation. He understands human feelings in the way a great actor understands and makes lively the roles he takes on. And in observing his sure knowledge of human reactions, we add to our own knowledge.

A clinical psychologist is able to categorize these particular emotional responses and so to create categorical knowledge of an exact sort. A great artist projects himself into these emotional conditions in a way that creates emotional knowledge of an exact sort.

Second, this body of knowledge not only enacts emotional conditions in an exactly felt way, but it passes value judgments upon them, constantly suggesting that one condition of being is more valuable than another.

Philosophy, religion, and the mixed or social sciences try to make categorical statements about these ideas of value, and so to create categorical knowledge. But, once more, the great artist achieves emotional insights that create value judgments in whose exactness we concur. We are moved to pity Francesca, but we are also made to feel, in a greater and more hopeless pity, that she has removed herself from any help our pity can offer.

THERE are many ways in which we might state that perception categorically. We might say, "Here is an example of a state of being called." Or we might assert something about the nature of that category: "Once a person has so destroyed himself, no redeeming quality can counterweigh his self-destruction and we are left to pity helplessly." Or we might simply judge: "This is a bad state of being."

These statements do convey some sort of knowledge of the human condition. But they must seem pallid and unfocused when compared to the sort of emotional exactness an artist of Dante's power can give them by an active presentation in which we are called to participate. The poet teaches us at an enforcing depth of feeling what we could not otherwise have known about ourselves.

In this context it is especially relevant to note the true function of Virgil in Dante's allegory. For it is not enough to take Virgil, in the most common interpretation, as Human Reason. Had that been his true allegorical function,

—*Bettmann Archive.*

"Dante," by Ugo Zannoni, in Verona.

any number of famous souls might have applied for the job. Why not, for example, Aristotle, "the master of those who know"?

There are, of course, many secondary reasons for Dante's choice of Virgil. Virgil was Dante's chosen poetic master, "that Virgil and that fountain of purest speech." His *Aeneid* celebrated the foundation of the Roman Empire and so parallels Dante's celebration of the Church of Rome. It was commonly believed that Virgil in his *Fourth Eclogue* had foreseen the birth of Christ: thus he was a prophetic link between classical and Catholic Rome. And though there is no known basis for the legend (though, in fact, Virgil was still alive at the time of the purported event), Dante has Virgil explain that he was called from Limbo by the witch Erichtho and sent through Hell to summon from Judaïca a soul that might foretell the outcome of the war between Caesar and Pompey. So Virgil is purported to have crossed Hell before and, therefore, to know its geography.

ALL these reasons, and others that could be added, make Virgil a natural choice as Dante's guide, but none of them particularly qualify him as the supreme allegorical example of Human Reason. Like Cato of Utica, he does exemplify something like the supreme height a virtuous soul might achieve without Christ's salvation. But even that

© 1965 by John Ciardi. This is the conclusion of a two-part article. The first part appeared in last week's issue.

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condition does not qualify him as the highest level of Human Reason.

What Virgil represents is not Human Reason but Esthetic Wisdom. As such, he represents the allegorical completion of an order of understanding Dante himself is striving for, though Dante was armed by the conviction of what he held to be a superior faith and set himself the additional mystical goal of direct union with God. Virgil is an allegory of the total of knowledge and understanding that a master artist acquires in a lifetime of giving himself to his art. He is that body of knowledge, of experience, and of possibility that ceases to exist at the moment any great artist dies.

Only one part of the body of knowledge is expressed by the idea of Human Reason. The essence of that sort of understanding is in its multiplicity and simultaneity. It does not deal in major premise, minor premise, and conclusion as its normal way of expression. It responds, rather, to many signals at once and it finds esthetic equivalents that capture not only a singleness of impression but that permit the simultaneous interplay of multiple impressions within that singleness. It is the art of conveying experiences rather than statements, and it is learnéd not only in its technical ability to convey experiences in a feelable way, but in its seemingly intuitive ability to place upon such experiences those emotional weights that seem exactly proper to them.

The master metaphor of Dante's Hell is just such a triumph of esthetic wisdom. The master metaphor of the total *Comedy* is the image of God. It was in that image, as Dante believed, that man was made, though in a gross and fleshly guise. And it is toward the reidentification with that image in its ineffable perfection that man must strive.

The Inferno, of course, is that part of *The Comedy* that deals with the perversion and distortion of God's image. As Dante writes in the Twentieth Canto on observing the grotesquely distorted bodies of the Fortune Tellers and Diviners:

> Reader, so may God grant you to understand
> my poem and profit from it, ask yourself
> how I could check my tears, when near at hand
>
> I saw the image of our humanity
> distorted so that the tears that burst from their eyes
> ran down the cleft of their buttocks. Certainly
>
> I wept. I leaned against the jagged face
> of a rock and wept.....

Virgil (and, therefore, in a trans-allegorical sense, Dante himself) speaks strongly against this display of sentiment:

> There is no place
> for pity here. Who is more arrogant
> within his soul, who is more impious
> than one who dares to sorrow at God's judgment?

Within his theological system, it was necessary for Dante to rebut his own first emotion. A shallow humanistic view might argue that it is insensitive cruelty not to be moved by such suffering and that Virgil's rebuke ought not to have been uttered. Man's saving emotion, such an argument would run, is pity. It is, of course, easy to be persuaded by that humanistic view as a generalization. In this context, however, that view fails to register the nature of Dante's experience.

The souls in Hell are, to be sure, identified as individuals and they function so for narrative purposes. In what may be called the narrative-theological purpose of the writing, moreover, it is necessary to concur in God's judgment. But if one registers only these two purposes, Dante becomes no more than a

tourist through a concentration camp who scolds himself for being moved to pity.

We must first understand that these souls are metaphors. They are not individuals, but states of being.

In Canto I Virgil makes clear the divisions of Dante's journey. Dante had tried to climb directly to God without having first sought out the arduous experience of understanding and purification, and he had been driven back into the darkness by the Three Beasts that, together, symbolize the total weight of worldliness. Virgil then appears to Dante, as sent by Beatrice, and explains how Dante can reach God only by going the long way round:

> Therefore for your own good, I think it well
>
> you follow me and I will be your guide
> and lead you forth through an eternal place.
> There you shall see the ancient spirits tried
>
> in endless pain, and hear their lamentation
> as each bemoans the second death of souls.
> Next you shall see upon a burning mountain
>
> souls in fire and yet content in fire,
> knowing that whensoever it may be
> they yet may mount into the blessed choir.
>
> To which, if it is still your wish to climb,
> a worthier spirit shall be sent to guide you.

The descent into Hell is the journey to the recognition of what sin truly is. The ascent of Purgatory is the journey to the emancipation from sin. Only after total recognition and total emancipation may the final sublime ascent to the presence of God begin.

But what purpose can it serve to recognize sin and yet to be moved to pity it? In reproving himself for pity, Dante is not relishing the suffering of any human being. Rather, he is recognizing a state of being to which he himself might conceivably have fallen. He is reminding himself that he can come to no compromise with that possibility within himself but must, rather, set his whole soul against the evil he has learned to recognize. In rejecting pity for what seems to be a person, Dante is steeling himself against a possible condition of his own soul.

There is a further consideration. In Canto XXV of *The Purgatorio* Dante has Statius discourse on the nature of Aerial Bodies, making it clear, among other things, that the souls in the afterworld cannot dissimilate. A mortal man may appear to be one thing and actually be another. But the appearance of every soul encountered by Dante conforms exactly to its state of being.

In terms of the master metaphor of God's image, therefore, every soul in Hell makes apparent by its visible form its own distance from the perfect image of God. So each soul is a narrative personality, a theological evaluation, and a metaphor of the possible condition of any man's soul.

But for Dante, all these levels must be brought together. Their point of union is in the theological doctrine of ever-abounding grace. The simple point of this doctrine is that Christ by his suffering purchased enough redemption for all men. All any man need do to win God's mercy (and so, eventually, to be

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assured his entrance into Heaven and into the body of God) is to offer up his soul in sincere repentance for evil. A last breath—no more than half the name of Mary uttered in true contrition—is enough, and salvation will follow.

Obviously, then, a soul can enter Hell only by actively and unswervingly desiring it. Only by hardening himself against every redeeming impulse may the sinner be damned. Hell is not *where* the sinners are: it is *what* they are. Their condition is essentially that of the addict who hates the habit but who yearns for the drug itself. To the extent that Dante suggests a place called Hell, he does so only to suggest the furthest possible distance from God. Since God is the all-containing circumference of Dante's universe, Hell can only be at the center of that universe.

But in the mythological sense, Hell is the condition the souls of the damned project around themselves by the act of being what they are. Drop them anywhere, and Hell would form around them. For they are not *in* Hell; they *are* Hell. Modern readers must not be misled by association with the badly conceived drawings of Doré into thinking of Hell as a vast Gothic cellar. It is a state of being, and its only real landscape is the condition of the souls to be met there.

There is suffering in Hell, but that suffering is an inseparable part of each soul's condition of being. To be so far from the true image of God is inevitably to suffer. In Hell that suffering is hopeless and to no end because purposeless and hopeless agony of being is what the damned have chosen. The righteous man has no choice but to steel himself against such a state of being.

Is it possible to understand why the allegory of so stark and yet so complex a condition of being should exert such a power upon the imagination of our age? Certainly Dante's technical mastery of his art is greatest in the sublimities of *The Paradiso*. One reads that final canticle with a constantly astonished sense that the impossible is being achieved and then surpassed time and time again. Yet it is hard for modern man to identify with a condition of static bliss. A meditative man can grasp *The Purgatorio* as a highly conceived condition of becoming. But it is *The Inferno* that overwhelms us. Whether or not we know how to say it to ourselves, there is something in the darkness of our age's own mood that responds at great depth to the darkness of Hell.

For some years now I have been looking to contemporary artists for a possible illustrator of a new edition of *The Divine Comedy*. The fact I think I have discovered is that we have many artists who are capable of illustrating *The Inferno*. In my view, it has been only within our own age that *The Inferno* has finally achieved something like true graphic equivalents in the savagely humane drawings of Rico Lebrun. Lebrun, armed by personal genius and by modern art's emancipation from the academic, has also understood that the basic metaphor is the image of God-destroyed, and he has applied all his enormous power to express Hell in terms of the destruction of the human body itself. There is no landscape in his Hell: all is a condition of being, and that condition is expressed in the ruin of bodies drawn with a fervor I can only compare to that of Michelangelo. That fervor is compassionate yet enraged by its own sense of a darkness not entirely of Dante but of our own tormented intellectual position.

But who will illustrate *The Paradiso*? I have presented some of these thoughts to Leonard Baskin and I am delighted to report that his simple answer was: "I accept the challenge!" But I already know that Baskin can illustrate *The Inferno* and *The Purgatorio*. The real challenge remains *The Paradiso*.

AND whatever Baskin, in his own genius, does finally produce, there can be no question that Hell is our canticle, the idiom of its emotions natively ours. Its conception and its writing, moreover, make it easily the most dramatically active of the three canticles. I do not, certainly, imply that Dante lost his power as he mounted toward the Empyrean but only that he left our most natural and most active emotions behind. I cannot agree with John Fowles who wrote in *The Aristos*: "The bottommost circle of Dante's hell: his heaven." Yet that judgment does seem to speak to a natural first emotion of our time. What it overlooks is the fact that Dante's writing is always transcendantly active even when it engages states of being that are beyond us.

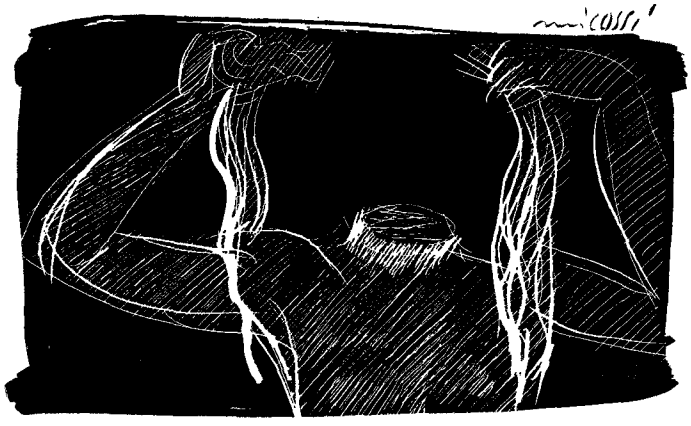
Dante is a supreme master because he entered the activity of his life-imagination at a heat of passion beyond most men, yet saw through diamond eyes: he could burn and still see. And what he saw and found the form of is a total vision of mankind; not a treatise, but an experience of our own identity. The figures we meet at every point in Dante are the populations of our own nervous system. Dante will remain relevant to mankind for exactly as long as those values we call the humanities are relevant to it.

If in some future time the nations of this world turn to systematic indoctrination of their people, making them over into the automatons of a self-justifying technology, then, of course, these meditative and intuitive perceptions for which we honor Dante will have been dismissed as an antiquarian idiocy, and he can have, at best, only a bootleg existence among the outcasts of society or among the secretely subversive.

Nor are these speculations about the darkly possible future entirely detached from present reality. There is in our world a contest for men's minds; there do exist those indoctrinating states that seem determined to reduce the individual to nothing but official being.

That contest is a surpassing reason for Dante's relevance to us. For us to foresee a time when Dante is not relevant to man's idea of himself is, simply enough, to foresee a time in which our emotions, our ideas, and our values will have become meaningless, and when we ourselves shall have become archaisms of no significant tradition and of no sequent merit. Dante is relevant because he measures us, and because what we are and value cannot outlive him.

THESE are not in themselves, to be sure, sufficient reasons for reading Dante. Only pleasure is reason enough. But these reasons can testify to the enduring rightness of seeking our pleasure in the master, knowing that what begins in delight leads to a body of wisdom without which we cannot accomplish a sufficient idea of ourselves. That informing pleasure we find in Dante will be forever relevant to us because we know that when men are no longer able to respond to it, they can no longer be entirely men.



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Old Horowitz—New *Swan Lake*

C MAJOR IS traditionally the key of auspicious beginnings and triumphant conclusions, but it can also serve as the tonality of a happy homecoming, as it did for Vladimir Horowitz in his return to the stage of Carnegie Hall after an absence of twelve years from public performance. The first resonant flourishes of the Bach Organ Toccata in C (in the Busoni transcription) affirmed it; and the end, an hour and a half later, of Schumann's Fantasy in the same key, confirmed it—Horowitz was in his heaven and all was right with the pianistic world.

Few pianists receive, at the end of an arduous evening of consummate effort, the kind of reception that Horowitz had from a *Who's Who* of the musical world (and a cross section of mere music lovers) before he had played a note. For this kind of payment in advance, Horowitz had the only possible answer: an order of performance that merited even more.

If the rich resonances of the Bach proclaimed that his ability to flow piano tone through measures and bars (against all known capacities of the instrument) was unimpaired, the stately succession of phrases and pages declared his musical artistry to be broader based, more encompassing than ever. Aside from an inconsequential inaccuracy here and there, the line of thought, top and bottom, was implemented by a sense of internal structure and tonal design that spoke its own testimony to the fulfillment he has achieved in these recent years. What he offered his listener in the Scriabin (Ninth Sonata and F-sharp major Poem) and Chopin (C-sharp minor Mazurka, F-major Etude and G-minor Ballade) was further to the same point. Old Horowitz or new, this was the order of artistry for which pianos are made to be played. To make it unanimous, Baldwin devoted its program space to the message: "Baldwin respectfully salutes Vladimir Horowitz, peerless in an age of master pianists." Steinway (whose piano he uses) could not have said it better.

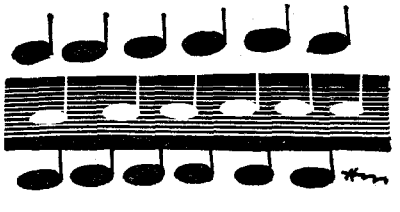
The Royal Ballet's new *Swan Lake* is more than a replacement of Leslie Hurry's long-used, well-loved scenic production with a brighter, more elaborate one by Carl Toms. It adds a prologue depicting the sorcerer Rothbart casting his evil spell over the Princess who becomes a Swan, and sundry other textual "refinements" whose purpose is to tell the story more explicitly. For those with no prior acquaintance with the ballet, the scheme of production devised by Robert Helpmann may be helpful; for others, the result may be akin to showing Hamlet's father being murdered in order to "explain" why there is a ghost.

To be sure, there are thousands of reasons why the directors and veteran personnel of the Royal Ballet should want to get away from the old conception. They are made up of the night-in, night-out performances (adding to thousands over decades) when *Swan Lake* was the bread to the butter of *Sleeping Beauty* in the company's repertory at home and on tour. But was it necessary to go so far away and in so generally prosaic a direction?

The invention of a prologue may be defensible and the group choreography provided by Ashton (to sections of the score borrowed from other acts) is inoffensive. But in place of the villagers gathered to celebrate the Prince's birthday, the new version offers a very grand affair of princesses and high fashion. The "tutor" of old become a Lord Chamberlain (typical Leslie Edwards part) and the crossbow Prince Siegfried receives for his birthday present appears to be gold crusted and studded with gems. An Ashton-invented waltz and a flashy *pas de quatre* (Brian Shaw style, with Brian Shaw) keep the attention occupied until the Prince sets forth on his swan shoot.

THIS may all make for what is called spectacle but it tends to upgrade show and downgrade mood. The following treatment of the "White Swan" scene is, on the whole, choreographically as it has been, save for a good deal more of Rothbart (more explanation of the ghost of Hamlet's father) and an episode for four swans. For the ballroom scene, Tom has gone far in the direction of the Bolshoi production, which is to say, toward space and grandeur.

The objection to these innovations is not that they are new, but that they fight against the mystical, poetic mood of Tchaikovsky's music. They also tend to detract (not to say distract) from what should be the essential theme: the challenge to the ballerina to depict a dual role (White Swan and Black Swan) with sufficient credibility to justify the mystification of the Prince. The emphasis on spectacle and production in this version tends to make this factor an incident in the action rather than its focal point.



This was not too surprising in the first performance, in which Svetlana Beriosova was Odette/Odille and Donald MacLeary the Prince. She cannot move otl.er than beautifully and managed the technical detail of the long role with easy virtuosity. Mimetic skill, however, is not high among Beriosova's attributes, and she tended to be more austere as the White (sympathetic) than as the Black (malevolent) Swan. MacLeary's Siegfried is ingratiating enough, but also a little earthbound when the moment arrives when he must get off the floor and prove himself a prince of a dancer as well as a dancing prince. The sequence of casting that brought other of the company's younger principals to the leading roles (Sibley and Blair, Seymour and Gable) before Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev was, no doubt, designed to avoid immediate comparison with the "guests."

THIS charitable purpose was accomplished, but one other comparison could not be avoided—the present Odette/Odille of Fonteyn, and those remembered from the past. Recollection insists that there has been a leveling off in characterization, that the contrast is no longer as sharply defined as it had been. To be sure, an expression of romantic love for a Prince Siegfried impersonated by the lank-locked, limp-limbed Nureyev would be a formidable accomplishment in any circumstances; in the present one it seemed to be not her primary concern. Most of this was directed toward performing, as accurately as possible, the evolutions she once did with lofty disdain for difficulty and complete concentration on character. Her resources of strength and discipline are still formidable, but the effort of sustaining her standard is, surely, greater than it formerly was.

As for Nureyev's Siegfried, it is very much like his Albrecht in *Giselle*: rather indifferent to the dramatic surroundings save in those moments of display which enable him to exhibit his spring and buoyancy, his excellent muscular mechanics. To judge from the ear-shattering applause he received for his *grands jetés* and Fonteyn for her *fouettés* (none too tidy) in the Black Swan *pas de deux* this was what a sizeable portion of the audience came to see, and they suspended the action with cheers and bravos as well as mere applause. The mood of the occasion communicated itself to John Lanchberry, whose conducting made the most of the blare in Tchaikovsky's variable score and the least of its poetry.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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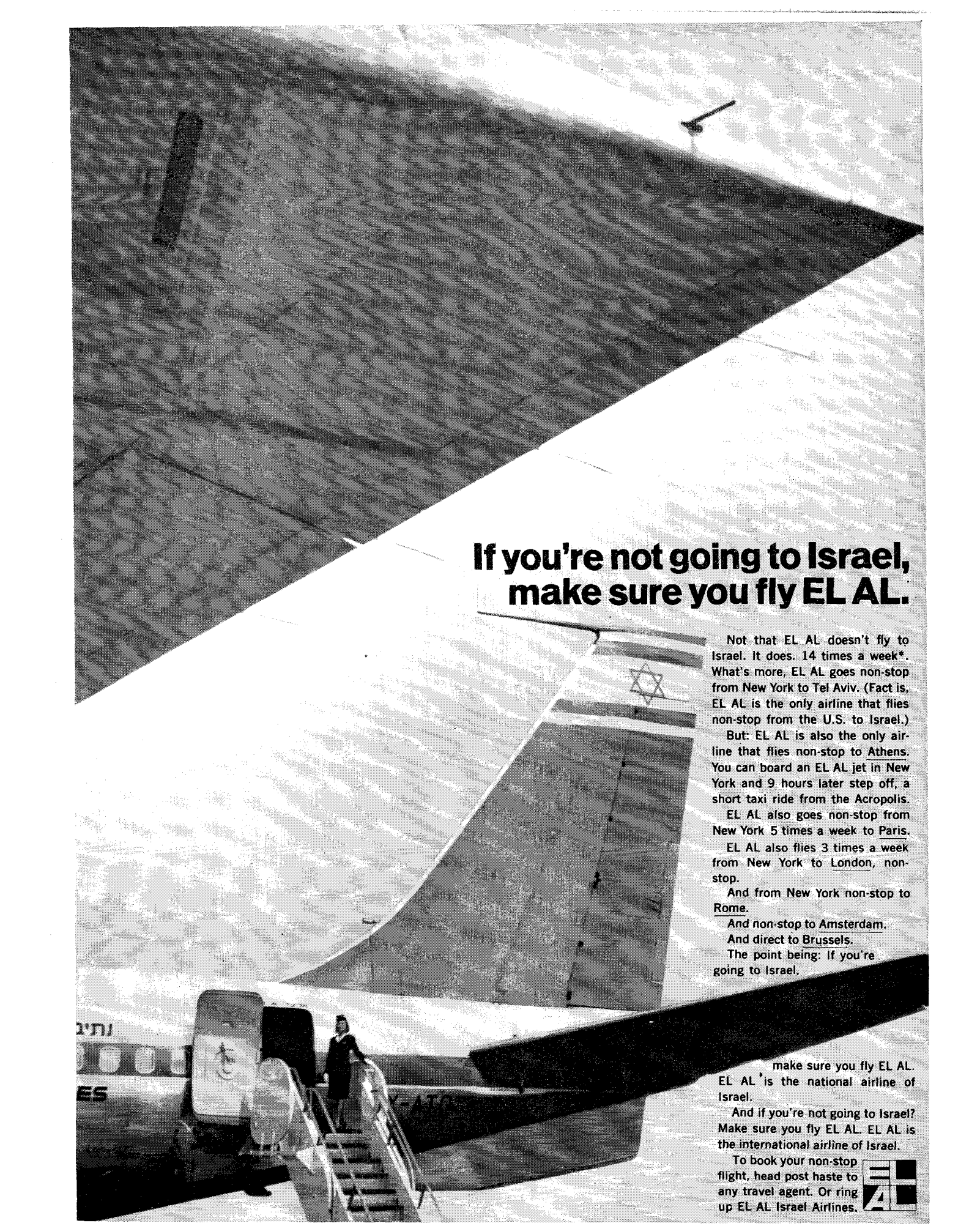

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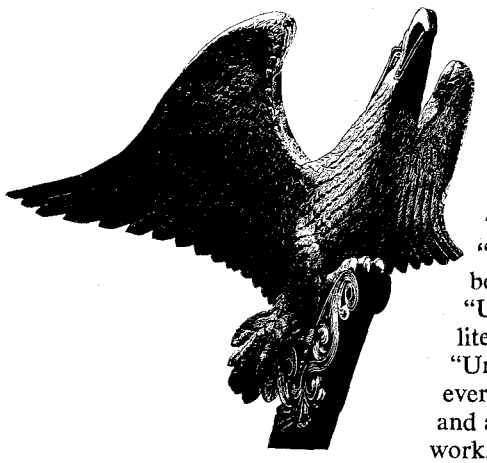

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Traditions, Lives, and Legends

AS WE of *SR* take pleasure in pointing out every year, the university presses of this country do an important job and, on the whole, do it well. Every now and then, moreover, one of the presses makes a really magnificent contribution to American culture, and this year it is Oxford. *The Modern Tradition: Backgrounds of Modern Literature* ($13.75) is an anthology of nearly 1,000 pages, edited by Richard Ellmann, the distinguished biographer of Joyce, and Charles Feidelson, Jr., of Yale. It is scarcely a book to read from cover to cover, but one can lose oneself in it for hours, and its usefulness as a reference work is incalculable.

Wisely the editors have not tried to define "modern"; they say that, looking into the past, "we become aware of what we must call a 'modern tradition,' which reaches well back into the romantic era and even beyond." This tradition, moreover, is not "narrowly literary": "What comes to mind is rather something broadly imaginative, a large spiritual enterprise including philosophic, social, and scientific thought, and esthetic and literary theories and manifestoes, as well as poems, novels, dramas." Among the older writers from whom selections are drawn are Blake, Goethe, Kant, Hegel, Coleridge, and Rousseau. Among the philosophers and scientists are Darwin, Marx, James, Dewey, Heisenberg, Whitehead, Frazer, Freud, Jung, Barth, and Tillich. On the more purely literary side we have Rilke, Eliot, Joyce, Pound, Yeats, Gide, Auden, Lawrence, Proust, Camus, and many more. All in all, 101 writers are represented.

The selections are grouped under nine headings: symbolism, realism, nature, cultural history, the unconscious, myth, existence, and faith; and there are many subheadings that help the reader to follow whatever line of thought attracts him. If at the end the definition of "modern" seems more elusive than ever, one has been exposed to a rich and complex body of literature.

There seems to be a law that each year must bring from the university presses at least one book on William Faulkner. This year we have John Hunt's *William Faulkner: Art in Theological Tension* (Syracuse University Press, $5). Hunt writes as an orthodox Christian of one sort or another, but he does not try either to claim Faulkner as orthodox or to damn him for being a heretic. He shows how Faulkner used Christian material, particularly in *The Sound and the Fury, Absalom, Absalom!* and "The Bear," but he recognizes that there is never a complete commitment. Although at the end he scolds Faulkner a little for not having a formulated theology, for the most part he accepts him as what he was—a great artist, not a systematic thinker.

Fitzgerald is another perennial favorite, and this year John Kuehl has edited *The Apprentice Fiction of F. Scott Fitzgerald* (Rutgers University Press, $5). The volume is made up of four stories that were published in *Now and Then*, a magazine issued by the St. Paul (Minnesota) Academy; three stories written during Fitzgerald's residence at the Newman School of Hackensack, New Jersey, and four stories published in the *Nassau Literary Magazine* at Princeton. After assuring us that Fitzgerald was both "a born storyteller" and "a born psychologist," Kuehl calls attention to certain themes in this early fiction that were developed in the mature work. What is interesting is to note how steadily Fitzgerald progressed between his thirteenth and his twenty-first year. From a bright schoolboy he turned into an assured craftsman.

William Dean Howells hasn't been a popular, even an academically popular, author for a good many years, but he has continued to attract many scholars. One of the most faithful of these is Clara Marburg Kirk, who has now published *W. D. Howells and Art in His Time* (Rutgers University Press, $7.50). Mrs. Kirk examines Howells's relations with painters, sculptors, and architects, and shows the use he made in his novels of

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82 The Lost Cause: The Confederate Exodus to Mexico, by A. F. Rolle
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what he had learned about the arts. Although this scarcely seems a major aspect of Howells's life and work, there is more to talk about than one would have supposed.

In *The Western Hero in History and Legend* (Oklahoma University Press, $5.95) Kent Ladd Steckmeyer presents studies of Kit Carson, Billy the Kid, Wild Bill Hickok, and General Custer. He first sets forth the verifiable facts about each man and then traces the development of the legend that grew up around him. The legend-making turns out to have been even more fantastic than one would have surmised, changing black to white with the greatest of ease. The author ends with some general remarks on the role of these legends in America life. I wonder what he makes of the worldwide popularity of "Bonanza."

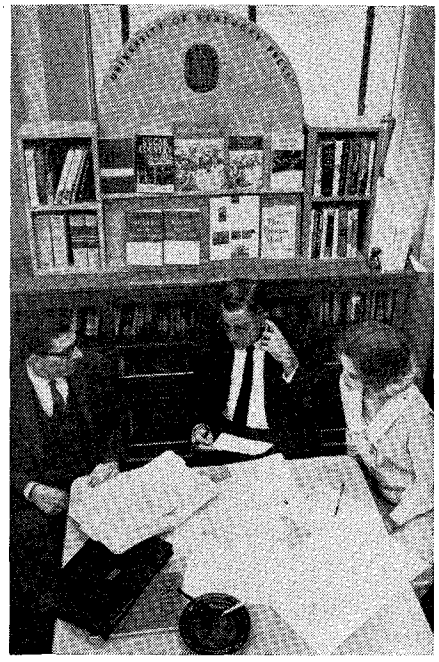
A DIFFERENT approach to the West is found in Edwin Fussell's *Frontier: American Literature and the American West* (Princeton University Press, $8.50). Fussell examines the impact of the frontier on six Eastern writers of the first half of the nineteenth century: Cooper, Hawthorne, Melville, Poe, Thoreau, and Whitman. Some of his interpretations seem farfetched: Poe's "Pym," for instance, is described as "another tale of Western adventure and exploration again cast in the guise of a voyage to the South Pole." But the effect of the West on the writers of the Golden Day was very great, and Fussell's study is important, even if he does exaggerate now and then.

Robert Schneider's *Five Novelists of the Progressive Era* (Columbia University Press, $7.50) examines the social views of Howells, Crane, Norris, Dreiser, and Churchill in relation to the progressive tradition of the period from 1890 to 1917. None of these men, Mr. Schneider argues, was entirely consistent, and he finds their contradictions significant. Howells, of course, was a transitional figure, who mingled new ideas with old. Crane, Norris, and Dreiser all took too dark a view of life to be true progressives. Churchill came closest to expressing the spirit of the progressive movement, and he was by far the most popular of the five. The really influential writers, on the other hand, turned out to be the three pessimists.

Columbia University Press has added four pamphlets to its series of essays on modern writers (each, 65¢). Robert Gorham Davis's essay on C. P. Snow is a judicious scrutiny of both shortcomings and virtues. "Michel Butor," by Leon Roudiez, is a useful guide to a writer who is not yet well known in this country. Leonard C. Pronko writes on Eugène Ionesco, and Harry T. Moore on E. M. Forster. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER

Gathering on the Bluegrass



(l. to r.) Richard Wood, sales manager; Bruce F. Dembo, director; Lynda Glore, sales assistant—"an escalating beehive."

LEXINGTON, KY.

To the Delegates to the Forthcoming Annual Meeting of the Association of American University Presses:

ON MAY 23 you will be assembling in this capital of the enchanting Bluegrass for a three-day session as guests of the University of Kentucky Press, and I am sorry to have to say that I am getting out of town right now, or as soon as possible. This bulletin, purporting to be a sort of advance report by a field agent on what you may expect to find here, would not otherwise ever get itself written.

For that is the kind of place this is. The handy, omnibus word for it is "seductive," which takes in just about everything, from the hospitality of those who will be your convention hosts to the green, manicured farms for miles around, whose white rail and stone fences guard pastures where thoroughbreds frolic under the sun and the blue Kentucky sky, and dream about winning the Derby down the pike in Louisville.

Old Daniel Boone, who settled in these parts even before Man o' War did, knew what he was talking about when he sent back word to stay-at-homes east of the Alleghenies that here was a land providing "a series of wonders and a fund of delight."

Doubtless you already are aware that this is the University of Kentucky's centennial year, about which more later, but do you know just how and why you happen to be gathering here this week end? It is because the crafty Bruce F. Denbo, director of the University of Kentucky Press, invited your Association's Executive Committee to drop by a year or so ago and ponder the case of Lexington as the next convention site. He wined, or rather Bourboned, them, a sound tactic, and then took them to the races at nearby Keeneland track, where the case was almost lost. On an editorial hunch bet, the visiting committemen put their all on an entry named Manuscript.

"Nobody should know better than you do that manuscripts always come in late," Mr. Denbo explained to them, even while this Manuscript was loitering down the stretch long after its companions had gone home.

The Committee contritely agreed, weighed one thing against another, voted for Lexington, and here you are.

I see by the schedule that you will be getting under way with a visit to Keeneland on the afternoon of your opening day. Keeneland's spring race season having ended by now, you will see a horse show there instead of a race card and, I imagine, will visit one of the few libraries in the world devoted entirely to horse racing. It is right there on the Keeneland grounds, with a full-time librarian in charge of its hundreds of volumes of racing literature and turf records, some extremely rare and going back to the eighteenth century, and its 35,000 glass plate negatives surveying seventy-five years of horses, tracks, people. And you will learn here why the University of Kentucky, a place of learning, has a special affection for Keeneland, a race track with an easygoing air about it, as becomes a countryside where horse racing is a way of life, along with superior Bourbon and tobacco.

Is there another campus in the country with a dormitory named after what the late Joe H. Palmer, local boy and incomparable turf writer, used to call a cavalry post? Here at U.K., as Kentuckians know it, is Keeneland Hall, thanks to the nonprofit race track organization created in 1935 and devoted not only to the improvement of the breed but to large-scale contributions to education, religion, and charity—at U.K., for in-

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stance, besides the dormitory, $100,000 in student scholarships, almost as much for supplementing faculty salaries, $41,000 for an electron microscope.

New York's Big A should go crazy and take Columbia University out to lunch that way, what? But this is the Bluegrass, where the quick dollar is less esteemed than the slow swallow and the leisurely story.

Later on in your first day in Lexington you will be pushing along to several of those beautiful horse farms, almost certainly pausing for a few moments of meditation at the statue of Man o' War at Faraway Farm, where "Big Red" wound up his thirty-year span after having been a local resident rivaled in popularity only by Henry Clay. (Come to think of it, "Big Red" came in first more often than Henry did.) And then you will be off to a reception and buffet supper at Spindletop Hall, where, I note, mint juleps will be served on the lawn.

About these, your field agent advises you to have a care, the Kentucky julep being a magnificently deceptive concoction, as he learned at Spindletop under the guidance of the aforementioned Mr. Denbo, the wily one. Assigned by this magazine to come up with a definitive answer to the bruised- or crushed-mint controversy, I can report that at Spindletop the mint in the bottom of the glass or cup is *crushed* and muddled in sugar and water. The mint at the top of the glass, *un*crushed and flecked with powdered sugar, is there for decoration and fragrance. In between are shaved ice and Bourbon containing water that once flowed over lime-bed streams.

What, really, is there to argue about?

BEFORE the ceremonies begin, you delegates, glass in hand, would do well to take a stroll around Spindletop, now the U.K. alumni-faculty club, once the million-dollar mansion of a Texas oil man's widow. Keep a steady course as you proceed through the $14,000 bronze doors of the Grand Entrance Hall; they could easily shatter a glass and, worse, spill a julep. Observe the $55,000 Kimball organ, whose recorded paper rolls can be operated by remote control from six stations around the premises, and the room just off the ballroom where the visitors' dogs were kept.

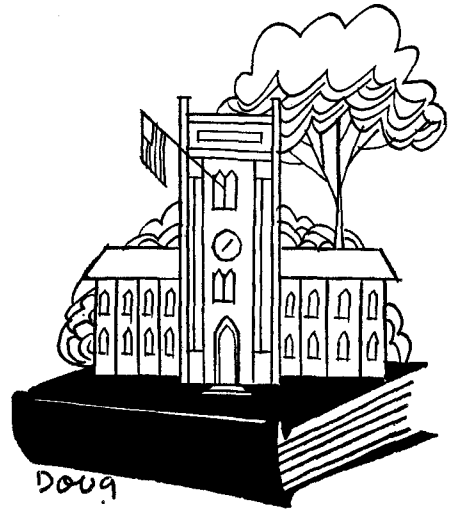
All in all, it was quite a pad that the oil man's widow put together back in 1937. It still is, and U.K. can count itself lucky that she went away and left her kingdom available.

However, you will shortly be getting down to business more solemn if not more important than juleps, such as panel discussions of Sales and Promotion, and Scholarly Journals, and Computers and Book Production. And, as you move along from one topic and meeting to another, you almost certainly will come to see that there is a great deal of exciting change on the campus of this institution generally regarded throughout most of its 100-year history as a rural Southern university.

But the rural touch is missing now, unless you regard as significant the fact that most of its 10,000 on-campus students come from small Kentucky high schools. (Another 3,500 are enrolled in seven two-year-course "Community Colleges" around the state.) And its twenty-one-year-old Press has not only a high polish but a record of achievement remarkable in a publishing field where such records build slowly.

The first book carrying the University of Kentucky Press imprint was *A Rationale of Criminal Negligence*, by Roy Moreland, of U.K.'s law school faculty, in 1944. The next five years brought only eight titles but then, in 1949, the Press became a separate academic agency responsible to the president of the University, and things began to move.

Up from Louisiana State University Press, which he had served as business manager, came Mr. Denbo the next year to direct the U.K. Press and supervise the University's printing plant. In his first two years here his chief struggle was with squirrels that dined on the stock in the attic of the cottage where the Press was housed. The Press moved to the quarters it now occupies in McVey Hall, and Mr. Denbo, having arranged a cease-fire with the squirrels, could concentrate on publishing. From 1950 to 1957 the Press averaged five titles a year, not an imposing figure but a respectable one considering the standards set by the U.K. Press Committee of scholars and administrators, to wit: all—well, almost all—Press books would be scholarly ones that promised to make an enduring contribution to learning; books aspiring to U.K. Press publication must be evaluated and endorsed by eminent authorities not associated with U.K.; no author would be permitted to subsidize the publication of his own work.



The policy is rigid and perhaps confining—*viz.*, none of those moneymaking textbooks—but within its limits it has worked. It hasn't made for big sales—1,500 to 2,500 copies is the average, and anything above 4,000 is a solid hit—but, then, university presses aren't supposed to make money. As Dana J. Pratt, secretary of the AAUP, has said, "If a university press consistently makes money, something is wrong."

"The University of Kentucky," says Mr. Denbo, in a tone of gratitude, "has never failed to support a book we believed in. Money, even in this not very rich university, has never been a factor as far as the Press goes."

Since that landmark year when the Press became a separate academic agency, free of possible pressures from here and there around the campus, there have been U.K. Press books that any university press might be proud of: Arthur Moore's *The Frontier Mind*, Carl Cone's two-volume *Burke and the Nature of Politics*, Albert D. Kirwan's *John J. Crittenden. The Southern Appalachian Region*, a symposium-survey edited by Thomas R. Ford, financed by a Ford Foundation Grant and published in 1962, is widely credited with having influenced legislation on behalf of that afflicted area. Most ambitious of U.K. Press projects, and one to compare with similar major undertakings by considerably larger, more richly endowed institutions, is the ten-volume *The Papers of Henry Clay*, edited by James F. Hopkins and Mary Wilma Hargreaves, of which three volumes have appeared, the rest to come in ten or twelve years.

Year by year the U.K. Press titles have increased in number, until the total for this year will be about sixteen, and, next year, around twenty. This seems almost to dismay Mr. Denbo, a self-described country boy from Louisiana, who as an undergraduate at LSU had the honor of being expelled by express order of Huey Long for his part in an irreverent student newspaper editorial about the "Kingfish." When he came up here, Mr. Denbo suggests, it was to enjoy the quiet pleasures of the academic life, instead of which he found himself in an escalating beehive. The trouble is—but trouble isn't really the word for it—more and more books that meet the U.K. Press's high standards are originating on the campus here, or coming in from the outside, and, too, there is the printing plant that Mr. Denbo supervises, which is important because it turns out the university's stationery, bulletins, etc., and makes money that helps pay for those scholarly books that aren't expected to pay for themselves.

Unless your field agent's ears deceived him, Mr. Denbo recently declared that he was so busy last fall that he actually

(*Continued on page* 92)

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Latin America's Neglected Literature

By ROBERT J. CLEMENTS, *associate editor of New York University Press's Gotham Library*

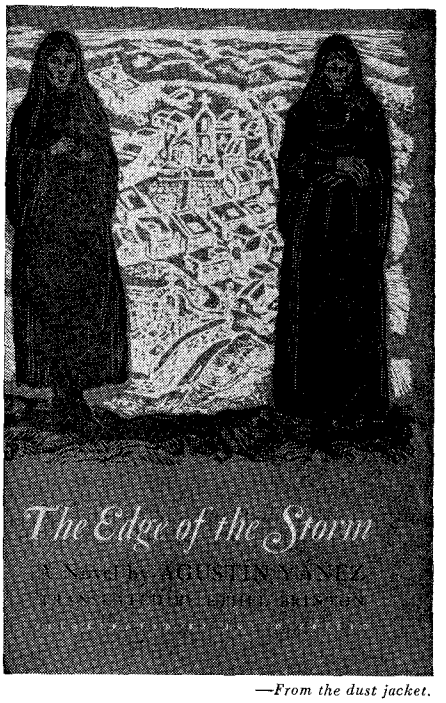
JORGE LUIS BORGES is recognized the world over as the most significant living author in the Spanish language. This versatile storyteller and poet, demoted in 1946 by Perón to the post of chicken inspector and elevated by the succeeding government to the directorship of the Argentinian National Library, was unknown in the United States until a few years ago. More than thirty years after Borges's first book appeared, two commercial presses here pioneered in bringing out his *Fictions* (New Directions) and *Labyrinths* (Grove). Now his reputation in this country has been assured by the prominence accorded him in the Latin-American Translation Program of the Association of American University Presses. For under this project the University of Texas has issued Borges's *Dreamtigers* and *Further Inquisitions*, while New York University Press has published the major Argentinian biographical-critical study, *Borges the Labyrinth Maker*, by Aná Maria Barrenechea, translated by Robert Lima. No doubt others of Borges's magnificently imaginative stories will become available to us in English.

It was in 1960 that the AAUP decided to make Latin American literature and culture more available to the English-speaking world. One of their committees had worried about it for eighteen months. The neglect, they observed, might be understandable on historical grounds, and to a more limited extent on grounds of cultural affinity, or, more properly, the lack of it. But is was one thing to accept the dictum that "Hispanic man has been a marginal man in Occidental thinking," and quite another to justify the continuation of his neglect.

It is anomalous that Latin American literature should be slighted, since it is old and rich and varied. After all, it boasted great names as early as the *conquistadores* and the colonials: Hernán Cortés, Bernal Díaz del Castillo, Cabeza de Vaca, and the learned Francisco Cervantes de Salazar, who taught at the newly established University of Mexico. It is too bad that the only explorer who might have been a poet rather than a chronicler, Ponce de León, wrote nothing. It is not surprising that even in colonial days Latin American literature was produced in an intellectual ferment. Although university presses did not exist, printing shops were established eighteen years after the arrival of Cortés, and universities sprang up as well (Mexico, 1553, San Marcos of Lima, 1576). This intense intellectual life can be accounted for only by the fact that the mother country, Spain, was enjoying a great Golden Age. Many writers like the soldier-poet Ercilla were born in that homeland. The second generation, the *criollos*, shared this lively heritage. There was the important Mexican dramatist, Juan Ruiz de Alarcón (1581-1639), plagiarized by even the great Corneille. There was the learned nun, Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz (1651-1695), known in Mexico as the "tenth Muse," whose works appear partially in the AAUP Program as *Selections from Her Poetry and Prose* (California).

Hispanic in its origins, this literature, like the people it represented, gradually became autonomous. As Arturo Torres-Ríoseco has put it, "The writers have discovered their true continent in the realm of the spirit, and they are creating new values in this realm. Yet they have not forgotten their European ancestry, their classic tradition. For this reason the literature of Spanish America possesses the stark realism of Spanish literature without being Spanish; it has the elegance of French models, but it is not French; it has a cosmopolitan horizon, but retains the flavor of its own earth."

Some of the masterpieces of the post-colonial period have long been translated, and well. A sampling of these masterworks includes the Cuban Heredia's *Niágara* (translated by William Cullen Bryant), the Mexican Azuela's *Underdogs* (Enrique Munguía), the Argentinian Larreta's *Glory of Don Ramiro* (L. B. Walton), the Venezuelan Gallegos's *Doña Bárbara* (R. Malloy), the Argentinian Güiraldes's *Don Segundo Sombra* (Harriet de Onís), the Colombian Rivera's *Vortex* (E. K. James), the Uruguayan essayist Rodó's *Ariel* (F. J. Stimson), and so on. Much of the best poetry of Latin America has never been Englished, including that of Pablo Neruda, a Stalin Prizewinner. The greatest poet of all, Ruben Darío, who reconciled European and indigenous influences to form *Modernismo*, only now, thanks to the AAUP Program, gets adequate translation in *One Hundred Selected Poems* (Texas).



—*From the dust jacket.*

It is obvious that Latin American literature of all genres deserves more generous translation and circulation. Heretofore translation projects have been sporadic and improvised, as, for example, when the Bank of Venezuela brought out two luxury volumes of Bolívar's writings in English. Few are those authors whose popular appeal enabled them to be translated and profitably marketed by the trade publishers, notably Brazil's Machado de Assís and Erico Veríssimo and Cuba's left-swinging answer to Ian Fleming, Alejo Carpentier.

For other writers of less glamour but of considerable literary stature, three drawbacks remain to their being commercially successful in the U.S. These were summarized as follows in the 1960 AAUP memorandum to the Rockefeller Foundation as part of an appeal for subsidy: "Assuming that the program herein outlined is inviting, the question may be asked why is translation aid needed? The answer lies in a vexing set of conditions which, of themselves, have effectively stood in the way of an earlier assault upon the problem by university presses:

"1. Translation costs can be paid, usually, either in the form of an advance against earned royalties or after royalties have accrued. In either case, the translator (usually a resident of the U.S.) is paid before the original author is, and his payment is an actual withdrawal from the gross potential earnings of that author.

"2. Before a publisher can enter into a translation agreement, he must satisfy himself that the book in question will finally warrant the payment of royalties from the beginning of sales. The known

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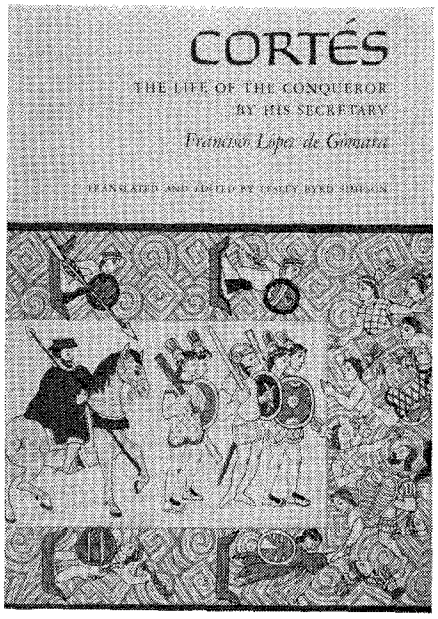
market for such works has often forbidden such a conclusion.

"3. The Latin American author, under the system described above, must be prepared to make a considerable financial contribution to publication in English (through royalties he forgoes)."

All this is tantamount to saying that whereas university presses never make much money, they make even less when they must pay for the translation process besides. University presses must dedicate themselves to the task of bringing out prestige works which trade publishers are not obligated to handle. Most of the titles in the AAUP Latin American Translation Program are precisely such prestigious books.

The appeal of the Association made sense to the Rockefeller Foundation, which gave it a grant of $225,000 to be spread over a five-year period. Technically the money was granted to Yale University for disbursement on orders of the Executive Committee of AAUP, since the Association is tax-exempt as a trade association and not as a scholarly institution. A four-man board of Americanists was created to work in conjunction with an appointed representative of the AAUP and directors of the member presses. It is this group which processes requests for subsidy from individual presses after study of a complete analysis of all titles proposed (original publishing history of the work, description of contents, critical justifications, itemization of costs, arrangements for translation). Proposals come not only from the academic groves of this country, but from interested critics, librarians, and publishers in Latin America.

Even with the Rockefeller Foundation paying translation costs (1¢ to 1½¢ per word for prose, more for poetry), the financial risk assumed by individual presses can still be a considerable one. For this reason the Foundation subsidizes also the revision or updating by the translator or an editor, editing or compiling of composite volumes, permission fees for use of quoted materials, cost of illustrations, fees for scholarly appraisal of manuscripts, manuscript typing and preparation, design and layout costs, and the making of plates.



—*From the dust jacket.*

Projects are restricted to books by Latin Americans on Latin American subjects. The three languages of Latin America are represented in the seventy-seven titles thus far accepted: Spanish, Portuguese, and French. However, a masterpiece in Araucanian or other dialect written by some native poet would be equally eligible. Libraries may obtain the complete list of titles being published under the Latin-American Translation Program from the Association of American University Presses, 20 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

Literature and literary history or criticism dominate the titles accepted; the more vast areas envisioned by the program (fine arts, social sciences, etc.) have not yet been penetrated by other than token titles. August Frugé, director of the University of California Press and one of the most active promoters of the program, writes in a recent issue of *Scholarly Books in America*:

> The distribution among subjects and areas is not ideal. Angel Palerm of the Pan American Union and a member of the Association's national committee of scholars has pointed out that too many (about half) of the books published are from one country, Mexico, and that there are too few in the social sciences. In our search for titles, it was natural that we should turn first to Mexico, the closest country to us, and the one most familiar to many of the scholars who are advising us. The balance will begin to redress itself the next time around. But let me repeat that the presses are receiving no publication subsidy and are not in a position to lose unlimited sums of money. One tries to be nonprofit without being foolish. A book on Mexican history is bound to appear more attractive than one on Paraguay or even on Chile. The social sciences are relatively new in Latin America and good books are not yet too many.

It might be added that the advisers are obviously most interested in one topical area (literature) as well as the one geographical area, Mexico. (In fact, the Editorial Universitaria of the National University of Mexico is now a member of AAUP.) It might further be added that the quality of Latin American literature is demonstrably high and that no sociological study on the northern hinterland of Brazil is ever going to attain the sales of Euclides da Cunha's socio-fictional masterpiece set in that area, *The Sertoes*.

University presses that have collaborated on this most worthy project include California, Chicago, Kentucky, Louisiana State, Miami (Florida), Nebraska, New York University, Notre Dame, Oklahoma, Rutgers, Southern Illinois, Stanford, Texas, Toronto, Wayne State, Wisconsin, and Yale. The heavy plungers are California with twenty-one projects and Texas with twenty.

Which are the leading authors represented by more than one title in the program? Brazil's Machado de Assís (1839-1908), whose popularity continues to grow, especially with the rise of psychoanalysis, is represented with *The Psychiatrist and Other Stories* and *Esau and Jacob*. Jorge Luis Borges of Argentina (born 1899), as already stated, heads the pack with three books by or about him. Octavio Paz (born 1914), Mexico's "outsider" poet looking on mankind from the "margent of the world," is represented by *Selected Poems* and his critical essays, *The Siren and the Seashell*. The Cuban statesman-writer José Martí (1853-1895), so often quoted or misquoted by Castro, and curiously honored by appearance on a postage stamp of Communist China, has only one book on the list, but one of special interest to Americans, *Martí on the U.S.A.* (Southern Illinois). One of the most useful of the titles is certainly Anderson Imbert's basic *History of Spanish-American Literature* (Wayne State).

Some fifteen years ago I was having a drink in the Prado hotel overlooking the Alameda with a Mexican businessman, a man possessed of the cultural interests of the truly Latin mind. One passing question he raised has haunted me ever since: "When I want to talk about literature with one of your countrymen doing business here, I don't expect him to be able to talk about Alfonso Reyes or Azuela or López y Fuentes. However, when I want to talk with him about Faulkner, Dos Passos, or Hemingway, and he has not read them, what then am I to do?"

During the interval of these years the rise of paperbacks has made our countrymen in all walks of life more aware of our own great writers. Perhaps, thanks to the university presses and the Rockefeller Foundation, our diplomatic and business representatives in Latin America may before long become better equipped to talk with their Latin associates about a few authors from below the border.

The AAUP translation project runs until April 1, 1966. In view of the program's achievements thus far, it is unthinkable that the AAUP will not again knock on the door of the Rockefeller Foundation and that their request will not again be honored.

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LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Matchless

RECENT CRITICISM of Granville Hicks [LETTERS TO THE BOOK REVIEW EDITOR, *SR*, May 1] for his review of Norman Mailer's *An American Dream* [*SR*, Mar. 20] prompts me to write. Not only do Hicks's comments about this novel seem justified to me, but they are really mild in comparison with those of other critics—Stanley Edgar Hyman's, for instance. It is significant that so honestly bad a novel is attracting widespread critical and popular attention, and that Hicks should be criticized as a "moralist" because he objects to the excesses of Mailer's writing.

Granville Hicks is one of the very few critics—let alone critics who publish weekly—whose opinions are highly valued by those committed to or interested in contemporary writing. He maintains a consistently high standard of critical reviewing that seems to me matched absolutely nowhere in any of the popular slick magazines. . . .

JOYCE CAROL OATES.

Detroit, Mich.

GRANVILLE HICKS gets 100 per cent for his fair analysis of *An American Dream*. As an admirer of *The Naked and the Dead*, I'm glad Mailer has his brand-new half-million dollars; I'm only sorry he did what he did to get it.

I don't mind the truth of filth in the human picture; but this is hurried, careless work. . . .

ELLSWORTH TAYLOR.

Honolulu, Hawaii

SINCE I AM NOT among the "intelligentsia" who seem to count themselves one step ahead of Mr. Hicks, I look forward to his weekly reviews, and have always found his observations and style highly stimulating. . . .

JOYCE STEVENS BROWN.

Baltimore, Md.

Morison vs. Beard

I FOUND RICHARD HEFFNER'S review of Samuel Eliot Morison's *Oxford History of the American People* [*SR*, May 1] misleading in one respect. Morison's presidential address before the American Historical Association did not attack Charles Beard for his notion of history as an "act of faith." Quite significantly, Morison titled the address "Faith of a Historian." And although he approved of Ranke's dictum about history "as it actually happened," he went on to note that "complete, 'scientific' objectivity is unattainable by the historian." Morison's real quarrel with Beard was that Beard sometimes used this obvious truth as an excuse to rearrange history without regard for the evidence, to praise his friends and flay his foes as if the world consisted solely of "good guys" and "bad guys." If Morison's opinions about the Constitutional Convention and the nature of slavery have changed over the years, it may be because historians have learned a great many things since he first began writing; and Morison is to be praised rather than condemned for keeping up with these discoveries.

BILL MONTGOMERY.

Austin, Tex.

Mss. for Taxes

I DON'T THINK David Dempsey seems aware in his article "The Great Manuscript Rush" [*SR*, May 1] that the prices paid for T. S. Eliot's transcript of *The Waste Land*, or for the Maugham or Greene manuscripts he mentions, were paid at an auction in aid of the London Library, which was seeking to pay off back taxes, since it had been refused exemption. This puts a different light on the evidence Dempsey offers. He is wrong in saying that E. M. Forster "came away with $18,200" for the manuscript of *A Passage to India*. Forster came away without a penny, for he had most generously contributed his most valuable manuscript to the same cause. Bidding on such occasions is always generous, and I think it unfortunate that Dempsey should have made an example of an occasion which offered him top-notch names for his article, but at which nothing was sold for private gain.

LEON EDEL.

New York, N.Y.

Good Deal

YOU ARE TO BE CONGRATULATED on David Dempsey's article "The Package Deal" [*SR*, Apr. 17]. The publishing industry is to many of us a fascinating topic. My classmates and I look forward to reading future articles of the same caliber and trust that you won't keep us waiting.

ROBERT W. O'BRIEN,
North Yarmouth Academy.

Yarmouth, Me.

Incapable of Greatness?

EMILE CAPOUYA, in his article "The Crisis in Creativity" [*SR*, Apr. 17], seems to accuse today's society of murdering the novel and literature in general. He writes that a "devaluation of all values" has created a world incapable of producing great literature; and perhaps he is correct. Perhaps the modern society is so saturated with the idea of death that it can no longer express itself. Perhaps our writers are so lacking in spirit and sensitivity that their creations are aimless babblings.

Yet, this pessimistic picture of the state of things may be only the superficial view of a basic readjustment of society. Today's writers certainly have discarded the standard values, but only to discover the basic misery of the human condition. This discovery may well be the cause of a lacking in spirit, but to deduce from it a lack of greatness is foolish indeed. Rather, let us judge the modern age as an extremely critical reexamination of ourselves.

PAUL KROPP.

Buffalo, N.Y.

How About a Few Solutions?

WHERE OH WHERE is the novel of hope, of compassion, of wonder at the glorious aspects of modern life? I do not ask for the simple boy-meets-girl-presto-happy-ending plot, but for a meaningful experience of the best of life. Are we never to mature past the clinical analysis of problem identification? I think the ills have been outlined clearly enough—we know them. Now, be challenged, authors, to present a few solutions, an idea or two—just what does modern man *do* about finding his identity and gaining self-respect in a machine age filled with injustice and the bomb? . . . Somewhere there must be a flower of hope, a man with principle, an idea with promise. . . .

I don't believe the novel will die, but it does need a potent injection of love to grow straight and tall.

JANE JONJAK.

Gordon, Wis.

Issue of Sweets and Bolts

QUOTE FROM "The Crisis in Creativity," by Emile Capouya: "In the very best case, then, 'Poetry makes nothing happen' represents the pride of Lucifer sicklied o'er with the pale cast of Alice Ben Bolt." . . . Mr. Capouya has fallen into a common error in thinking "Alice Ben Bolt" was the lady's complete name. The oldest daughter of a union between two old threaded fastener families—the Sweets and the Bolts—her full name was: Doanchu ReMembre Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt.

HOWARD G. WANDS.

Kansas City, Mo.

Genocide

I WAS ASTOUNDED to read the following, by Granville Hicks, in his review of Irving Malin's *Jews and Americans* [*SR*, May 1]: "Events of the past quarter of a century—particularly of course, the massacre of the German Jews—have served to make members of the American-Jewish community more acutely aware of the Jewish elements in their heritage."

Surely Mr. Hicks must be aware [that] it was the mass murder of European Jewry (not just German Jewry) which made American Jews more aware of their Jewishness.

PEARL CHARIE BLACK.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Thomas, Not Tolkien

IN HIS REVIEW of *The Cook* [*SR*, May 1] Nicholas Samstag attributes four lines of an old ballad to J. R. R. Tolkien. Actually these lines are from *Thomas Rhymer*, Child ballad #37. They are spoken by the "queen of fair Elfland" to Thomas. It seems to go back to a fifteenth-century manuscript. A text appears in *Traditional British Ballads* (Appleton-Century-Crofts, Bartlett Jere Whiting, ed.) and it is sung by Ewan McColl on Folkways FG 3509, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. . . .

ROGER GANS.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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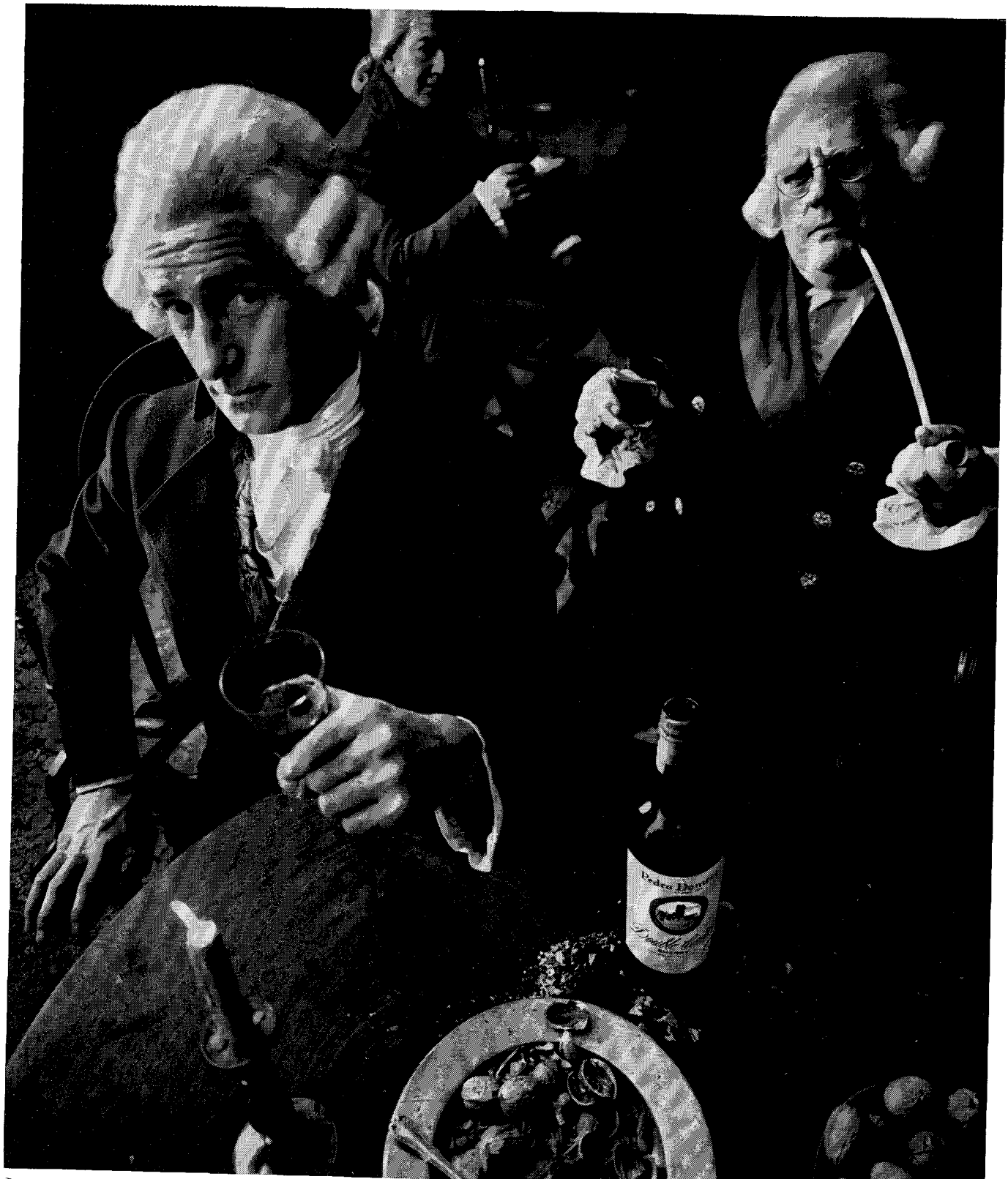

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Looking Back, He Wasn't So Bad

The Last of the Mandarins: Diem of Vietnam, *by Anthony Trawick Bouscaren (Duquesne University Press. 174 pp. $3.95), castigates as politically naïve correspondents of the American press who were influential in the removal of the late Vietnamese president. John M. Allison has been Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs and American Ambassador to Japan, Indonesia, and Czechoslovakia.*

By JOHN M. ALLISON

MORRIS WEST's novel *The Ambassador* left one with a sneaking feeling that Diem, or Cong, as West called him, was really not such a bad man and that perhaps the Americans had been somewhat hasty in getting rid of him. Now comes Anthony Bouscaren's short biography of Diem, which is dedicated to proving this thesis up to the hilt. Not that Professor Bouscaren says in so many words that it was the Americans who got rid of Diem but he makes it clear that the generals would never have acted without at least tacit American approval.

Unfortunately for his thesis, the Professor oversimplifies his story and ignores important factors such as the strength of regionalism and the desire of the influential and largely non-Communist groups of Buddhists, students, and younger military officers "to find and assert a *Vietnamese* identity," as George Carver points out in the April issue of *Foreign Affairs*. Carver makes a good case for the claim that the groups just mentioned were against Diem, as much, if not more, because to them he represented a foreign system and a foreign religion as because of his alleged repressions and police-state methods. Diem and his essentially foreign-style government would have had to go eventually, implies Carver; the generals, with alleged American backing, merely hastened the day.

In spite of its deficiencies, however, Professor Bouscaren's book serves a useful purpose and reminds us of factors we often forget in thinking about foreign affairs and particularly the tangled situation in Southeast Asia.

We see again the tragic stubbornness and short-sightedness of the colonial powers in dealing with their subject peoples. Diem consistently refused to cooperate with the French while they insisted on maintaining tight control, but this book makes clear that he would have cooperated with the French had they been willing to give the Indo-Chinese states Dominion status similar to that which the British had given to India and Pakistan. While this would eventually have probably led to complete independence outside the French Union, there might well, it seems to me, have been sufficient time to build up a strong, stable Vietnamese régime which could have had a good chance to resist the Communist subversion of today. But no, the French insisted on keeping all, and, as did the Dutch in Indonesia, ended by losing everything. A strong case can be made for the assertion that the French and the Dutch have done more to advance the cause of Communism in Southeast Asia than either Moscow or Peking.

PROFESSOR Bouscaren's chief villain is the American press or, rather, that part of it represented by young, idealistic, and politically naïve correspondents such as David Halberstam of the *New York Times*. The anti-Diem campaign indulged in by these young men is credited by the author with giving strength to a State Department group who were influential in getting policies adopted which resulted in getting rid of Diem. The young correspondents did not understand the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of setting up a modern, American-style democratic government among the illiterate peasants and the authoritarian-minded élite, to whom the French had given no experience of representative government.

The exaggerations of the press, which appeared to give substance to the charge that Diem's Buddhist opponents were waging a religious rather than a political war, are detailed and castigated. Bouscaren claims that all the agitation about the closing of the Buddhist pagodas was the result of the closing "of about a dozen" out of some 4,000. The Buddhists have been infiltrated by the Communists, according to the author. Professor Bouscaren also implies that Thich Tri Quang, who has been one of their chief leaders, is, if not a card-carrying Communist, at least a strong sympathizer. His brother is said by the French to be working in Ho Chi Minh's headquarters in Communist Vietnam where his duties are the direction of subversion in South Vietnam. And much stress is laid upon the fact that after the anti-Diem coup, the war in South Vietnam took a decided turn for the worse.

Whatever the truth may be regarding such matters, the author does succeed in persuading the reader that Diem was a personally honest, intelligent, and dedicated Vietnamese patriot who had the long-term interests of his people at heart. It is not claimed that he was a true democrat but instead that he knew enough about his country and people to realize that what the author calls "the little-comprehended idea of democracy" was too weak a weapon with which to beat Communism. For Diem, the defeat of Communism came first; democracy could come later. Only history will tell whether he was right, although Professor Bouscaren's book attempts to give the answer now. He is not completely convincing but his book is worth reading for what it tells about the dangers of letting emotion and prejudices take the place of understanding, sympathy, and firmness in dealing with peoples of Southeast Asia.

—*U.P.I.*

President Diem talks to General Taylor—"democracy could come later."

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Romantic Visions of Destruction

The Track of the Wolf: Essays on National Socialism and Its Leader, Adolf Hitler, *by James H. McRandle (Northwestern University Press. 261 pp. $4.95), seeks to answer some of the questions about the Fuehrer that have defied more than thirty years of analysis. Henry C. Wolfe's books include "The German Octopus."*

By HENRY C. WOLFE

DESPITE all that has been written about Adolf Hitler, from his unpromising youth in Austria to his melodramatic end in the *Führerbunker* in flaming Berlin, we know comparatively little about his psychological motivations and the inner influences that led to some of his often inexplicable actions.

In *The Track of the Wolf* Dr. James H. McRandle, former Fulbright scholar in Germany and now assistant professor of history at Purdue University, sets out to answer some of the questions about Hitler that have defied and frustrated more than three decades of probing analysis. The resultant study combines a psychograph of the Fuehrer and an examination of the philosophical background of the Germany that he inherited and revolutionized.

The title of the book has its origin in Hitler's addiction to a symbolism based on astrology and Germanic myth and folklore. "Wolf" was "Hitler's party nickname in the early days and later recurred in the code names of several of his headquarters: *Wolfschanze, Wolfschlucht,* and *Werewolf* for example." His first name, Adolf, is "derived from the Teutonic word meaning 'fortunate wolf.'"

The paradoxical Fuehrer, at once creative and destructive, tried to build an image of himself as a "world-historical personality," and, toward the end, "could even toy with the notion that he was the reincarnation of Frederick the Great." In creating the system that was, in effect, an extension of his psyche, he demonstrated "truly monstrous capacities for destruction."

Of the five essays that compose this book perhaps the most illuminating is "Warrior and Worker," with its World War I setting. Those of us who served on the Western front and later saw Germany in the early postwar years can appreciate the emphasis the author places on the influence exerted by the *Frontkämpfer* (front-line fighter). He had marched off to war a romantic, "decked with flowers"; but as he settled down to the endless dehumanized existence of the trenches he became a "barbarian with a complete command of modern technology." He gradually acquired the point of view that "war is not the end, rather it is the jump-off point of violence." Hitler was proud to have served as a *Frontkämpfer.*

As these veterans returned to the chaos of postwar Germany, it was difficult for "many of them to grow out of the mood of 1918." Indeed, the *Frontkämpfer* "had found a moral equivalent of peace." Some German writers strove to put together a synthesis of the *Frontkämpfer* and the worker. One even wrote of the *Frontkämpfer* as the "wage earner of the battlefield."

As the National Socialist movement picked up momentum during the Weimar Republic, the Nazis sought to forge a bond between the warrior and the worker. Along with inflation, unemployment, and bitterness about the peace treaties, this warrior-worker propaganda helped foster in Germany the climate of desperation and hope that enabled the Nazis to come to power. Once in control of the government, they could claim that "they had created a society of workers."

The Nazis knew what they were doing; their opponents were divided and groping. "Hitler's talk of a true people's community, his romantic visions of renewed ties with the soil, and his promise to restore national vigor all held their attraction for the German of that day." The author does a good job of integrating the forces, physical, political, and psychological, that made possible Hitler's triumph.

Dr. McRandle's provocative essay on Hitler's end is somewhat less convincing. Like the rest of the book, it is impressively documented and lucidly presented; but in this reviewer's judgment the author goes to undue lengths to explain Hitler's suicide. Has he not overlooked the simple fact that the macabre scene in the bowels of doomed Berlin was of a piece with the whole bloody history of Nazism?

Toward a United Africa

From French West Africa to the Mali Federation, *by William J. Foltz (Yale University Press. 235 pp. $6.50), and* ***South Africa: A Study in Conflict,*** *by Pierre L. van den Berghe (Wesleyan University Press. 371 pp. $8.95), provide enlightenment on a turbulent group of nations that share the same continent. Charles Miller frequently assesses African studies.*

By CHARLES MILLER

PAN-AFRICAN union and South Africa's racial conflict have yet to remove Vietnam from the front pages, but both are certain in time to wield incalculable influence, for good or evil, on the course of world affairs. Two new books furnish useful guidelines to better understanding of these subjects and their significance for the future.

While few friends of African progress dispute the desirability of a continent-embracing United States of Africa (or at least tropical Africa), not all see the goal as attainable. Even among those who regard pan-African unity as more than an exercise in wishful thinking, there is considerable difference over the means of hastening the process of amalgamation. This writer happens to belong to that school which holds that federations or similar linkage systems among groupings of African countries with common ethnic, cultural, or economic bonds can do much to set down a firm foundation for the ultimate edifice. Among the many who think otherwise is William J. Foltz, associate professor of political science at Yale and author of *From French West Africa to the Mali Federation,* an engrossing study of a federal fiasco.

The Mali Federation, composed of the former French colonies of Senegal and Sudan, officially came into being in January 1959. Twenty months later—as leaders of the two states denounced, deposed, or arrested one another while military commanders jockeyed for control of the army and gendarmerie without being entirely sure of who was on whose side—the experiment in unity passed into history. (Only the name remained, when Sudan's leaders decided to call their country Mali to associate the national image with the great West African empire of the Middle Ages.

Initially, the two nations were drawn

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together in large measure as a consequence of de Gaulle's 1958 constitution, which—although accepted by all French West Africa except Guinea—dashed the hopes of many African political leaders that France would encourage interterritorial unions. (In its original form, Mali was also to include Upper Volta and Dahomey, but political pressures, both internal and French, forced them to withdraw, and Senegal and Sudan went it alone—as long as they were able.)

The events that precipitated Mali's near-violent dissolution took the form of relatively insignificant disputes and suspicions that any firmly founded union can weather without great difficulty. Why then, did the Federation fail?

"The simplest explanation," says Mr. Foltz ". . . is that the Senegalese political leaders felt that the continued existence of the Federation threatened their domestic political base and, therefore, their opportunity to play a significant role in African political life." This, certainly, was true, particularly of Leopold Senghor, the man at the top in Senegal and one of the elder statesmen of African independence. Paradoxically, Senghor had staked his entire political future on the Federation's success, but from the outset had had to walk the narrowest of tightropes in an effort to hold at bay the many influential Senegalese factions which, for a variety of reasons, offered vigorous opposition to the union. In Sudan support was all but unanimous, but even if this had not been the case, Senghor's Sudanese counterpart, Modibo Keita, always had at his disposal the cudgel of a monolithic, Marxist-oriented political machine that could bring any dissenters into line with ruthless efficiency. Senghor possessed no such weapon, and dissatisfaction within his own country ultimately became too much for him. Had he not decided that continued support of union would have been more detrimental to his long-run usefulness as a force on the African political scene, there is the possibility that the Mali Federation might exist today.

Many other factors, of course, contributed to the breakup, but it can't be denied that Senegal was the prime mover. However, my own view is that Senghor only jumped the gun on the inevitable. For a far more deep-seated and almost certainly irreconcilable conflict had been present in the Federation from the very start. I can't help but feel certain that the ideological polarity between the permissive democratic traditions that Senegal had inherited from French rule, and the iron authoritarianism that characterized politics in the more isolated Sudan, would ultimately have proved an insuperable obstacle.

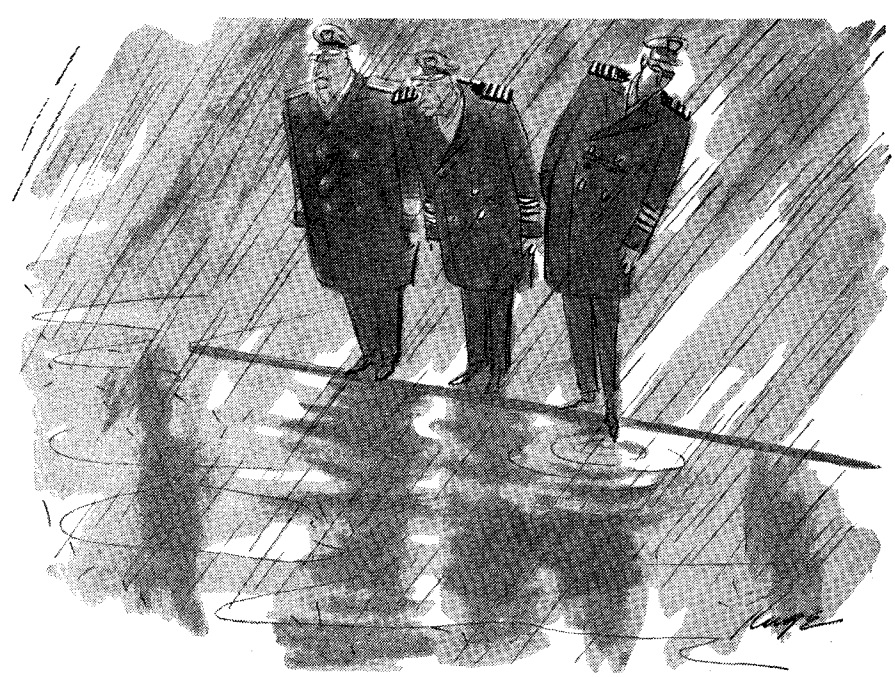
But whatever the reason, Mali collapsed, and Mr. Foltz interprets the failure as evidence that federation is not for Africa. This is where we part company. For the calculated decision of a political leader or the inability of two countries to submerge ideological differences or any other factors that might militate against federation (and there are many) fail to convince me that federation *per se* shouldn't or can't be highly instrumental in accelerating realization of the pan-African dream. Mr. Foltz contends that fragmentation is the trend in Africa today (there is much, incidentally, to support this view), and takes the position that the best way to work for union is by starting right at the top; he points to the Organization of African Unity as the ideal—and obvious—instrument. But while I hope that he's right and I'm wrong, I suspect that if unity is attained it will have to come about the hard way. And if this is so, federations can do a great deal to help.

Nigeria, Somalia and Cameroon are already demonstrating the feasibility of the federal idea. It is likely that the next few years will see Tanzania, Uganda and Kenya joined in an East African Federation that might also include Zambia and Malawi. The West African *Conseil d'Entente*—Ivory Coast, Upper Volta, Niger, and Dahomey—contains the seeds of closer association. (Even Senegal, which didn't make it with Sudan, will probably amalgamate with tiny Gambia in the near future.) In my mind, the formation of such regional groupings cannot help but spur acceptance of continent-wide unity.

But enough speculation. Scanning a murky crystal ball isn't likely to supplant reading for enlightenment or enjoyment, and Mr. Foltz's informed and lively account of the Mali failure provides both in abundance.

In the introduction to his *South Africa: A Study in Conflict*, Pierre L. van den Berghe warns readers that he has not written a book for laymen. "I address myself," he says, "both to my fellow sociologists and anthropologists . . . and to my fellow Africanists from other disciplines." Should the nonspecialist heed this caveat, he would be making a mistake. For while Mr. van den Berghe has come through with a work that will surely meet the highest standards of serious scholarship (he ought to; he is also author of the classic South African social study, *Caneville*), he has simultaneously managed to produce a surpassingly worthwhile book for less informed individuals who may wish a reliable and easily digestible briefing on South Africa's tragic story.

This recommendation assumes that there are actually some people who don't know what is happening in South Africa today. (It's almost impossible for any writer to approach the South African dilemma without preaching to the converted.) But it also assumes, and probably correctly, that there are many who seek a broader knowledge of the historical events and evolving attitudes that led to the present racial nightmare. This background is provided with clarity, care, and objectivity, and I can find only one weakness worthy of mention (aside from the author's occasional lapses into the ludicrous gibberish so dear to students of the behavioral sciences). In a laudable effort to be fair, Mr. van den Berghe endeavors to disprove the often-made contention that South Africa is a fascist state. All he has been able to show, in my opinion, is a distinction without a difference. But this is a quibble, for I think it would be difficult to find a more intelligently presented and instructive introduction to South Africa's rugged past, angry present, and terrible future.



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Poets of the Antipodes

Poetry in Australia: Volume I, From the Ballads to Brennan, *chosen by T. Inglis Moore;* ***Volume II, Modern Australian Verse,*** *chosen by Douglas Stewart (University of California Press. 313 and 246 pp., $5.50 and $5 respectively), offers a comprehensive survey, ranging from the racy reflections and comic doggerel of the early settlers to works by some of the most persuasive poets of our day. The noted poet and anthologist Louis Untermeyer edited "Modern American and British Poetry" and "Treasury of Great Poems," among other books.*

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

IT HAS taken a long time for the poetry of what Robert Frost once called "the antipathies" really to interest us. This pair of anthologies brings us closer to the Antipodean continent and its interpreters. It is by no means the first collection of its kind—it has been preceded by several compilations, including H. M. Green's *Modern Australian Poetry*, published in 1946, and the recent paperback *Penguin Book of Australian Verse*—but it is unquestionably the most comprehensive. The editors claim that it represents a home-grown product stubbornly rooted in native earth, but they do not indicate how much foreign soil has been mixed with the original humus.

The first book opens with twenty-eight folk songs and ballads, crude and racy reflections of the early settlers, convicts, whalers, gold-diggers, bush-rangers, stockmen, sheepmen, and squatters, a people's poetry full of grit and gusto, comic doggerel like "The Settler's Lament," "The Golden Gullies of the Palmer," a take-off on the American "Bring the good old bugle, boys," and "The Wild Colonial Boy," which crossed the ocean to reappear in Frost's "The Witch of Coös" as the song the murdered lover sang along the tote road. It proceeds lamely to Adam Lindsay Gordon, usually called "first of Australian poets," whose career as horse-breaker, police trooper, and steeplechase rider, with its suicidal end, is far more engrossing than his tepid narratives; to Brunton Stephens, whose humor is as painful as his "prophetic" rhymes; and, still limping, to Henry Kendall's alternation of jog-trot rhythms and Swinburnian strophes which found their way to England and delighted Oscar Wilde.

The book picks up strength and speed with the section devoted to "Bush Ballads and Popular Verse," hearty, coarse, and colloquial pieces, equally at home in clubrooms and shearing-sheds, around campfires and in pubs. Especially ingratiating are the contributions of Charles H. Souter and A. B. ("Banjo") Paterson, author of the supposedly anonymous "Waltzing Matilda."

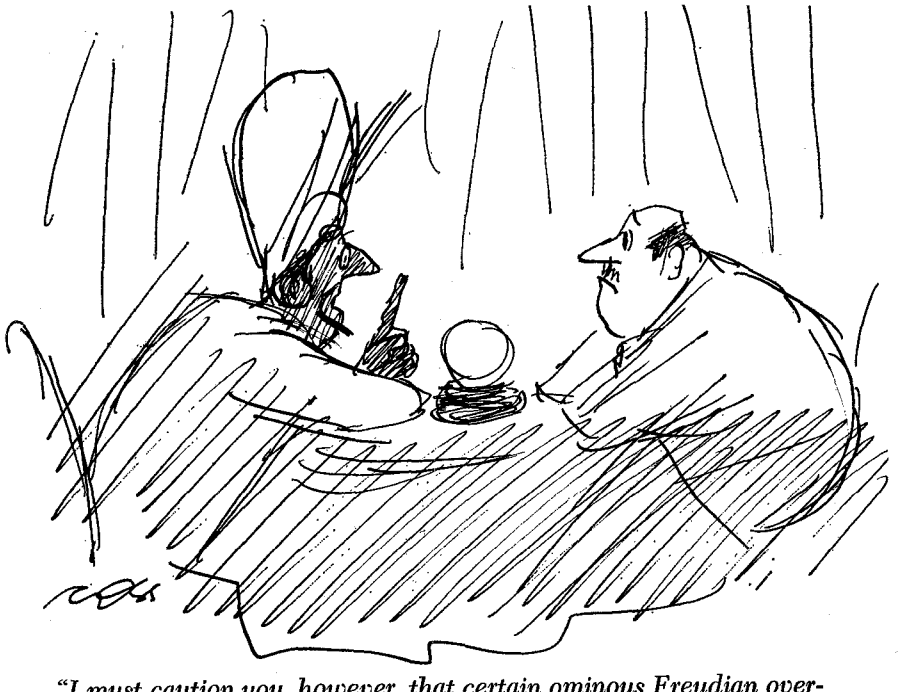
But the next section, "Poets of the Nineties," is a lamentable letdown into stereotyped responses, a collage of clichés. I wish I could agree with the editor that, to take one of his prime exhibits, Christopher Brennan's fifteen pieces suggest an "impressive spaciousness and imaginative richness" which "rises to genuine greatness." Instead of being "exalted in the grand style and sweep to a majesty rare in poetry in the English tongue," Brennan's utterance is choked with platitudes and pathetic fallacies, a rhetoric shopworn even in his time, crammed with such schoolboy tritenesses as "ethereal wave," "crystal sky," "infinite yearning," "anguish'd doubt," "maiden grace," "the sickness of desire." Even worse are the lauded stanzas of Victor J. Daley, ragbags of fustian, displaying anything but "a subtle, far-ranging mind and an impassioned eloquence." Daley slides much too easily from bombast to esthetic bathos. For example:

> My songs and sonnets carven in fine gold
> Have faded from me with the last day-beam
> That purple lustre to the sea-line lent,
> And flushed the clouds with rose and chrysolite;
> So days and dreams in darkness pass away.

The last section of the first book ("The Early Twentieth Century") compensates for its immediate predecessor. It begins—and I disregard the intrusive doggerel of Le Gay Brereton—with the unaffected lyrics of Shaw Neilson, a bush-bred, half-blind bush-worker, a poor man's Blake, and ends with Mary Gilmore, whose headlong variety ranges from occasional verse to unpretentious eloquence, from academic imitations to rough and ready originality.

The collection attains sudden life with the second volume. It opens auspiciously with Kenneth Slesor, whose buoyant "Five Visions of Captain Cook" set a fashion for "voyager" poems, and whose "Country Towns" anticipated, with something of his casual and seemingly commonplace vocabulary, the personal effectiveness of Philip Larkin. Individual lines sparkle with a foretaste of Larkin's easy wit: "a broadsheet lies/ Sprayed with the sarcasm of flies"; "Verandas baked with musky sleep"; "the soft archery of summer rains."

Robert D. Fitzgerald is another who rhymes effortlessly; few contemporaries could surpass, if they could match, the uncontrived progress and clean descrip-



"I must caution you, however, that certain ominous Freudian overtones hover about the seemingly good fortune I have foretold."

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tiveness of "Back from the Paved Way" and "The Face of the Waters," poems which add intensity to a light touch. James McAuley knows how to twist a phrase and turn a cadence with felicity; Ernest Moll's two pastorals have the quiet assurance of a transplanted Edward Thomas; Ronald McCuaig neatly communicates whimsical reminiscence with a faint breath of bawdry; Kenneth Mackenzie is equally adept in the blank verse of the brusquely dramatic "Heat" and the muted, half-macabre tenderness of "A Fairy Tale"; Gwen Harwood plays dexterously with her Professor Eisenbart, and Randolph Stow deals surrealistically with "The Utopia of Lord Mayor Howard" and "Ruins of the City of Hay."

Highly readable and sometimes remarkable as many of the inclusions are, the second book reaches its apogee in the pages of Judith Wright and A. D. Hope. Judith Wright combines intellectual energy with a deeply emotional drive; she has been justly praised for her marriage of passion and reason. Her "Woman to Man" and "Storm" are companion pieces to her tense "Two Fires" (not included), fusions of fear and love.

EXCEPT for "The Death of the Bird," Hope is not at his best here, although "An Epistle" has overtones of Donne's "To His Mistress Going to Bed." Hope's best is so good that it evokes the spirit of the finest seventeenth- and eighteenth-century ironists. Not since Pope have couplets been written so deftly and divertingly; not since Swift has satire been more devastating. It is a pity that there was no room for "Imperial Adam" and "Lot and His Daughters," powerful poems that contrast sensuality with an odd sort of sermon, nor for the savagely carnal "The Dinner," the sardonic "Return from the Freudian Islands," and the glowing eroticism of "The Gateway," "Chorale," and "Pasiphae." Pity, indeed; for the three poems by Hope included give only a glimpse of the most impressive of Australian poets, who is also one of the most persuasive poets of our day.

Ungracious though it is for one anthologist to criticize another—it is an unsporting game that anyone can play—nevertheless, I ungallantly maintain that John Manifold's bizarre ballad "The Griesly Wife" and his mocking sonnet "The Sirens" are far more representative, and far better poetry, than the examples reprinted here.

A last captious note: coolibahs, kookaburras, and billabongs are charming exotic syllables, but they scarcely constitute an autochthonous idiom. Readers unacquainted with the patois of the Antipodes will deplore the absence of a glossary.

Waiting for the Voices from Within

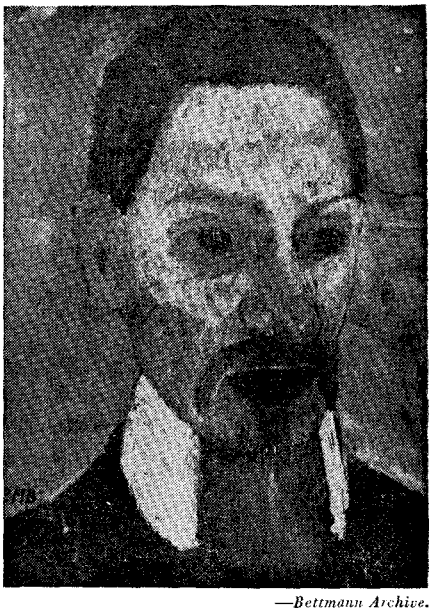
Rainer Maria Rilke: The Poetic Instinct, *by Siegfried Mandel (Southern Illinois University Press. 222 pp. $4.50), cuts through the poet's stylizations of himself and deals principally with the texts of the man who came to regard himself as a reincarnation of Orpheus. A member of Columbia University's German Department, Joseph P. Bauke frequently writes on modern German literature.*

By JOSEPH P. BAUKE

SINCE Heinrich Heine, no poet writing in German has been more widely acclaimed the world over than Rainer Maria Rilke, the author of a body of work that takes its place among the great creations of modern literature. Commented upon and interpreted by literary historians, psychoanalysts, and those devotees who regard Rilke as the founder of a new religion, his poetry is as alive today as when it first appeared in the early decades of this century. Nor has the mystery surrounding Rilke the man lost its fascination, though some biographers have looked behind the poet's many masks.

This new study by Siegfried Mandel draws on nearly all the available literature, synthesizing insights and opinions of others and coupling them with Mr. Mandel's own reading of the poems. Without falling victim to the hypnotic spell that Rilke's verse casts on too many scholars, the author cuts through the poet's stylizations of himself and deals mainly with the texts as such. Given Rilke's highly private imagery, frequent recourse to the biographical background cannot be avoided, but it is to Mr. Mandel's credit that he does not try to exploit the poet's personal oddities.

With an authority that is clearly the result of long familiarity, Mr. Mandel surveys the entire range of Rilke's work, from the self-absorbed early poems and stories to the orphic statements of the "Duino Elegies" and the incantations of the last years. Meticulously close to the nuances of the German words, the interpretations are free of the egregious errors that mar many Rilke studies. The translations given, by Stephen Spender, M. D. Herter Norton, and J. B. Leishman, are the best available. Mr. Mandel's own renderings of some little-known poems seem less successful in this company.



—*Bettmann Archive.*

Rilke—"highly private imagery."

He shows how Rilke's work, poetry as well as prose, sprang from the experiences of the young boy whose mother pretended that he was a girl. Throughout his life his creativity remained intimately bound up with his failures as a lover and as a husband and with his pathological restlessness. Changing residences almost fifty times in his fifty-one years, Rilke lived an agonized existence between "terror and pretense," always waiting for the voices from within, until he finally came to regard himself as a reincarnation of Orpheus.

In a detailed exegesis of the major poems, Mr. Mandel clarifies Rilke's key images by tracing their origins and examining their metamorphosis from epiphanous insight to pictorial concreteness. The "Elegies" in particular, with their wealth of symbols, gain by this method, and their discussion is a high point of the book. The Rilkean vision of death as the other side of life is conveyed as lucidly as has ever been done. Rilke's feats of language, his word-plays, bold analogies, and magical transformations, are suggested even to the reader who knows no German.

Unlike most interpreters of Rilke, Mr. Mandel finds no consistent philosophy of life in his writings and leaves no doubt that any attempt in this direction is doomed to failure. Pointing to the more glaring contradictions in the poet's thinking, he is content to understand the poetry. The result is no mean achievement. His book is the best introduction to Rilke in English.

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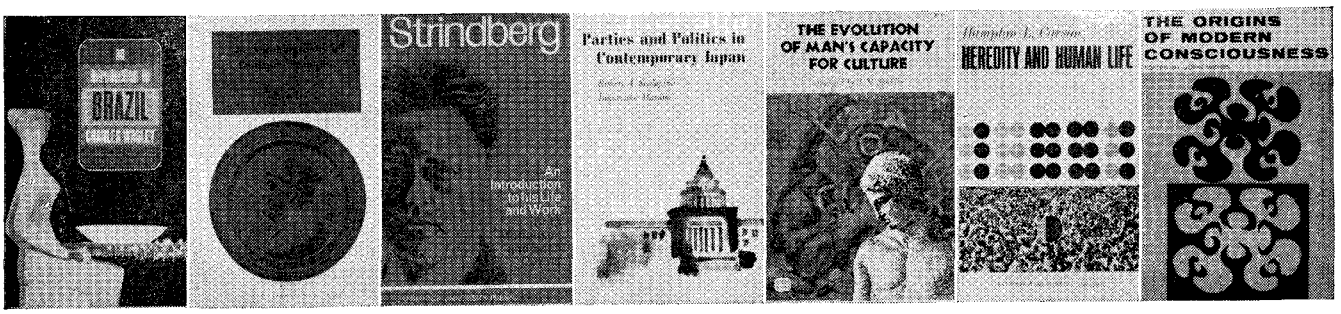
BRAZIL
Strindberg
An Introduction to his Life and Work
Parties and Politics in Contemporary Japan
THE EVOLUTION OF MAN'S CAPACITY FOR CULTURE
HEREDITY AND HUMAN LIFE
THE ORIGINS OF MODERN CONSCIOUSNESS

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

From New Haven to Notre Dame, from Nebraska to Virginia, the university presses are uniformly optimistic. Bernard Perry of Indiana University Press, whose Midland Books is one of the most vigorous paperback series, says: "Today one-fourth of our titles appear in paperback. We expect the trend to continue so that soon we may be issuing one-third in soft covers." Cornell, which ten years ago launched the first quality university press paperback line, has been highly selective in its first decade, publishing only thirty-six books; yet that three dozen have sold more than half a million copies. Cambridge University Press reminds us of the great popular appeal of paperbacks in its note about *Principia Mathematica.* That massive work by Alfred North Whitehead and Bertrand Russell was first published in 1913 and rarely sold more than twenty sets a year in hard covers. The paperback edition has sold more than 10,000.

The image of the university press as an academic retreat is all but obliterated by the sturdy emphasis many of the presses place upon publishing original works by contemporary writers. The University of Notre Dame Press, for instance, which issues classics in popularly priced paperbacks, is also eager to participate in events of the 1960s. This is evidenced by a twenty-four-volume series on *The Men Who Make the Council.* "The response to our paperback books has been so enthusiastic and concentrated," writes Notre Dame's John Thurin, "that almost half of our sales income is derived from paperbacks."

No one is more aware than the university press directors that college courses are often shaped by the literature that is available for students in paperback. Bruce Nicoll of the University of Nebraska writes that his press, publishers of the successful Renaissance Drama series, is about to embark on a Regents Restoration Drama series. "We have commissioned about fifty books in each series. The teacher in university and college will have a wide range of plays to choose from."

Some university presses still feel that their major role is the preservation of the history or literature of their particular region of the country. The University of Nebraska has a strong Western Americana list; The University Press of Virginia reflects its pride in colonial history with the Jamestown Document Series and Dominion Books; Rutgers University Press limits its paperback publications to books about New Jersey, and is now extending its range to juvenile books for distribution among that state's schools.

But the emphasis today in university press publishing is to go far afield in search of books. New York University Press turns to other lands and other languages for books which it feels are needed: to Puerto Rico for Arce de Vazquez's study of the Chilean poet Gabriela Mistral; to Grenoble for Armand Caraccio's *Stendhal.* Columbia University Press has been besieged with requests for critical studies of Hermann Hesse and Jean Genet. Columbia is happily complying. The University of Minnesota's American Writers series, whose best-sellers are *Ernest Hemingway, Robert Frost,* and *William Faulkner,* has been translated into a dozen foreign languages, including Korean, Bengali, Arabic, and Greek.

Newcomers: Princeton has just published its first paperback books. Why? "To keep abreast of changing patterns in higher education and to serve the ever-greater number of college-trained people making up the world's reading public." . . . This fall will see three more important presses launched in the paperback stream: Stanford, Harvard, and Johns Hopkins. Harold E. Ingle, director of the Johns Hopkins Press, seems to sum up the situation neatly: "We have come to believe that we must include paperbacks in our total program if we are to keep in the mainstream of scholarly publishing."

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

The Critical Mind

The literary criticism published by university presses is notable for fresh, original work by modern critics on contemporary writers. Both Columbia and the University of Minnesota have been doing an extraordinarily interesting and imaginative job in providing critical essays on countless important literary figures. The two series complement each other: Columbia stresses Continental writers, while Minnesota deals exclusively with Americans. The newest in the latter series, which has already reached forty-eight titles (65¢ each), are John Gassner's *Eugene O'Neill,* C. Hugh Holman's *John P. Marquand,* Robert E. Spiller's *James Fenimore Cooper,* and Monroe K. Spears's *Hart Crane.*

A mixed bag of lively literary opinion is *To the Young Writer* (Ann Arbor, $1.95), edited by A. L. Bader, which includes a dozen lectures given at the University of Michigan on the presentation of the Hopwood Awards for creative writing. Among those who speak persuasively and wittily to novice craftsmen are Saul Bellow, John Ciardi, and Archibald MacLeish.

The Stature of Theodore Dreiser, edited by Alfred Kazin and Charles Shapiro (Indiana University Press, $2.25), garners critical opinion from such varied and spritely sources as H. L. Mencken, Ford Madox Ford, and Malcolm Cowley.

Also noted: *Faulkner's People,* by Robert W. Kirk with Marvin Klotz (University of California Press, $1.95), a guide to some 1,200 characters in nineteen novels, and ninety-four short stories. Eula Varner Snopes, Wallstreet Panic Snopes, Narcissa Benbow Sartoris, Vladimir Kyrilytch Ratliff—they're all there. *British Writers and Their Work,* Vols. 5 and 6, edited by J. W. Robinson (University of Nebraska Press, $1.60 each), covers T. S. Eliot, W. H. Auden, and Dylan Thomas in Volume 5, Richardson, Fielding, Sterne, and Smollett in Volume 6. Edmund Wilson's *The Wound and the Bow* (Oxford University Press, $1.65) examines seven writers including

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James Joyce and Edith Wharton, who, the author believes, exemplify his theory that artists derive their power from psychic defect.

Other Lands

Social anthropologist Charles Wagley's *An Introduction to Brazil* (Columbia University Press, $2.25) travels from Amazon jungle life to the urbane society of upper-class Rio. A closer neighbor to the south is the subject of two University of Illinois Press books: Robert E. Scott's *Mexican Government in Transition* ($2.25) and *Viva Mexico!* ($1.95), Charles Macomb Flandrau's 1908 account edited by C. Harvey Gardiner. The latter is not a travel book in the sense that you would carry it in a back pocket for hotel information, but its perceptive account of the Mexican people is invaluable. *Parties and Politics in Contemporary Japan,* by Robert A. Scalapino and Junnósuke Masumi (University of California, $1.75), clarifies for Western observers what often seems to be a government polarized between rigid conservatism and fiery radicalism.

Facets of Arab Nationalism, by Swiss newspaperman and historian Hans E. Tütsch, sorts out the strands of Middle Eastern political life, including feudalism, socialism, and several varieties of nationalism, local and pan-Arabic.

The Human Species

Hampton L. Carson's *Heredity and Human Life* (Columbia University Press, $1.95) is a basic study of evolution written for the literate layman. *The Evolution of Man's Capacity for Culture,* essays arranged by J. N. Spuhler (Wayne State University Press, $1.95), provides viewpoints from anthropological to psychological on man's ability to develop his spiritual potential. Guy E. Swanson's *The Birth of the Gods* (Ann Arbor, $1.95) explores the societal set-up of some fifty primitive peoples in order to discuss the different ways in which they have chosen to deal with the supernatural. George Gaylord Simpson called Theodosius Dobzhansky's *Mankind Evolving* (Yale University Press, $2.45) "the most judicious scientific treatise that has ever been written on the nature of man." The book, which won the Anisfield-Wolf Award for 1962, reflects upon the interaction between biological and cultural influences in human development. A most useful book is *The Population Crisis* (Indiana University Press, $2.95). As the subtitle "Implications and Plans for Action" indicates, it doesn't merely bemoan the plight of the world; it offers suggestions by twenty-eight statesmen, fertility experts, and historians on how to prevent man from starving himself off the face of the earth. The editors are Larry K. Y. Ng and Stuart Mudd.

Poetry

Whatever their own personal esthetic may be, many commercial presses will not undertake to publish poetry, which, except for a few splendid exceptions, is not likely to sell. The university presses have been doing what they can; in this field Yale, of course, is practically the Grand Old Press, with its formidable Yale Series of Younger Poets. The latest younger poet has the poetic name of Jean Valentine; her book, *Dream Barker* ($1.25), offers lyrical insights into the human experience, which for Mrs. Barker seems to be composed of lovers, children, and such impressions as "Sunset at Wellfleet": "A spit of sky, awash with Venetian gold/Hangs over the Congregational bell-tower . . ." Oxford University Press provides the verse of Austin Clarke, Tony Connor, and Charles Tomlinson in *Poems* ($1.50); Connor and Tomlinson are young Englishmen, while Clarke, born in Dublin in 1896, writes sweet singing protests against the throttle called Ireland. The passionately Spanish *Gypsy Ballads of Garcia Lorca* (Indiana University Press, $1.45), translated by Rolfe Humphries, includes the glorious lines to Saint Gabriel: "His patent-leather shoes/Sprout dahlias on the air,/ And sing in antiphon/Of brief celestial grief." Indiana also offers the first English version, by Langston Hughes, of *The Selected Poems of Gabriela Mistral* ($1.75). That "great singer of mercy and motherhood," as she was called when she received the Nobel Prize for Literature twenty years ago, died in New York in 1957, after a lifetime of diplomatic and public service.

Among the new bilingual editions is *Contemporary French Poetry,* edited by Alexander Aspel and Donald Justice (Ann Arbor, $1.95). Some of the notes are rather mystical ("Moving beyond surrealism they anticipate the concept of realism in depth."); but the selections are original and diverse. L. R. Lind's collection *Lyric Poetry of the Italian Renaissance* (Yale University Press, ($1.95) is pure delight, presenting varied poets and translators, *e.g.*, Rossetti and Dante, Morris Bishop and Petrarch, Ezra Pound and Cavalcanti.

Philosophy

It may be surprising that the greatest number of university press paperbacks in the field of philosophy are concerned not with historical survey but with contemporary insights and application to twentieth-century life. Henry B. Veatch's *Rational Man* (Midland, $1.95) is a reappraisal of Aristotelian ethics in so far as they are significant for our time. So, too, Paul Roubiczek's *Existentialism: For and Against* (Cambridge University Press, $1.95) reviews the development of that philosophical system from Kierkegaard and Buber to such insistent wielders of their own flame as Sartre and Heidegger. The distinguished American philosopher Paul Weiss's *Nature and Man* (Southern Illinois University Press, $2.25) is primarily concerned with the concept of freedom in all its manifestations: the individual, the group, the mortal self. *Morality and the Language of Conduct,* edited by Hector-Neri Castaneda and George Nakhnikian (Wayne State University Press, $2.95), pursues ethical values and moral behavior in nine original essays by contemporary thinkers. *The Origins of Modern Consciousness,* edited by John Weiss (Wayne State University Press, $2.95), is a kind of "Open End" symposium on turn-of-the-century cultural life and ideas as suggested by commentators like Eugen Weber, Roger Shattuck, George Gamow.

Americana

Down at the University of Virginia they are understandably pleased with their colonial past, and to its preservation both the Dominion and the Jamestown Document Series are dedicated. *Robert Carter of Nomini Hall,* by Louis Morton (Dominion Books, $2.75), recreates the eighteenth-century plantation life of a tobacco planter who was known as a man of "cultivation and vastly delicate taste." Another Dominion book is Lawrence C. Wroth's *The Colonial Printer* ($2.75), which bibliophiles will welcome for its enthusiastic discussion of crude but ingenious techniques of bookmaking. In the Jamestown Series Louis B. Wright has edited *A Voyage to Virginia in 1609* ($1.35), which is composed of a pair of narratives, William Strachey's "True Repertory" and Silvester Jourdain's "Discovery of the Bermudas," written by passengers who were shipwrecked in the Bermudas on an early Jamestown expedition. Shakespearean scholars believe this episode may have been the source for *The Tempest.*

One of the qualities which the writer of autobiography needs is a hardy sense of self, and Benjamin Franklin surely had it. "Most people dislike Vanity in others whatever Share they have of it themselves," he wrote; "but I give it fair Quarter wherever I meet with it." *The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin* (Yale University Press, $1.95) was prepared and annotated by Leonard W. Labaree and his Yale committee from the 1793 text, and we are grateful for

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the ample footnotes which appear on the same page as the text to which they refer. Another personal account that casts light on the American scene is *Black Hawk* (Illini, $1.75), edited by Donald Jackson from a report written by J. B. Patterson, an Illinois newspaperman, in 1833, five years before the death of Black Hawk, the Sauk warrior who fought vainly to hold the Mississippi Valley as a refuge for his people.

Drama

Shakespearean scholarship is of course a bottomless well for the academic presses. A pioneer study when it was first published thirty years ago, Caroline Spurgeon's *Shakespeare's Imagery* is now available in paperback (Cambridge University Press, $2.45). Roland Mushat Frye's *Shakespeare and Christian Doctrine* (Princeton University Press, $2.95) concludes that Shakespeare was a man of this world, secular rather than religious in his orientation.

Strindberg: An Introduction to His Life and Work, by Brita Mortensen and Brian Downs (Cambridge University Press, $1.75), is at the same time a biography and an examination of the playwright's spiritual torment. Homer E. Woodbridge's *G. B. Shaw: Creative Artist* (Southern Illinois University Press, $1.65) is at least as interesting for what it isn't as for what it is: it isn't a portrait of GBS the iconoclast, the political thinker, the free-wheeling, glib-talking Irishman; it is solely and emphatically a picture of Shaw as craftsman, conscious artist, and human being concerned with his own private problems.

Translations

Sometimes university presses know that certain books will serve only a limited readership, yet they go right ahead and agreeably provide this distinctively academic function. *The Prose Edda of Snorri Sturluson* (University of California Press, $1.50), for instance, isn't likely to head anyone's best-seller list; but Jean I. Young's translation from the Icelandic of this rousing medieval tale is an especially important contribution. So too is W. H. D. Rouse's gusty *The March Up Country* (Ann Arbor, $1.95), a retelling of Xenophon's *Anabasis*, the story of one of history's most incredible military feats. Another classic in modern form is Lucien Dean Pearson's *Beowulf*, edited with notes by Rowland L. Collins (Midland, $1.65). Undoubtedly the most unusual university press translation is Max Knight's *The Gallows Songs* (University of California, $1.50), a selection from the pre-World War I German poet Christian Morgenstern's *Galgenlieder*, whose inner rhymes and puns would have seemed to defy rendition in to another language.

Laying Down the Law

Of Law and Life & Other Things That Matter: Papers and Addresses of Felix Frankfurter 1956-1963, *edited by Philip B. Kurland (Harvard University Press. 257 pp. $5.95),* ***The Letters of Frederic William Maitland,*** *edited by C. H. S. Fifoot (Harvard University Press, in association with The Selden Society. 397 pp. $12.50),* ***The Case for Liberty,*** *by Helen Hill Miller (University of North Carolina Press. 254 pp. $5.95),* ***Cosmic International Law,*** *by Modesto Seara Vázquez, translated from the Spanish by Elaine Malley (Wayne State University Press. 293 pp. $9.95), and* ***Language, Law, and Diplomacy,*** *by Alexander Ostrower (University of Pennsylvania Press. 2 Vols. 963 pp. $20), consider a potpourri of legal and related issues. Ex-counsel to the President of the United States, Myer Feldman is a practicing lawyer.*

By MYER FELDMAN

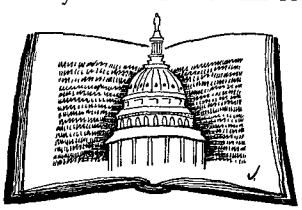
GOOD books about the law are painfully rare. Too often the writers seem to be struggling underwater to articulate. This is all the more distressing in view of the opportunity any discussion of the law affords for high drama, strong emotion, stimulating ideas, and fascinating glimpses into history.

Of these five books about law only two—the letters of F. W. Maitland and Mr. Justice Frankfurter's papers and addresses—take full advantage of their subject matter. Helen Hill Miller's account of the legal *causes célèbres* of colonial times is ambitious but disappointing. The books by Modesto Seara Vázquez and Alexander Ostrower are pompous and belabored, with no redeeming graces.

Maitland is one of the two or three greatest legal historians the English-speaking world has produced. (Holmes was perhaps his peer, although he produced far less.) He rendered intelligible, to a degree no one has ever equaled, the windings and twistings of the early English legal procedures, the fictions and metaphysics of the medieval substantive law, and the merger of political and economic forces that shaped the English court system. He did this in language as enjoyable as it was informative, as broad in compass as it was precise in detail, as delightful as it was enriching.

C. H. S. Fifoot, the Selden Society (Maitland was a founding member and the editor of its first volumes), and the Harvard University Press have collaborated to produce the first definitive edition of Maitland's letters, 501 in all.

These letters are easy to read, and fun. They reflect Maitland's sensitivity as a scholar and his wide range of interests. They reflect as well his sense of



humor. He wrote to John Chipman Gray: "My best thanks for *Future Interests in Personal Property*. . . . For a few days my interest in it must be future, but will be vested, indefeasible, real and not impersonal." And, in a letter to Frederick Pollock: "Did I tell you that a while ago I was informed that I had been elected a bencher of Lincoln's Inn. . . ? The news made my hair stand on end—one of the vacant bishoprics would have been less of a surprise." He speaks, in one letter, of "the English doctor of Las Palmas, who (as I am now thinking) has made a clever job of me. . . ."

But these letters do much more than just humanize Maitland. The letters show, as Maitland's essays cannot, the historian-at-work. We find him describing, in a letter to Melville Bigelow, a professor at Boston University, the methods by which he hopes to verify that some early notebooks, uncovered by Paul Vinogradoff, were written by Henry de Bracton; or speculating, in a letter to Maxwell Lyte, a Deputy Keeper of the Public Records, why a thirteenth-century Roll of Parliament was never published; or explaining in a letter to Frederick Pollock, with whom he collaborated in the famous *History of English Law Before the Time of Edward I*, why the history "must be written afresh with full proof of every point." The methodology—the choice of subject, the search for new sources, the verification of the earliest recorded cases and statutes, the endless pursuit of missing details—is exposed from beginning to end, and it is fascinating.

Many of the letters are part of a con-

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tinuing correspondence. Unfortunately, it is like hearing only one side of a telephone conversation. A volume collating and publishing the letters that Maitland received, as well as those he wrote, should be fascinating.

MR. JUSTICE FRANKFURTER regarded Oliver Wendell Holmes and Louis Brandeis as the most "illuminating thinkers" on the Supreme Court in the last century. Few will dispute his right to a place beside them. His influence extended far beyond the rigid confines of judicial authority. A whole generation profited from his advice and counsel. It has been said that he had an advisory role in government never equaled by any unofficial person outside of Washington.

In *Of Law and Life & Other Things That Matter* Professor Kurland has collected some thirty-six papers and addresses by Mr. Justice Frankfurter. These are not scholarly pieces; they are not intended to augment a legal philosophy already amply recorded in articles, books, and opinions. Most of the pieces are testimonials, upon the anniversary of a nation, the dedication of a library, the death of a friend, the centennial of a school, or the anniversary of a colleague's elevation to the bench. Some are extemporaneous addresses; one is a question-and-answer session with Harvard law students and graduates. All thirty-six pieces are thoroughly entertaining.

The quality of writing alone makes them enjoyable reading. As Frankfurter points out in one of the addresses in this collection, "The instruments of the law are words." And communicating aspirations, desires, intentions, and plans to others, through words, is a large part of the practice of law. Mr. Justice Frankfurter was as skilled in the craft of writing as he was in his grasp of jurisprudence, and his impact on the law was immeasurably greater for it.

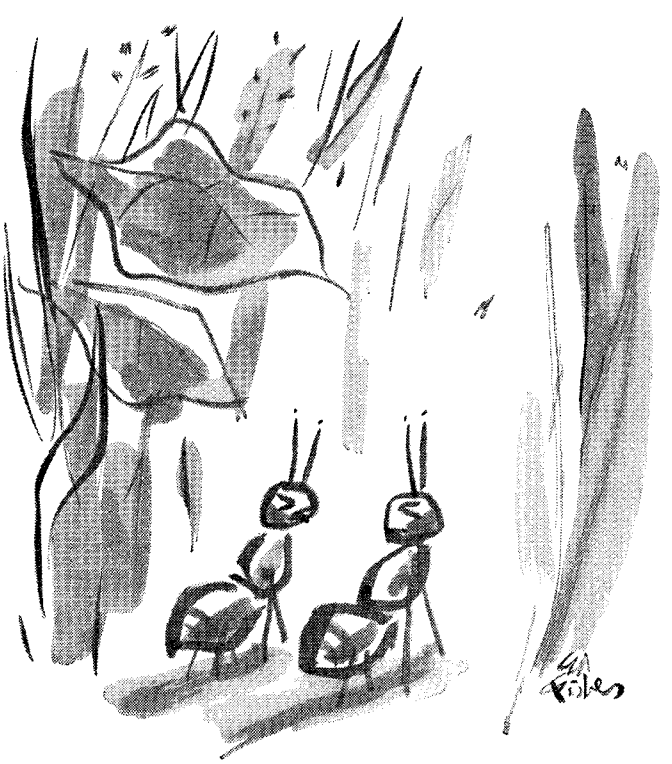
The Frankfurter personality permeates these pages—the effervescence and zest, the clarity and precision, the humor and, above all, that intangible quality we call style. For each occasion, the Justice has something important to say, something relevant and timely. If these pieces do not display the intellectual achievements that assure the Justice his place in the first ranks of American jurists and political thinkers, they do reveal the workings of a lively, broad-gauged, and deeply cultivated mind. When one considers the usual quality of testimonials and extemporaneous addresses, the originality and brilliance of those in this book are all the more astonishing.

Helen Hill Miller's latest work is doubly disappointing because Mrs. Miller is a writer of distinction. Her style is typically fresh and crisp, and she normally writes with complete command of her subject. *Greek Horizons*, for example, is among the best of its kind. These qualities, unfortunately, are submerged in a welter of detail in the *The Case for Liberty*. Perhaps her task was too ambitious: to describe the colonial counterparts of the spectacular lawsuits of more recent years—Sacco-Vanzetti, the Schecter decision from the days of the New Deal, the Communist trials in New York, and the more recent desegregation, legislative reapportionment, and school prayer cases—and trace their impact on the Bill of Rights. The effort never quite comes off.

The material is divided into nine chapters: "Freedom of Religion," "Right to Bear Arms," "Due Process of Law," etc. Each begins with several pages of "Background," followed by a more lengthy discussion of "The Case." But the material is not well organized. Often the cases, such as they are, make their appearance willy-nilly, towards the end of a chapter, and without regard for the headings. Each chapter begins with a quotation from the federal Bill of Rights and ends with a corresponding provision from a state bill of rights. But the causal relationship between the case and the bill of rights is seldom convincingly traced. In short, the format proves too artificial for the materials, and creates unfulfilled expectations.

A more serious shortcoming is Mrs. Miller's inability to organize her materials with regard for historical and legal relevance. There is a mass of indigestible detail, diffuse and unfocused. Discussing, for example, the trial of Peter Zenger for publishing seditious libel, Mrs. Miller gets herself so enmeshed in New York City politics (evidently as confused then as now) that she barely has time for Zenger. The discussion roams from Governor Crosby ". . . a placeman of the Duke of Newcastle, then principal secretary to his Majesty," to his predecessor-in-fact, Rip Van Dam, "a solid and prosperous Dutch merchant with a shipyard just below Trinity Church and thirty years' standing as a councilman," to the procedural complexities of a law suit brought by Crosby against Van Dam, to the personal animosities among the members of the Court (in Crosby's suit, not Zenger's). Before Mrs. Miller can extricate herself and return to Zenger, the point of the chapter is lost.

FINALLY, I am not at all sure that the assumption underlying Mrs. Miller's efforts—that there are colonial counterparts to the Schecter decision or the desegregation cases—are valid. There were certainly great legal issues, and cases that aroused deep passion and had a lasting impact. There are in most societies. But the role of the Supreme Court in umpiring the great social, political, and economic issues of state, and in allocating power among the numerous claimants, is unique. It is not found elsewhere in the world today and certainly had no analogue in our colonial experience. The combination of federalism, a written constitution, and the right of judicial review asserted by Chief Justice Marshall and never challenged (except in occasional law review articles)



"Have you ever noticed? DDT strikes down only the wicked."

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has given the Court a decisional power that is without precedent or parallel. And it is through the exercise of this power that the Court has produced its impact on society, an impact that is frequently direct and sharply focused. The attempt to look for something similar in colonial history may well have been doomed to failure from the start.

FOR an area of law that hardly existed a decade ago, space law has become the subject, or rather the victim, of an increasingly large number of books and articles. They are, with few exceptions, uniformly bad. Vázquez's book, modestly entitled *Cosmic International Law*, is not among the exceptions. Indeed, despite the heady competition, the book stands a good chance of being among the worst of the lot. Vázquez begins by noting:

> Air space is that part of space subject to the sovereignty of a state.
> I. The subject of this right of sovereignty is the underlying state. We can draw two statements from this:
> a) That part of air space directly above the territory of a state is subject to the sovereignty of that state.
> b) No state may exercise sovereignty over space which is not directly above its territory.

and continues in equally profound and analytic fashion for 250 pages. Not the least of the book's drawbacks is its proclamatory, pseudo-Spinozean style (which, among other things, says a good deal about the author's conception of the legal process).

Among the pressing problems that Vázquez considers are: "Concept of a Celestial Body," "Problems That Might Arise from Interplanetary Flights from the Point of Subjacent States," and "Relationships with Possible Inhabitants of Celestial Bodies—In Case They Should Be Men, In Case They Should Be Intelligent Beings Different from Men."

Although the format of the book bespeaks a rigid, analytic approach, Vázquez is not above a bit of stretching when an important issue is at stake. At one point he discusses the legality of Project West Ford, a communications experiment in which the United States placed a belt of hairlike copper needles in outer space. Citing the Nuremberg Trials, Vázquez solemnly concludes that the Project cannot be considered a war crime, because there has been no war, nor a crime against humanity, because that seems to refer to such acts as assassination or enslavement. He concludes also that it cannot be an "intellectual crime" because the term is too vague. Almost, but not quite, out of crimes, Vazquez finally decides that Project West Ford constituted an appropriation of outer space "preventing other states from using this space with all the confidence necessary for the normal practice of traveling through it" and thus a violation of international law.

Much of the book appears to have been written seven or eight years ago, with later development being accounted for in separate chapters, and without reworking the earlier material. Thus, large portions, in addition to their other faults, are dated and stale.

The Ostrower volumes are outrageous. They can only have been published in order to show the lengths to which sheer pedantry can be carried. Having plowed through 963 pages (of which, mercifully, the last 140 are bibliography and index) I cannot tell for what audience they were written, or to what purpose.

According to the preface, the books are supposed to deal with linguistic complexity and "the role and function of languages in official international relations from the most primitive beginning to recent times." If they do this, and I am doubtful, they do much more besides. There are, for example, a ten-page definition of the word *diplomacy*, a twenty-three-page discussion of the difference between translators and interpreters, a five-page discussion of machine translation, a quick run-down of the history of such regional organizations as the OAS, NATO, and SEATO, and a six-page history of China. The profundity and depth of all of these are illustrated by an excerpt from the author's final paragraph on the history of China (which is included in the book because "this is necessary to the understanding of Chinese ascendancy on the Asian Mainland"):

> Among the more recent episodes of Chinese history are the founding of the Communist Party in 1921, the Japanese occupation of coastal China and the Yangtze Valley, the establishment of Communist headquarters at Yenan in 1935, the Second World War, and the proclamation of the People's Republic of China in 1949, which split up the country into two states: . . . .

Learned authorities are quoted extensively, without discrimination or analysis, and in the most officious and boring manner.

Aside from the fact that they are tedious to read, the Vázquez and Ostrower books are unfortunate, even harmful, because they will feed the skepticism (on the part of laymen and lawyers) that already surrounds international law. International law needs badly to be saved from its friends and advocates, including the likes of Vázquez and Ostrower. The views of the skeptics notwithstanding, international law not only exists but plays a critical role in the calculus of world affairs. It is a pity that so little has been written that would convince anyone without firsthand knowledge that this is the case.

"Can't you see, Helene? A well-diversified portfolio is nothing without someone with whom to share it."

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Land of Mule Trains and Monasteries

El Lazarillo: A Guide for Inexperienced Travelers Between Buenos Aires and Lima 1773, *by Concolorcorvo, translated from the Spanish by Walter D. Kline (Indiana University Press. 315 pp. $7.50), and* ***A Lady's Ride Across Spanish Honduras,*** *by Maria Soltera (University of Florida Press. 319 pp. $8.50), respectively the travelogue of an eighteenth-century Inspector of the Postal Routes in South America and that of a genteelly poor, nineteenth-century schoolteacher, evoke a little-known period in the countries south of Mexico. Jeanette Mirsky, a historical geographer, wrote "The Westward Crossings: Balboa, Mackenzie, Lewis and Clark" and other books.*

By JEANETTE MIRSKY

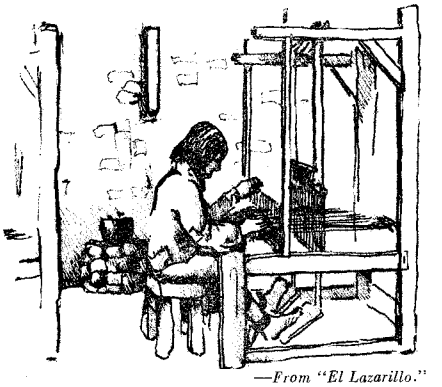
FOR TOO long English readers have had to take the huge jump from accounts written in the days of the conquistadors to contemporary fiction and sociological studies; it is most helpful, therefore, to have these two unusual travel books made available. *El Lazarillo* was written almost 200 years ago. A *Lady's Ride Across Spanish Honduras* appeared serially in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1884. Both, firsthand observations of the people and the lands visited, are pleasant to read, useful, and informative. They provide, in part, the much-needed time dimension to evaluate stagnation and progress, old wrongs and long-overdue ameliorations, persistent attitudes and customs and significant changes in the social scenery, the folly of outmoded institutions and the enduring virtues of Spanish and Indian values. Priced high, their public may be limited. This would be unfortunate, for in their gentle, leisurely, highly personal way they touch on problems endemic in many of the countries south of Mexico. Perhaps they are not "important" books, yet they possess what so many energetically trumpeted books seem to lack—the special, inbuilt survival quality that makes both accounts as readable as when they were written even though what we find pertinent in them differs from what their original appeal was.

El Lazarillo, the more ambitious of the volumes, is, as Professor Richard Mazzara says in his introduction, a "unique travelogue" and "the only detailed account of such a journey known to exist." I would add that it is a priceless record of a fascinatingly complex world. We are introduced to colonial Spanish cities and settlements, mines, monasteries, inns, and farms, to the mule trains and wagon traffic and postal service that passed regularly along well-established, transcontinental trails that were crossing South America—its rivers, forests, deserts, and its mighty Andes—long, long before our Daniel Boone blazed the Wilderness Road into Kentucky.

What eyes the Inspector of the Postal Routes had: we get sharp vignettes of the vast, varied terrain lying between Buenos Aires and Lima. Thus, for example, he comments on the fantastic waste of meat in Buenos Aires, where cattle were slaughtered for their hides: the satiated "rats go out at night for fresh air"; the slave trade, immense "because the priests used to sell all those born with a mixture of Spanish, mulatto, or Indian blood"; the natural history of mules, that infertile offspring of the ass and the mare, strong and useful—in one valley 60,000 were readied for the great annual fair of Peru; the rapacities, rascalities, and refinements of the mule trade and traffic; the availability and purity of the water found along the trail; the prevalence of goiter in the interior provinces; the squalor of families living on the edge of vast ranches—they dared not build decent homes lest these be taken from them or they be forced to pay exorbitant rents; the condition of the *gauderios* (forerunners of the *gauchos*) of the rich province of Tucumán, who like Pharaoh's cows were "skinny while living in fertile pastures"; the contrast between sharp practices in petty transactions and the pervading honesty that permitted the treasure-laden mule trains from the mines of Potosí to travel unmolested and unarmed; the Indians' custom of chewing cocoa leaves; the sanitation of Cuzco; and so on and on. It is a rich compendium of fact spiced and flavored by the author's asides, digressions, gossip, opinions, and moralizing.

The schematic map is helpful but the book lacks an index.

A Lady's Ride Across Spanish Honduras is quite different. Do not be deceived by the politely correct language and genteel manner of its British Victorian author. Whatever her surface qualities, Maria Soltera—or Mary Spinster, the English equivalent of her *nom de plume*—is a resilient, brave, friendly, and undaunted lady. She must have been a delight to encounter.



—From "El Lazarillo."

A schoolmistress, no longer young and of limited means, she crossed Spanish Honduras on muleback in the company of two hired men, a young attendant and a capable muleteer. She undertook the trip as the least expensive way to reach a new, grandiose development where she was to be in charge of a school and, she had been assured, to secure land on which she could retire. Her Spanish was fragmentary—sufficient to deal with the muleteer, to carry on simple exchanges, to win friends, and to convey her genuinely warm personality. Her travel account—her success in surmounting the difficulties of the overland trail and the grim facilities offered by a poor, backward countryside—has an absorbing counterpoint, her mounting disillusionment as she approached the place where she had expected to find her position and her prospects for the future. She was, she realized, the victim of an unsavory swindle; she knew, at the same time, that she had had a memorable journey. Soltera's was an extraordinary story and she tells it with quiet charm and considerable skill.

Mrs. Doris Stone's editorial notes, informed and authoritative, fill in the geography and history of the region through which the lady crossed; especially valuable are the political and financial materials that form the background to Soltera's adventure. I am surprised only that a book as handsomely printed and illustrated does not have a map to inform the reader.

—From "El Lazarillo."

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What the West Has Learned

Asia in the Making of Europe: Volume I, The Century of Discovery, *by Donald F. Lach (University of Chicago Press. Books 1 and 2. 968 pp. set, $20), is the first sixth of a major historical work that is concerned with the impact of the East upon the West as reflected in the latter's "published information." Carroll Quigley, professor of history at Georgetown University, is the author of "Tragedy and Hope: The World in Our Time," a two-volume history of the twentieth century to be released this year.*

By CARROLL QUIGLEY

THESE two books form volume I of what promises to be a major work of historical scholarship. If it continues on the same scale for the three centuries with which the study as a whole is concerned (1500-1800), it will reach six volumes in twelve tomes totaling more than 5,000 pages. Such an opus must be intended for reference rather than to be read, an impression which is confirmed by its many pages of minutiae about the contents, translations, and various editions of travelers' tales.

As they stand, these two books fall into eight chapters, one on antiquity and the Middle Ages, a second on the Renaissance to 1500, three on "New Channels of Information" (identified as the spice trade, the printed word, and the Christian mission), and four area surveys (India, Southeast Asia, Japan, and China).

The evaluation of a work of this size, when we have only one-sixth of it, is not easy, but certain impressions emerge. On the merit side, there are four:

The study obviously incorporates a vast amount of learning.

Secondly, Lach's judgment on most controversial points is sound, or at least conservative, and he does not hesitate to withhold a decision where the evidence is inconclusive.

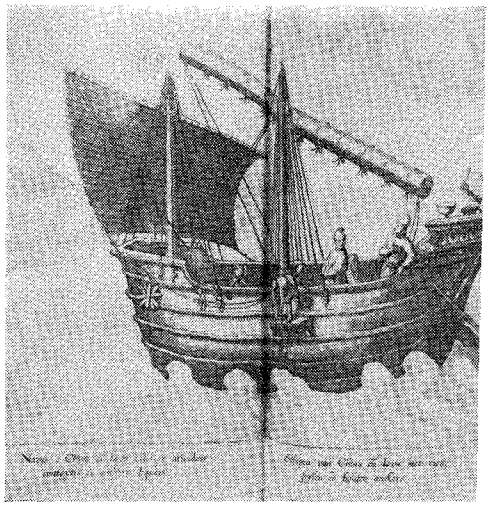
Thirdly, there is, on the whole, excellent chronological coordination among diverse areas, including such frequently overlooked benchmarks as the general economic depression of the fourteenth century in Europe and the influence of the "Mongol peace" of Eastern Asia upon contemporary Europe.

Fourthly, the work establishes the state of our knowledge and the sources on which it is based, so that it provides, as a whole, a historiographical index to this, with frequent indications as to the directions in which future research should go.

The weaknesses of this work are less obvious, but may be fundamental. In general, they seem to lie in two directions: (1) a general pattern of organization which does not follow the nature of the subject but is quite arbitrary, and (2) a basically pro-literary bias, which seems to blind the author to much of the significant nonliterary evidence.

Lach's organization deals with each of the three centuries from 1500 to 1800 in two volumes, of which one will be concerned with the channels of communication and the second will be concerned with "the impact of Asia upon the West." This is an artificial and unhelpful distinction, especially in the terms in which Lach conceives "channels of information." His three "channels" (spice trade, books, and Christian missions) are not channels at all, and two of them cannot be separated. It is quite clear that the printed word (which disseminated information in Europe) is not parallel to the other two (which acquired information in Asia). Moreover, it is evident from Lach's well-informed

—From the book.



—From the book.

discussion of the Portuguese "Padroado" (Chapter V) that, for the Portuguese at least, religion was inseparable from trade and that Lach's rather rigid separation of the two distorts both.

The real channels of Asia's influence toward Europe were the trans-Asiatic trade route (the so-called "silk road") from East Asia to the Black Sea and Syria and the maritime trade on the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea. Lach discusses neither of these. It can be inferred, from incidental remarks such as the references to "the Mongol peace," that Lach has some idea of the history of the land routes, but it is equally clear, both from his text and his bibliography, that he has no real grasp of the history of the maritime routes between Europe and Asia. Anyone concerned with this subject must recognize that trade in the Red Sea, the Arabian Sea, and the Indian Ocean had been going on (in Semitic, Persian, and Indian hands) for thousands of years prior to A.D. 1500, when the Portuguese and the Turks simultaneously intruded into this ancient trade system, the one from the south and the other from the north. Lach does not seem to see this.

The reason he fails to do so is because he is far too exclusively concerned with literary sources and with literary information. He says expressly that he is concerned only with "published information." This view easily leads to neglect of the real influences of Asia on Europe, since these arose from artifacts and technology, often received without any European awareness of their origin (as European men over recent centuries came to wear trousers without knowledge of their Asiatic steppe origin).

In his introduction Lach makes the astonishing assertion that "knowledge of Asia before 1500 effected no fundamental alterations in Europe's own artistic, technological, or religious premises." In view of the fact that Europe's technology and religious premises until 1500 were almost entirely Asiatic in origin,

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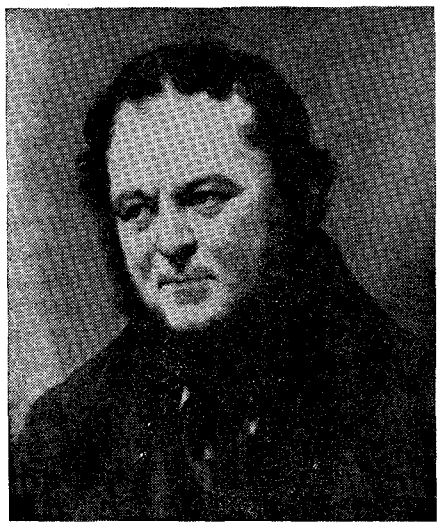
this statement indicates a very serious deficiency based on the author's almost exclusively literary bias.

While we cannot judge the extent of this deficiency until we get volume II, the first chapter of the present volume dealing with "Antiquity and the Middle Ages" indicates that this weakness could be very serious. In good, old mid-Victorian fashion, Lach starts with a reference to Homer and, on the same first page, begins his subject about 600 B.C. This omits the whole Asiatic foundation of European culture including food (fowl, swine, cattle, grain), technology (the plow, arch, wheel, weapons, etc.), and basic culture (writing, alphabet, units of measurement, basic religious and cognitive attitudes) from the archaic period (before 600 B.C.). But even more serious is the fact that Lach's discussion of the medieval period also omits the same kind of Asiatic influences (such as Europe's basic religious outlook, including the heresies, and much technological innovation which, over the last thousand years, has embraced such items as horseshoes, stirrups, effective harnessing of horses so they could be used for heavy work, windmills, the compass and rudder, fore-and-aft sails, an efficient number system, gunpowder, printing and paper, steel-making, a variety of crops of vital significance to Western agriculture, among them those two indispensable legumes, alfalfa and soybeans, many food products, and much else). Lach ignores most of this because he is not concerned, as he says, with the "impact" of Asia on Europe but is really concerned only with Europe's awareness of Asia (that is why he wants to restrict his attention to *published* information), and he is concerned with "awareness" because his attention is still anchored in the area where it began, the use of Asia by men like Montesquieu, Leibnitz, or Voltaire as a weapon to criticize European culture during the Enlightenment.



—*Bettmann Archive.*

Stendhal—"a repressed sentimentality."

Looking for a Lady to Love

Stendhal, *by Armand Caraccio, translated from the French by Dolores Bagley (New York University Press. 222 pp. $6), first published in France in 1951, emphasizes the close links between the life and work of a writer whose analytical skepticism is counterbalanced by concealed romanticism. Henri Peyre is professor of French at Yale University.*

By HENRI PEYRE

THE FAIRLY widespread esteem in which the novels of Stendhal (Henri Beyle) are held in America is a comparatively recent development. For a number of decades the fervent, happy few, to whom Stendhal had prophesied that his appeal would long be limited, had failed to impart their enthusiasm to their students. Publishers hesitated to keep translations of his novels on their current lists. Then, on the eve of World War II, a new generation of readers arrived on the college campuses, eager to analyze their feelings and to affect a cynical attitude which, as in Stendhal, only half disguised a repressed sentimentality. Naturalistic fiction and the moralizing Victorian novel had begun to pall on many of the young. Stendhal's masterpieces came to be preferred to all other French novels, except perhaps those of Proust, by American admirers of Hemingway, E. E. Cummings, and Edmund Wilson.

Some resistance continues, however, to most of the thirty-odd volumes of memoirs, journals, travel diaries, and amateurish art and music criticism that compose the bulk of Stendhal's writings. The taste for the enigmatic figure of an amateur novelist, intent upon revealing himself more fully than anyone had ever done before and at the same time assuming a variety of masks, is a sophisticated one. It needs to be nurtured by expert biographical and critical studies. Excellent ones have been written by F. C. Green and F. W. Hemmings, both Englishmen. An American professor at Cornell University, Robert M. Adams, has offered an insightful sketch of Stendhal. The French have explored Henri Beyle's every move, every year or even month of his life, have checked every one of his many lies and his plagiarisms with laborious industry. Many an anticipation of our modern psychological complexities has been read into Stendhal's confessions and fictions.

Armand Caraccio's book, first published in France in 1951, is fortunately neither bulky nor pedantic. It is concise, lucid, Stendhalian in its swift and vivid tempo, with only very little of the ironical condescension with which his biographers have often patronized Stendhal's naïveté and his famous fiascoes in love.

Love was the chief concern of this French officer in Napoleon's armies and the prime article of faith of his daily hunt for happiness. But, unlike Alexandre Dumas or even Victor Hugo, Stendhal scored few successes with women, and he probably preferred it that way. He was afflicted with an almost pathological timidity; he was intent upon analyzing and dissecting love, and his desultory but occasionally very keen book, *De l'Amour*, which belies the poetical sentimentality and adolescent idealization of women in his novels, remains one of the very few readable treatises on that subject so often mishandled by psychologists.

SOME early sex misadventure had imposed upon him, as upon many other writers and artists in an age when the wages of sin were not merely a metaphor, an unglamorous dosing with mercury. But in truth Stendhal was in love with love and a worshipper of the eternal feminine. To remain "eternal," that feminine had best be severed from robust physical gratification, which would have impeded his reveries about the worshipped lady. At fifty-nine, just before he was struck by a fit of apoplexy on a Paris street, Stendhal had longingly jotted down: "One thing alone haunts my memory, after so many years and events: the smile of a woman whom I once loved."

Criticism, emphasizing the close links between the works and the life of the writer, is not lacking in this volume, which, though addressed primarily to students, is nonchalant and alert enough in tone to attract the general reader as well. It grants relatively more attention to the minor works (*Promenades dans Rome*; a curious and, to the connoisseurs, seductive novel about a hero apparently hampered by sexual impotence, *Armance*; and the unfinished *Lucien Leuwen*) than to the two best-known novels. But there is a

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shrewd consideration of *Le Rouge et le Noir* as social criticism and as an ironical work, and a brief but suggestive sketch of *La Chartreuse de Parme* as suffused with poetry and tender reverie. One of the claims to uniqueness of the *Chartreuse* lies indeed in the dreamlike atmosphere in which Stendhal steeped the impossible adventures of his characters, and in the creation of a woman who may well be the truest and the most appealing of all French fictional heroines. The book was completed in incredible haste (within less than two months) by an author over fifty who had never learned the technique of fiction-writing, and it proved all the greater for that. To Balzac, who alone of his great contemporaries placed Stendhal where he belongs, among the giants of fiction, Stendhal disarmingly confessed in 1840: "I had never given much thought to the art of making a novel. I had not suspected there were any rules."

While Revolutions Came and Went

Jane Austen: A Study of Her Artistic Development, *by A. Walton Litz (Oxford University Press. 198 pp. $5.75), a close chronological examination of the author's works, sets out to demonstrate that the later ones mark the true beginning of the modern novel. Harry T. Moore, of the Southern Illinois University faculty and author of a new book on E. M. Forster, is spending the next several months abroad on a research trip.*

By HARRY T. MOORE

JANE AUSTEN completed six novels before her death at forty-one in 1817. Some critics regard her as a major novelist. Others see her as limited, a miniaturist of manners who continually used the same plot dealing with the subtle tribal ritual of finding just the right husband for just the right young woman. But many of those who look upon Jane Austen's work with reservations cannot refrain from admiring its lively dialogues, its shrewd comedy, and its expert irony.

Commentators have often pointed out that the world-shaking changes that took place in her era had little apparent effect on her writings. When she was a child, the American colonies were snatched away from England. When she was in her teens, the French Revolution disturbed many Englishmen, and Louis XVI lost his head (so did one of the Austen family's relatives by marriage). Two of Jane Austen's brothers were naval officers who served against Napoleon.

Behind all these events, the Industrial Revolution was recasting the face and spirit of England, and the romantic movement was pulsing in the national consciousness. But the witty spinster-author, whose experiences with love and courtship her biographers find rather obscure, is supposed to have remained safely in her little world of parental rectory, country house, and seaside resort as she quietly wrote her anonymous books.

This new volume about her is one of several impressive critical documents of our time that show Jane Austen as a major novelist. In undertaking to trace her artistic development—and the subtitle of A. Walton Litz's book declares that intention—this volume is especially ambitious because the exact dates of composition, or at least completion, of various Austen books cannot be determined. Several of her novels which were begun in the 1790s were not published until more than a decade later, and even the extensive scholarship of the late R. W. Chapman turned up no precise knowledge as to how much or how little these books were revised in later years. Mr. Litz, relying both on previous discoveries and a fresh examination of the sources, provides a helpful chronological table that differs from Chapman's in some significant details and is necessarily based in part on guesswork.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Jane Austen—"a mastery that is distinctly modern."

In his text, however, Mr. Litz makes out a persuasive case for his conjectures. Consider *Pride and Prejudice* (called *First Impressions* in the 1796-97 draft), which some scholars have thought was not greatly altered before its publication in 1813. Mr. Litz believes it was radically revised and gives several convincing reasons for this, among them an increased sophistication in the author's style and, most compellingly, the book's use of the 1811-12 almanacs: "The consistency of the novel's time-scheme could only have resulted from a thorough reworking of the plot."

We have more explicit information about the last three novels Jane Austen completed: *Mansfield Park* (1814), *Emma* (1816), and the posthumously published *Persuasion* (1817). The author's sister left a memorandum that pretty well dates the composition of the first of them, while Jane Austen's own notes offer positive evidence about the last two. Mr. Litz can therefore write about these books more confidently and more expansively than about the others, and can indicate that, if Jane Austen's early work derives from the eighteenth century, the later, with its complications of character and involutions of plot, marks the true beginning of the modern novel.

IN *EMMA*, which Mr. Litz rightly says doesn't lend itself "readily to generalized discussion," the Henry James-like closeness of texture depends entirely "on the intriguing consciousness of Emma Woodhouse" (*intriguing* of course in the sense of scheming). "The growth of Emma's personality" is the intrinsic subject of the story. Further, this book and the two other later novels prove that Jane Austen was not so immune to the influence of the romantic movement as various earlier critics have stated. By this time landscape had often taken on a symbolic function in her stories, as Mr. Litz aptly and amply demonstrates. And his discussion of changes in the extant manuscripts of *Persuasion,* an unusual survival, illustrates how aware Jane Austen was of technique, of knowing how to improve an episode by shifting its dramatic emphasis and by intensifying its psychological progress. In such revisions she achieved a mastery that is distinctly modern.

At several levels, this study is an exceedingly useful approach to Jane Austen, whose stature as a novelist can only be increased by such adroit and judicious reading of her texts, not so much in pursuit of purely conceptual or moral questions, but in an examination of the author's movement toward technical-artistic maturity.

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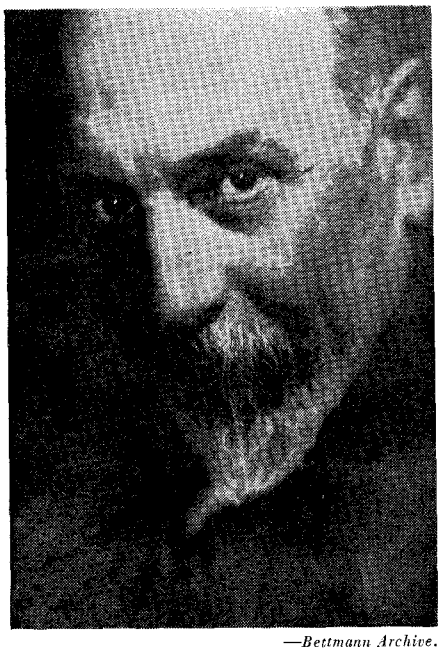

—Bettmann Archive.

Pirandello—at seventeen, glimpses of greatness.

Playwright Off Stage

Short Stories, *by Luigi Pirandello, translated from the Italian by Frederick May (Oxford University Press. 260 pp. $5), and* ***Luigi Pirandello, 1867-1936*** *(third revised edition), by Walter Starkie (University of California Press. 299 pp. $5), offer, respectively, a sampling of the works and a biographical study of the Italian author who, though best known as a playwright, was probably more important as a writer of fiction. Thomas Bishop was recently awarded a Fulbright Research Grant in France for 1965-1966.*

By THOMAS BISHOP

ALMOST thirty years after Pirandello's death readers and theatergoers have far from exhausted the rich vein of his writings. His plays continue to be performed at frequent intervals, and the best of them remain among the most brilliant and provocative of the contemporary theater. Less well known in English, his short stories, most of which are still untranslated, and his novels are beginning to be more and more appreciated. This is a fortunate trend, for no one can hope to "know" Pirandello without reading his short stories. He himself considered them his most important work, and many Italian critics think of him primarily as a *novelliere.*

Frederick May's new collection of his *Short Stories* is therefore particularly welcome because it not only contains a fine selection of texts but enables the reader to trace Pirandello's development as a writer in this genre. Mr. May has retranslated—and very ably—some of the Sicilian's best known *novelle,* such as "The Tragedy of a Character" and "Signora Frola and Her Son-in-law, Signor Ponza" (from which Pirandello subsequently created the plays *Six Characters in Search of an Author* and *Right You Are If You Think You Are,* respectively), and the delightful tale, "The Jar." Other stories are presented in English for the first time, including "The Man with the Flower in His Mouth," a powerful masterpiece, and "The Little Hut," written at seventeen and already indicative of his future greatness. Moreover, Mr. May's introduction gives a brief, incisive view of Pirandello's universe, and the appendix will prove of great value to all those interested in his works. It consists of a complete list of the more than 200 short stories, all the English translations, and a table of the correspondences between the various *novelle* and the plays.

When Walter Starkie published his *Luigi Pirandello* in 1926, it was one of the first books in English about the Italian author, who was then at the height of his fame. His second edition, revised and enlarged in 1937, has remained one of the important works on Pirandello to this day. The outstanding merit of Mr. Starkie's book lay both in his over-all presentation of Pirandello's theater and fiction, and in his ability to link the playwright to those influences that molded him—the Futurists, the "Grotesque" theater, and the Sicilian regionalists—and to Ibsen and Shaw. The pages devoted to Italian literature in the early years of the century are particularly illuminating, as are those which clarify the importance of his native Sicily for Pirandello.

Now, Mr. Starkie has published a third edition of his work. It is disappointing because it really offers very little change from the previous one. The only new elements are a very short introduction and a final chapter, "Pirandello's Fortunes After Death." In the latter, Mr. Starkie does try to bring his book up to date by discussing the great influence Pirandello has exerted (particularly on the French theater), but the discussion is superficial and too brief, and the subject has been treated more meaningfully elsewhere. The remainder of the book, unaltered since the second edition, now appears somewhat outdated, precisely because the frame of reference is entirely to the past; today, we can view Pirandello's theater in a broader perspective than one that centers on Ibsen and Shaw.

Coming May 29:

Otto Klemperer:
A Birthday Tribute
Saturday Review Recordings

Around and Down

Three Modern Satirists: Waugh, Orwell, and Huxley, *by Stephen Jay Greenblatt (Yale University Press. 125 pp. $4.50), and* ***Juvenal: Satires,*** *translated by Jerome Mazzaro (University of Michigan Press. 235 pp. $5), display the unvarying nature of human flaws and foibles through the ages. Nicholas Samstag's books include "The Uses of Ineptitude" and a forthcoming novel, "Come and See My Shining Palace."*

By NICHOLAS SAMSTAG

This is how love is put together, see? First there must be a field of compassion-repulsion; then two entities must be found with their chemical components so constituted that . . .
—Kin Gatsmas.

STEPHEN JAY GREENBLATT, a Fulbright scholar at Cambridge, shows us in *Three Modern Satirists* how satire is put together. He takes us first on a quick trip through the works of his three exemplars. The cream of these jesters skimmed by Greenblatt may not be quite the same cream you or I might skim, but yum, it's good! Those boys can write.

Then he tells us how they do it. Satire must be fantasy; there must be no plot (or almost none), and the characters must be undeveloped (or almost so) because the chief purpose of satire is to show the loss of human identity. The satiric "hero," not quite as dehumanized as the rest of his world, must struggle against it, suffering but accomplishing nothing. The nonplot must be circular, ending where it began, but sinking all the time toward an inferno of reification. This is "the demonic spiral," the essence of satire.

Spiced with examples from Waugh, Orwell, and Huxley, it is all mighty interesting. But it seemed to this reader that some six other theories could just as readily have been deduced from the same authors, with just as impressive a selection of brilliant or morose or horrific paragraphs for evidence. Of course the author overgeneralizes. For instance, his statement that "the major subject of satire is not the nature of human suffering, but the nature of human dullness" omits the natures of human avarice, pretentiousness, aspiration, deceit, and a couple of hundred other excellent natures that Juvenal and I could name.

I exhume Juvenal at this point because Jerome Mazzaro's new translation of his sixteen satires happens to be ap-

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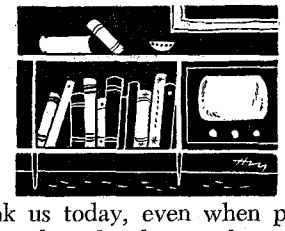
pearing in our book stores coevally with Mr. Greenblatt's work. It has an introduction by Richard Braun, described on the jacket as "a classicist and an original poet" (to differentiate him, one must presume, from unoriginal poets). In it Mr. Braun discusses the anti-epic nature of Juvenal's satires, which he describes as aiming to replace the primacy of the epic by celebrating The Heroic Age of Vice. "Epic was unreal," he says, "for it elevated a sordid reality. In an Era of Vice, where ideals are all upside-down, to rise is to be wrong, to sink is to be sane." This seems reminiscent of Mr. Greenblatt's "demonic spiral," as does Braun's discussion of Satire I, in which he refers to the descent of man through the Golden, Silver, and Iron Ages until Zeus destroys all in the Deluge and ". . . we have gone a long way, and have ascended to the highest reaches of nastiness."

Whether the spiral is rising to nastiness (Braun-wise) or descending into dehumanization (Greenblatt-like), the subject matter of satire seems to remain the same. For the nature of human dullness, avarice, pretentiousness does not change. It droppeth, in fact, like the gentle gook from heaven upon the satirists beneath.

But, as has been said, a man must share the action and passion of his time or be open to the charge of never having lived at all. Thus, although Juvenal's targets are timeless, his arrows are tipped with references too topical



to pink us today, even when put into modern idiom by the translator, a poet widely published in such magazines as *Accent*, *Epoch*, and *Triad*. I read as many of his verses as I could take, and they seemed ingenious, scholarly, intensely sincere—and tedious. The newly coined titles are provocative enough ("Dining with the Boss," "On Getting Married," "Your Pedigrees"), but somehow it is all too much of a muchness. For example, these lines from Satire XI, "Entertaining Friends":

> Shame's ridiculed and flees. Who bids her stay?
> But now, my friend, you'll find out how I dine,
> if I preach maxims and, commending grits,
> am still a glutton who asks slaves for whey
> and make "cold vichyssoise" my undertone.
> For having promised, you will make your visit.

The Life Worth Living

Religious Humanism and the Victorian Novel: George Eliot, Walter Pater, and Samuel Butler, *by U. C. Knoepflmacher (Princeton. 315 pp. $6.50), concludes that the desperation the three authors revealed demonstrates how inadequate were their substitutions for faith. Morse Peckham teaches Victorian literature at the University of Pennsylvania. He is the author of "Beyond the Tragic Vision" and other books.*

By MORSE PECKHAM

ONE ADMIRABLE aspect of this book is that the author takes Walter Pater seriously. In recent years George Eliot has been studied extensively and solemnly, and more than enough has been done for Samuel Butler; but Pater has yet to return to favor. Not many people today have experienced his marvelous pleasures, and even fewer have recognized the extreme toughness of his mind. Professor U. C. Knoepflmacher has at least made a beginning, and in the right direction.

"All three began their careers by squarely rejecting the other-worldliness of the religion of their forefathers; all ended by affirming that faith alone could be a substitute for faith." So George Eliot arrived at an ethical evolutionism which was to be carried to its next stage by Zionism; Butler settled for an Evolutionary Personality who includes all human personalities, a Known God behind whom conceivably could b an Unknown God; Pater, it appears, concluded, with some melancholy, that only the sensory influence of medieval architecture and ritual could, for moderns, provide a permanence that would hold us together in the flux of experience. It is Professor Knoepflmacher's opinion that each of these solutions is inadequate —and so they are—and that his three authors consequently revealed various kinds of desperation. George Eliot ruined *Daniel Deronda*; Butler became a fussy and sentimental old bachelor, devoted to the trivial in people and in thought; and Pater distorted Plato and ascribed strange merits to Sparta. All this makes sense and is convincing—up to a point. Yet somehow the entire book seems awry.

As everyone knows, both in the academic world and outside of it, the scholarly criticism of literature has become almost unreadable. With the best will in the world, one has to force one's way through such writing, and this book, unhappily, is no exception. The material is intrinsically interesting; the scholarship on the whole is satisfactory, though neither striking nor mature; and the analyses are intelligent and, particularly for *Middlemarch*, at times illuminating. Yet one feels that there is a difficulty beyond that of the mode in which it is written.

Professor Knoepflmacher calls *Marius the Epicurean* Pater's "most ambitious formulation of a lifelong search for a religious creed." But this is a mistake. Pater's search was not for a religious creed but for *an attitude that would perform the function* of a religious creed. And this statement is just as true for Eliot and Butler. The problem for these writers and their generation was not to find a religious creed but to find something that would do the job of convincing one that life is worth the trouble it takes to live it and that man's resources are adequate to the demands life makes upon him. The real problem—which Pater saw more poignantly and toughly than the other two—was whether one can indeed hold unshakably a position that one has consciously adopted to fulfill an empirically discovered function of biological adaptation. If "faith alone can be a substitute for faith," can a consciously substitutive faith *be* a faith? How can a substitutive faith be protected from the skepticism which led one to adopt it? *This* was the real problem of George Eliot, Walter Pater, and Samuel Butler, and they were quite aware of it. Professor Knoepflmacher, I believe, is not. For him, Marius is a mere "blueprint," but for me, he is a character of superb fictional vitality.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1137

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1137 will be found in the next issue.

ARD EHGTM H WHK DHFXB GK

LAX WRQKGKE LR DHLIA AG-

WBXTZ FXXO RK CMGKE.

AXKQM AHBFGKB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1136

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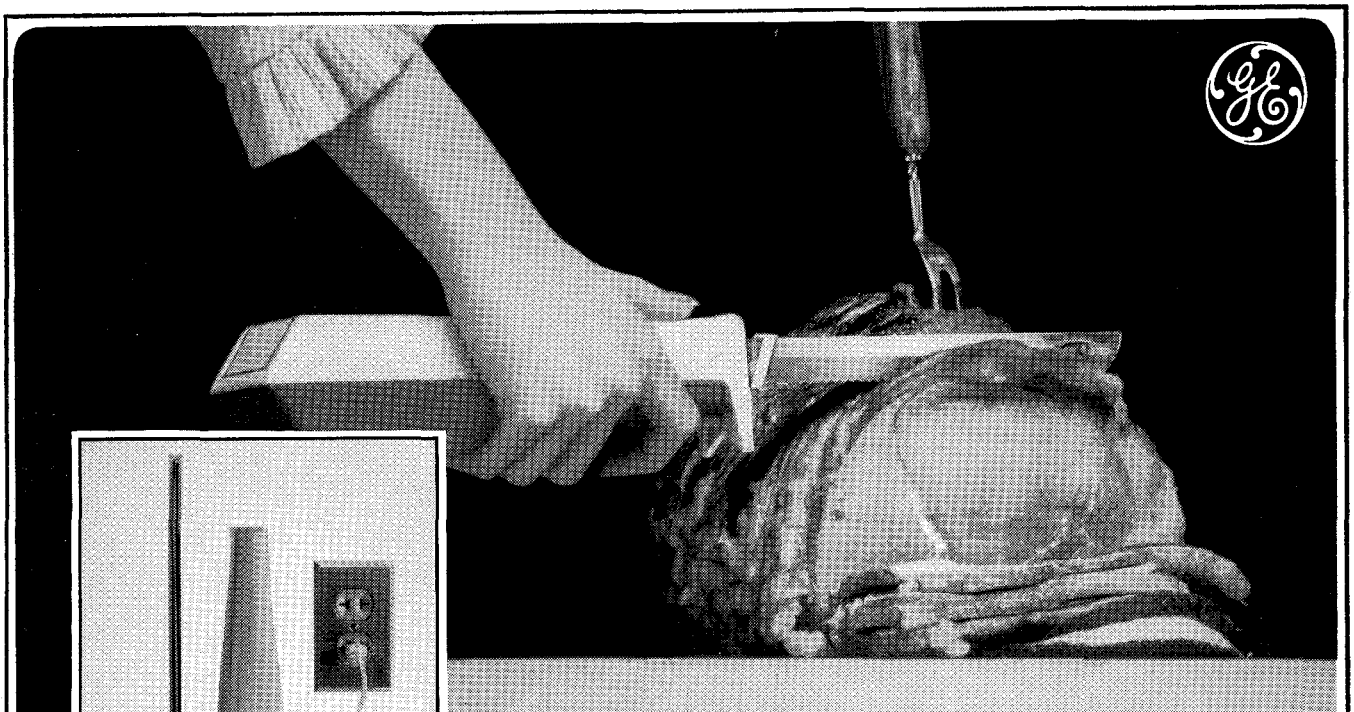

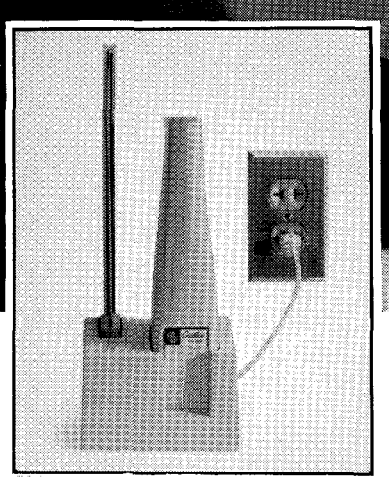

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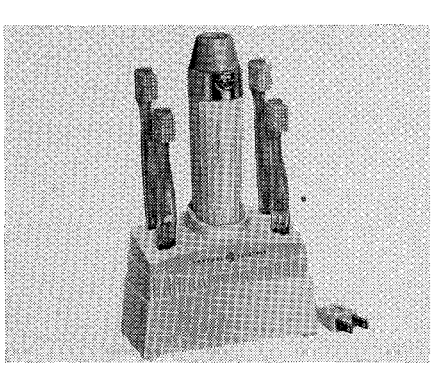

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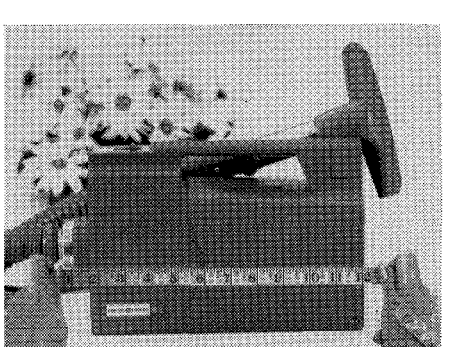

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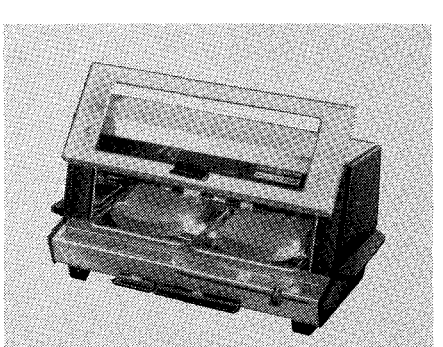

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GREAT MOMENTS AT CHICAGO

Frederick M. Thrasher died a year ago with no descendants. But the solitary scholar who left the masterpiece, THE GANG, had, in another sense, thousands of descendants. His work charted a new direction for sociology, focusing the study of man in society into a study of man in cities—in the great metropolises which have come to dominate, shape and menace our culture.

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The First to Speak for Freedom

The Struggle for Equality: Abolitionists and the Negro in the Civil War and Reconstruction, *by James M. McPherson (Princeton University Press. 474 pp. $10), and* ***The Antislavery Vanguard: New Essays on the Abolitionists,*** *edited by Martin Duberman (Princeton University Press. 508 pp. $10), examine the ends and means of the forerunners of today's civil rights workers. Harry Hansen's latest book is "The Civil War: A New One-Volume History."*

By HARRY HANSEN

FOR MOST Americans abolitionism, as a militant crusade to free the slave, ended with the Civil War. The slaves were free and the impassioned orators left the lecture circuit. The abolitionists had stirred up so much sectional fury that reputable historians often asserted that they had helped precipitate the war. Their leaders were variously regarded as fanatics, martyrs, self-righteous reformers, and gadflies who made a lot of trouble for President Lincoln.

One hundred years later came mass demonstrations for Negro voting rights, desegregated schools, free access to jobs, and other reforms that most Americans had taken for granted. Historians pointed out that these had been the goals of the abolitionists, whose plans for complete equality for the Negro went much farther than turning loose four million slaves. To pin down their aims and accomplishments James M. McPherson of Princeton University examined heaps of correspondence, minutes, and documents, and in *The Struggle for Equality* he has provided a unified chronicle of the intensely individual efforts that characterized the movement.

Mr. McPherson does not contend that the abolitionists were primarily responsible for the gains the Negro made, but he ascribes to them a continuing drive for the enactment of civil rights. Where the Republicans acted from military necessity or political expedience, the abolitionists were moved by moral idealism; in the author's opinion the abolitionists in many respects served "as the conscience of the radical Republicans."

This massing of evidence discloses not only the unflagging zeal with which the abolitionists fought, but also the wide diversity of views and methods among them. They were not all agreed on whether suffrage should be universal—without strings—or impartial, the latter term implying a literacy or other test. Wendell Phillips and Thomas Wentworth Higginson wanted confiscation and redistribution of Confederate land; Horace Greeley called this theft. Phillips, Theodore Tilton, and Moncure Conway loudly advocated intermarriage, which Mr. McPherson says was "then as now one of the most explosive aspects of the race question." Phillips and Tilton were dismayed by Lincoln's deliberate approach to emancipation, but William Lloyd Garrison considered the act a milestone of progress and was willing to go along with Lincoln's candidacy in 1864. Other abolitionists were reluctant to support Lincoln; they intrigued with John C. Frémont, and when he proved unsatisfactory went into a huddle with Horace Greeley to call a new convention to replace Lincoln. Before they could meet, Sherman took Atlanta and Lincoln's stock soared.

Mr. McPherson's aim is to show that the abolitionists did not stop their agitation in 1865 but continued to work with legislators for Negro equality throughout Reconstruction and until the Fifteenth Amendment was adopted in 1870. He gives a comprehensive account of the Freedmen's Bureau and the Port Royal farming enterprise, tells how the abolitionists worked to get just treatment for Negroes in uniform, and describes the extent of discrimination against Negroes in the North, which has a crucial bearing on the Southern situation. Like other revisionist historians, Mr. McPherson blames the failure to enforce civil rights in the South on Northern expedience: political and business interests had to "conciliate" Southern whites. But actually they wanted to get the economy going again. While Mr. McPherson says the goals of the abolitionists were enacted into law, he adds that "in greater part" the military and political exigencies of war and reconstruction were responsible for the freedom and equality of the Negro. The enforcement of those rights was left to the states; they failed, and a century later the federal government moved in to complete a task it was unable to perform in 1865.

Martin Duberman of the Princeton history faculty explains in *The Antislavery Vanguard* that he assembled these essays on the abolitionists in order

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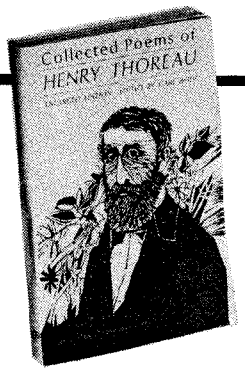

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to determine whether new attitudes toward them would make a revaluation "possible and necessary." He thought this might "encourage the recent tendency toward a more sympathetic appraisal," and bring out the nature of opposing views. But his contributors were already converted; there were no anti-abolitionists among the younger historians. The identity of goals of the original abolitionist movement with the aims of the Negro movement of today inspired a deeper examination of abolitionist influence on American history.

The bitter feelings stirred up by the abolitionists in the first half of the nineteenth century have no counterpart in today's attitude of the North, which is friendly to many Negro aims. It is quite plausible that the North of prewar days was jealous of its own economic position and feared it might be overrun by free Negro labor. Consequently writers who today examine the issues of the past do so in a climate quite different from that of the 1860s.

The newer historians are concerned primarily with removing the blame for the Civil War from the shoulders of the abolitionists. Their position is that the abolitionists did not want war, but worked to influence legislation. Howard Zinn of Cornell University has an ingenious way of making this point. He says war was not inevitable until the leading Southerners, who controlled state power, determined to create a separate nation, and the Republicans, who controlled the government, opposed them. He asserts further that while "agitators can heighten tensions, they cannot make war because they do not control the decision-making machinery." This is a debatable point. How much of the decision-making machinery did the men who made the Russian revolution control? In many historic cases it would be hard to determine exactly how much agitation contributed to direct action.

Mr. Zinn also says the abolitionists "gave Lincoln and the North a moral issue to sanctify and ennoble what was for many Republican leaders a struggle for national power and political control."

Not all the contributors to Mr. Duberman's symposium are ready to agree that Lincoln's role was solely practical. Fawn M. Brodie thinks the reputation of the abolitionists has suffered by "their being dexterously separated from Lincoln," and points to omissions in books by David Donald and T. Harry Williams to this end. He also chides Donald for applying psychiatry to his judgment of Charles Sumner and believes Donald cannot comprehend that many people could fight against slavery "with a passion that was not neurotic."

Irving H. Bartlett of Carnegie Institute of Technology does not have to apologize for Wendell Phillips in describing that leader's intensely religious motivation. The debate over slavery during the framing of the Constitution and the abolitionist attitude toward this instrument are discussed by Staughton Lynd of Yale. The role of individual psychology in the stages of commitment to a cause is the subject of a rewarding essay by Silvan S. Tompkins of City College. Benjamin Quarles, author of a biography of Frederick Douglass, contributes a new appreciation of this exceptional man. The changing positions of William Lloyd Garrison are touched on in several papers. Mr. Duberman preferred analysis to eulogy but the tone of the essays is largely respect and agreement.

Despite the friendly attitude of the revisionists toward the abolitionists, the historic fact remains that in their own time the latter were both hated and feared. In their nonviolent way they burned the Constitution and denounced allegiance so long as slavery persisted. Such acts incite more than they persuade and may well have led the North to consider the abolitionists dangerous to its security.

Refugees from Reconstruction: When Confederate Generals R. E. Lee and Joseph E. Johnston surrendered their armies in 1865, a number of trans-Mississippi irreconcilables turned to Mexico to make a new start. Under the hazardous protection of the Emperor Maximilian they accepted offers of colonization, brought down their families, and acquired acreage for raising cotton in the wilderness. Their disastrous experiences are described by Andrew F. Rolle of Occidental College in *The Lost Cause: The Confederate Exodus to Mexico* (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95), a circumstantial account that A. L. Rowse in his foreword finds especially suitable for the "uninstructed general reader."

To a number of Confederate army officers and politicians, Mexico meant new careers in farming, military service or civil office. They had no measure of the Juaristic ground-swell because they had always disregarded underdogs. To them Mexico was ready to be tamed, for obviously it was unruly, as Brigadier General "Jo" Shelby learned when he had to cut his way through an Indian-guerilla ambush. Individuals without military escort were at the mercy of the bandits.

More than 8,000 former Confederates settled in Carlota, Cordova, Orizaba, and several other towns, until the United States ordered General Sheridan to close the border and emigration stopped. The exiles, harassed by malaria and typhoid

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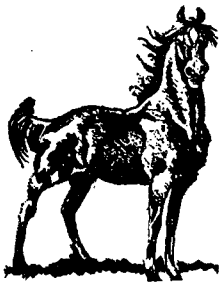

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no less than by encroaching partisans of Juárez, took comfort in the news that Reconstruction was far worse. Professor Rolle is not converted to the point of view that the radical Republicans were idealists; he says of Thaddeus Stevens, Zachariah Chandler, Charles Sumner, *et al.*: "The impetus of these men was hate and their goal to see to it that the South held as many black voters as possible and as few white ones."

There was to be no security for the Southerners in Mexico. By the end of 1866 the French troops were packing up; Maximilian retreated from Mexico City; the Juaristas murdered his supporters, and the imperialists shot Juaristas without trial. Shelby's colony at Tuxpan was attacked and burned by 2,000 guerillas and Indians. With the collapse of Maximilian's empire, the exiles headed for the ports.

Professor Rolle has added original research at the Huntington Library, the Missouri Historical Society, and other Southern sources to previously published accounts of the Mexican adventure. His book suggests that a tremendous tragedy lies behind this factual chronicle of the exodus below the border. —H.H.

They Rode the Real Wild West

From the Pecos to the Powder: A Cowboy's Autobiography, *as told to Ramon F. Adams by Bob Kennon (Oklahoma University Press. 251 pp. $5.95), and* ***Log of a Twentieth Century Cowboy,*** *by Daniel G. Moore (Arizona University Press. 217 pp. $6), reminisce about the old days when the West was untamed. Benjamin Capps wrote "Sam Chance."*

By BENJAMIN CAPPS

TWO FACTORS clutter the memories of the pioneer Westerner. He may have read too much bad Western fiction, seen too many shoot-'em-ups, and this nonsense may be mixed into his remembering so that even though he does not lie, he cannot tell the truth he really knew. Or he may have become a kind of professional old-timer, who has visited too many museums and has been interviewed too many times, so that what he has to say is about old things rather than about those same things long ago when they were new and young.

From the Pecos to the Powder is the story of a man, born in Texas in 1876, who was a *vaquero* in west Texas and Old Mexico and went up the trail to Montana in 1896. He was a cow-puncher all over that state during the days of the open range, later worked as a stock inspector, forest ranger, and deputy sheriff.

"Those were the days!" he tells us. He knew or had some contact with several people who became famous, the artist Charles Russell, Kid Curry, the Ketchums, the Marquis de Mores. What comes through in the book is an old man remembering with nostalgia. We believe that he did live an interesting life and that those days are gone forever. The result is a well-edited book of interest only to a limited readership.

The life told in *Log of a Twentieth Century Cowboy* would seem at first less likely to show us the real cowboy, for Dan Moore did not start to work as a cowhand until 1915, but because he did much of his work in Arizona, where modern ways were slow in coming, he experienced many years of working cattle in the old ways. Moore hired on as a cowhand in New Mexico, and his wandering spirit carried him to Texas, South Dakota, Montana, Arizona, where he did some mining, haying, and trapping, but mostly handled cattle. His story is full of the know-how, the attitude, the lingo of the true old-time cowboy and of the lonely, rugged country where he worked.

Among his tales is that of a red-whiskered cowhand named Demus, who loved fun and whisky and had the habit of saying, "Every son-of-a-bitch has his troubles." He had a worse habit of driving along the primitive roads of those days in an automobile after or during a drinking spree. On one trip he wrecked his Model-T seven times, the last time for good, and walked off and left her, "a gallant monument to a great car builder. . . . Lord rest her rusty old soul."

Moore tells us about a number of rough-string horses he encountered, critters with names like Tomatoes and Sailor and Doney, each of whom had a personality of his own and plenty of knowledge about how to get a man off his back.

The title is designed to invite comparison with the classic *Log of a Cowboy,* by Andy Adams, and Dan Moore's autobiography is one of the few that will stand the comparison. It's the real McCoy. One is reminded also of the writing of Charley Siringo and "Teddy Blue" Abbot. Moore is a direct descendant, a rare man who got his bowlegs the hard way and is a natural-born writer.

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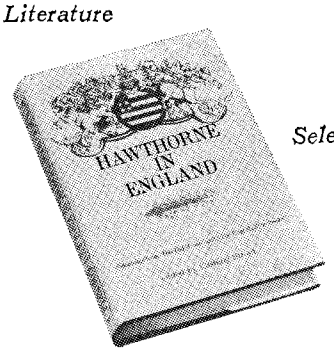

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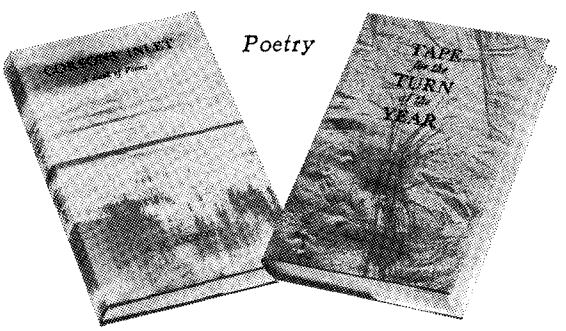

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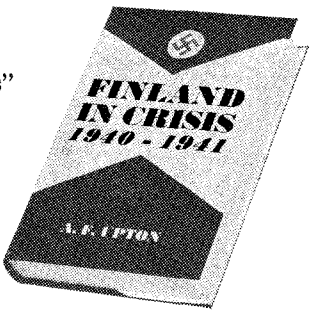

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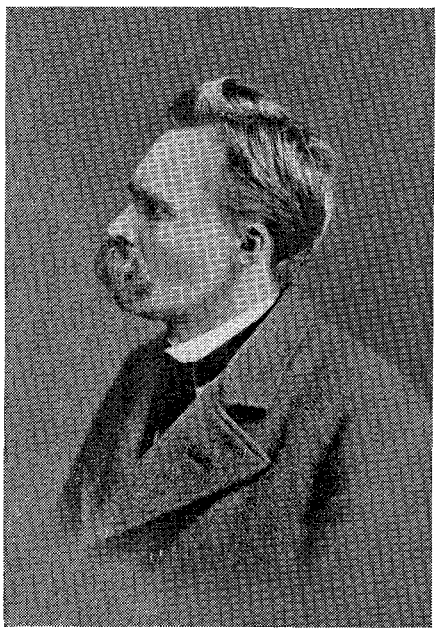
A Superfluity of Uncertainty

Nietzsche: An Introduction to the Understanding of His Philosophical Activity, *by Karl Jaspers, translated from the German by Charles F. Wallraff and Frederick J. Schmitz (University of Arizona Press. xiv, 490 pp. $12), attempts to dissociate the philosopher from all positions, all conclusions, all views that have been attributed to him. Walter Kaufmann, whose "Hegel: Reinterpretation, Texts, and Commentary" is published this week by Doubleday, is professor of philosophy at Princeton.*

By WALTER KAUFMANN



—*Bettmann Archive.*

Nietzsche—"his thought opens a hundred doors."

FEW PHILOSOPHERS have had as much influence as Nietzsche. The study of his thought opens a hundred doors to a better understanding of twentieth-century literature and psychology, historical and political thought, and of course philosophy. During the past seventy-five years Nietzsche's name has been associated with many different movements. At one time people linked Nietzsche with social Darwinism; later with Spengler, who said he owed "everything" to Goethe and to Nietzsche; then with Freud, who said that Nietzsche "had a more penetrating knowledge of himself than any other man who ever lived or was ever likely to live." Later one associated him with the Nazis—but also with Malraux and Gide, Thomas Mann and Rilke—and today with Existentialism.

The first so-called Existentialist to publish a book about Nietzsche was Karl Jaspers, in 1936. He was then a professor of philosophy at Heidelberg, with a Jewish wife, and Hitler had been in power three years. Alfred Bäumler, a philosophical nonentity, had been given a chair of philosophy at the University of Berlin and was misrepresenting Nietzsche as a forerunner of Nazism.

Jaspers never accepted this nonsense: he had no doubt that Nietzsche was a forerunner of his own *Existenzphilosophie*. We should not relegate these two misinterpretations to the same plane. It is not just that Jaspers has greater stature than almost anybody else who has written on Nietzsche, not to speak of the pathetic Nazi hacks: the Nazi version was dishonest through and through, while Jaspers's book was eye-opening.

Much later, Heidegger, the other leading German "Existentialist" (neither he nor Jaspers likes this label), published a two-volume *Nietzsche*, not yet translated; but that, too, lacks the importance of Jaspers's book. Both assign roles to Nietzsche that he would have found deeply uncongenial, but Jaspers's misunderstanding is fruitful in a way in which Heidegger's is not.

The central aim of Jaspers's *Nietzsche* is to dissociate Nietzsche from all positions, all conclusions, all views that have been attributed to him. We are told at the outset that we must never rest content with any statement we find in Nietzsche's writings until we have "*also* found the contradiction." On any given topic Jaspers collects a number of quotations in this spirit, with the avowed aim of showing us the inadequacy of all finished positions. Jaspers's goal transcends Nietzsche: he wants to disturb the reader, dislodge him from *his* positions, and recall him to authenticity and freedom. We are to be awakened to choose here and now how to live, and what to make of ourselves. Nietzsche is thus used as a means in an appeal to the reader to change his life.

What does this mean for the interpretation of Nietzsche? Jaspers's method is philologically untenable. He disregards the distinctions between what is

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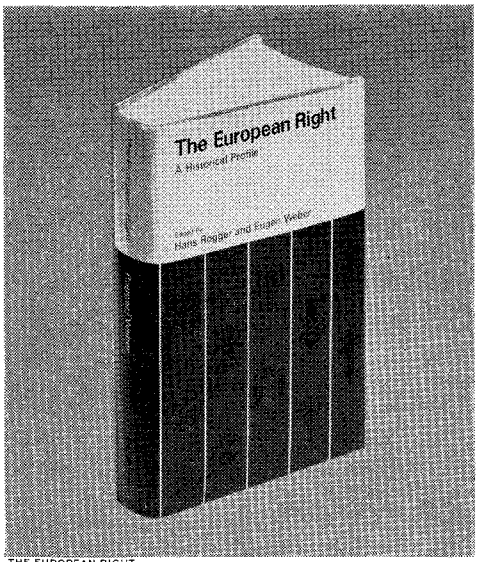

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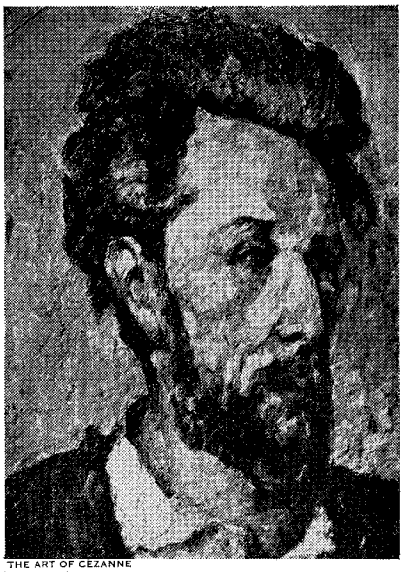
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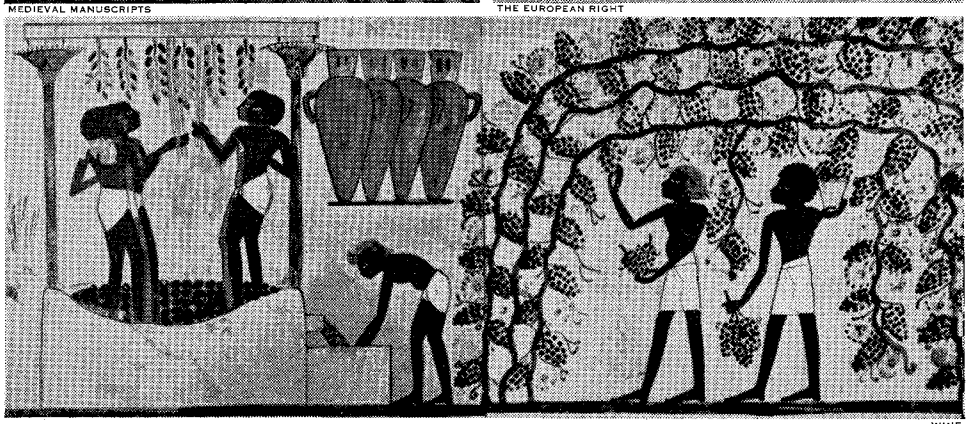
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early and late, what Nietzsche himself published and ephemeral notes published posthumously, and he ignores the context of the sentences he quotes. He has assembled striking quotations on file cards, arranged them topically, and then presents them to show at every turn that Nietzsche's thought cannot be nailed down as simply as most people suppose.

But such an approach can never establish that a writer constantly contradicted himself. And it makes a mockery of the subtitle of Jaspers's study: "An Introduction to the Understanding of His Philosophizing."

IN 1936 Jaspers's book represented a milestone: henceforth it was no longer excusable to be unaware of the range of Nietzsche's thought and writings. But his book also represented an invitation to later scholars to show how Nietzsche had really philosophized, by giving due attention to his intellectual development and by considering his ideas in context. After all, Nietzsche was not as inconclusive as Jaspers makes him out: he did come to many striking conclusions.

The translation of Jaspers's book seems commendably accurate and readable. The references for the abundant Nietzsche quotations, however, have been omitted—"partly for the sake of attractive typography, . . . but above all because no one who needs a translation could possibly make any use of these references." This leaves the reader *no* way of telling what is early and what is late, what is from a book and what from a mere jotting. The original references would help students and scholars who have some German, but who find it easier to read Jaspers in translation. A university press, publishing a 500-page book at $12, ought to be more mindful of the needs of students.

The appendices, too, are translated scrupulously, complete with the wrong dates of publication Jaspers gave for some of Nietzsche's works, and with the bibliography of 1936. On the dustjacket, finally, I am quoted as having said of this book, in *From Shakespeare to Existentialism* ("*From*" has been omitted), that "reading it is a profound experience." I did, and it is; but the quotation (in the Anchor Books edition) comes near the end of a highly critical discussion of "Jaspers's Relation to Nietzsche." Jaspers's book resembles much Existentialist literature in being profoundly disturbing—but unsound.

His Wit Against the Wicked

The Colloquies of Erasmus, *translated by Craig R. Thompson (University of Chicago Press. 662 pp. $15), offers the first complete English version in more than 200 years of one of the most influential works by the Renaissance humanist. John A. Hardon, S.J., is a member of the Department of Philosophy and Religion at Western Michigan University.*

By JOHN A. HARDON

ERASMUS of Rotterdam summarized an era. He died in 1536, the year Calvin published his *Institutes,* and managed in less than seventy years to revolutionize the humanities and biblical studies in the Western world. His friendship with Luther made him suspect in Catholic circles, and his loyalty to Thomas More cost him the support of the early Reformers. To his dying day he professed his obedience to Rome; yet biographers call him the "first Protestant," whose denunciation of abuses in the Church paved the way for the Reformation.

The *Colloquies* reveal Erasmus as a humanist whose mastery of Latin was such that popes and bishops begged him to write in their favor, though his criticism was so merciless that perhaps nothing in Christian literature compares with his satire of prelacy and of wickedness in high places.

Craig Thompson's is the first complete English translation since 1725 of the *Colloquia familiaria.* It is also the first critical version, based on the earliest editions of the sixteenth century. The translation is nearly Erasmian in smoothness and has nothing of the stiffness we normally associate with versions from the Latin. An introduction places each Colloquy in historical context, explains its guiding theme, and supplies a wealth of collateral material for study and further research.

Only a lifetime student of Erasmus could have so wisely edited the *Colloquies* without using him as a whipping post for decadent medieval Catholicism. Thompson recognizes that Erasmus attacked what deserved attack, even when he exceeded the canons of our theological gentility.

Besides the *Colloquies,* he includes Erasmus's defense of their publication, which ranks among the first apologias for

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freedom of the press in modern times. "To such an extent," he complained, "does Slander, with its train of Furies, rage nowadays against everyone and everything throughout the entire world, that it is not safe to publish any book except under armed guard." Erasmus then takes up in sequence the most criticized *Colloquia* and shows, in a sentence or two, how they were written to assist religion and not drag it down, in spite of their scathing criticism of religionists.

IN *The Girl with No Interest in Marriage* he claims to denounce those who, "against the opposition of parents, lure boys and girls into a monastery, playing upon their innocence or superstition." In *The Soldier and the Carthusian*, he says, "I depict at one stroke both the folly of young fellows who run off to war and the life of a holy Carthusian: a life inevitably gloomy and dismal unless accompanied by devotion to studies." In *The Funeral*, he describes the absurd disputes that take place around a man's deathbed among the parish priest and members of different religious orders as to who has the right to hear his confession and dispose of his will.

The longest and most controversial Colloquy, *A Fish Diet*, pictures a butcher objecting and a fishmonger vaguely defending the Church's laws and practices, which Erasmus felt were often followed blindly and with detriment to true religion. These human ordinances, he believed, "some people, straying far from right reason, reject out of hand. Some put them almost above divine commandments. Others, again, abuse both divine and human ordinances for gain and arbitrary power. And so I try to persuade each group to moderation, asking where the human ordinances came from and by what degree they have reached their present position; whom they bind and to what extent; what good they do; how much they differ from divine ones; noting, in passing, the ridiculous human judgments the world has long been filled with! noting also what has caused all this present uproar everywhere."

Erasmus was a born straddler. For years it was his pen, more than any other, that damaged the prestige of bishops and monks in the eyes of believers. It would have been a startling triumph for the new movement if it could have enrolled his name among its followers. But Erasmus tried to compromise, and in the end pleased no one. "There are faults on both sides," he would say, "not always is the truth to be put forth." And, more frankly, "I prefer to be a spectator of affairs rather than an actor therein. It is not everyone who has the courage of martyrdom."

The *Colloquies* were originally published (without Erasmus's knowledge) in November 1518; and by 1546, when Luther died they had become a standard Latin textbook in most of the schools in Europe. But they never commit their author to a definite position. His statements are qualified by "perhaps," "it seems," "no doubt," "at present"—protective reservations that irritated those to whom the propositions controverted were either right or wrong.

Erasmus has many lessons to teach the modern reader, not least the importance of Christian virtue in those who would lead others in the Christian faith. I am less certain that the Erasmian spirit of *via media* is the answer to a divided Christendom, as Thompson suggests. There is a concord that comes only from a deep conviction and openness before God.

Begin in Wonder

Heidegger, Being, and Truth, *by Laszlo Versényi (Yale University Press 201 pp. $5), questions whether the "ultimate mysticism" expressed in the philosopher's latest pronouncements are really philosophy at all. George W. Linden is chairman of philosophy at Southern Illinois University, Edwardsville.*

By GEORGE W. LINDEN

ANYONE who throws himself into Heidegger's syntax, let alone his thoughts, should be commended for courage, or at least endurance. Laszlo Versényi deserves praise: he has engaged his whole being in this study. The result is a work that may not appeal to the general public but will be of great value to those who are seriously concerned with Heidegger's writings. Professor Versényi's purpose is to analyze and evaluate Heidegger's pronouncements on Truth. The analysis is brilliant and the evaluation is, for the most part, judicious. This book may well become a prolegomena to any future study of Heidegger.

Versényi traces Heidegger's assertions on Truth from their humanistic beginning to their nonhumanistic end. This transition exhibits three phases. Heidegger first distinguishes men and things: things are *in* the world; man *inhabits* the world. Furthermore man is the being who questions Being, and in so doing he is the questioner who is put in question. Truth in this phase is relative to man. With the advent of Being, man is fated to have Truth revealed through him; Being entrusts itself to man, and man becomes the shepherd of Being. His essence is care. In the second phase man is human only

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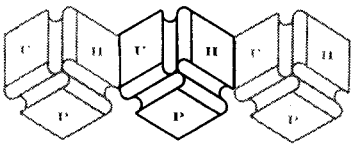

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in so far as he hears "the good news" of Being. He becomes a *chosen* being, for freedom chooses him to be the apostle of Being. In the final stage man, born too late for the gods and too early for Being, waits for an unknown Truth that may never reveal itself. The progression is from man the measure to man the mirror of Being (Truth). Philosophy, which according to Aristotle began in wonder, now consists in waiting for it.

While carefully developing the unity of Heidegger's thought, and showing that the beginning postulates and final pronouncements are not flat contradictions but complementary differences, Versényi demonstrates Heidegger's clear debts to Plato, Kant, and Hegel. Heidegger's intent in searching for Truth was to overcome humanism. This he has done. But he has arrived at a radical intuitionism. Thus he has not only left man behind, he has deserted reason and philosophy itself. Versényi rightly questions whether such ultimate mysticism is philosophy at all. He argues cogently that philosophy's task is more humble: to work out man's being-in-the-world, not to wait for ineffable revelation. Philosophy's proper place is in the mud of the world, not in some transcendent emptiness. Heidegger's wish to escape the human condition, to create a philosophy without horizon, is a thoroughly human wish; but it has literally taken him out of this world. It is therefore thoroughly tragic.

SOME of Versényi's minor arguments are not convincing. For example, he criticizes Heidegger for his failure to develop an ethical theory in *Being and Time*. Such a theory could be constructed only if Heidegger were advising determinate man to accept his given possibilities as his destiny. That he does not do this is not particularly significant; it was not his purpose. And it seems strange even for an Existentialist to condemn a man for what he does not say.

The author's further argument that the ethical failure of *Being and Time* was due to the anticipation of later writings is not persuasive. If Heidegger's "conversion to Being" is truly described, then it is difficult to understand how he could have *planned* to be converted.

In his later writings Heidegger himself seems to have taken the Fall, becoming inhuman, uncommitted, uninvolved—a mere spectator. How could he have gotten so unutterably lost? The reason, Versényi argues, is simple: Heidegger was bewitched by his own metaphors. Goethe has Faust say: "In the end, we are dependent on the creatures we have made."

Heidegger is more than dependent. He is possessed. Versényi is right.

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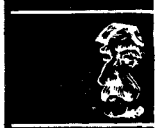

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The University of Tennessee Press/Knoxville

Kentucky

Continued from page 59

did not get away even once to the autumn race meeting at Keeneland. In this horse-minded locality a racing fan like himself would have to be driven to a near breakdown from overwork to miss that pleasant gathering of quiet-spoken friends and neighbors who probably like to take a dollar or two away from Keeneland's pari-mutuel windows but look content just to be there, enjoying one another's company and that of the horses.

But if the Press, with Mr. Denbo and his staff of a dozen full- and part-time employees, is working long and hard, it reflects the pace of what is going on in the University of Kentucky as a whole. Nothing less than the reshaping of a university is taking place here. To be sure, this had begun before the arrival in 1963 of a new president, John W. Oswald, direct from seven years as vice president for administration at the University of California. But the local consensus is that the forty-seven-year-old Dr. Oswald took over with a zest not shown by any U.K. president within living memory. In his own field of scholarship, plant pathology, he is a recognized authority. His role here is that of a fiery innovator, a bold administrator.

He envisions a U.K. which, by 1975, will have about twice as many on-campus students as the present 10,000. Of those 20,000, he estimates that 20 per cent will be graduate students, as against the present 7 per cent, and 42 per cent will be upperclassmen, as against the present 23 per cent. His emphasis accordingly is on an impressive plan for the university's physical enlargement, to be accompanied by an academic program to fulfill it. A higher level of scholarship, a more intensive program of research, a new approach to promotion within departments, a faculty wage scale that will retain valued teachers and bring in new ones—these are major aspects of the Oswald campaign.

To your field agent, absenting himself awhile from the felicity of Keeneland and Spindletop Hall, Dr. Oswald sitting in his office in Old Main said that in general he had found "a tremendous receptivity to the idea of the change from a school of regional interest to one of national interest." That change is only now under way, but it is clear that he sees U.K. belonging with and competing with eleven state universities in eight states in the region surrounding Kentucky—Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Virginia, and the like. U.K.'s faculty wage scale, he noted with some satisfaction, now ranks fifth among those eleven. His notion of the good teacher is one who both communicates in his classroom and keeps up in his field, wherefore—

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SATURDAY REVIEW
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another Oswald touch—U.K. has established summer teaching grants giving a teacher time and freedom to bring his courses up to date.

The relationship between the Oswald program and the U.K. Press is obvious: more research, both local and from afield, means more good books. There are said to be Kentuckians who feel that Dr. Oswald is pushing his program too fast, but rather more seem to believe that an innovator like himself must score his points early in his régime, like any other leader in public life, from a state university campus all the way to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

So, ladies and gentlemen of the forthcoming convention, this is a little something about the delightful place where you even now are gathered. By this time, I trust, you will have come upon Helen Deiss Irvin's *Hail Kentucky!*, a pictorial history of U.K. which by absolutely no coincidence is the 100th publication of the U.K. Press in U.K.'s centennial year.

I don't pretend to understand quite all the details about U.K.'s origins—how it was first Agricultural and Mechanical College, and then was associated with Transylvania College, which is now located on the other side of town, and then was State College before it became the University of Kentucky in 1908, and so on. Let us leave that to the antiquarians, and learn in Miss Irvin's lively, graphic pages that U.K.'s first alumna was graduated in 1888, that a future president of Vassar, Miss Sarah G. Blanding, captained U.K.'s girls' basketball team, which was coached by Albert B. ("Happy") Chandler but nevertheless won some games, that in 1949 U.K. quietly undertook its own educational integration program when thirty Negroes were registered "without incident" and without a federal marshal in sight.

And, yes, there was a graduate, class of 1924, one John T. Scopes, who figured the next year in a trial over in Dayton, Tenn., along with some people named Bryan, W. J., and Darrow, Clarence. Does Mr. Scopes, your field agent asked, ever come back for a class reunion or for any reason at all?

"No," said a member of the faculty, "he must be tired of answering the same old questions."

Well, it really is time now to take off from this lotus-land of benign Bourbon, gracious company, and horses that are handsome even if they don't all win. It's going to be tough, all right, to get back to a city where a request for a mint julep would send a bartender into a rage, the cops chase kids off the grass, and Big A is a mass of $2 bettors screaming insults at a losing jockey. Bluegrass, I love you, and that is that. —John K. Hutchens.

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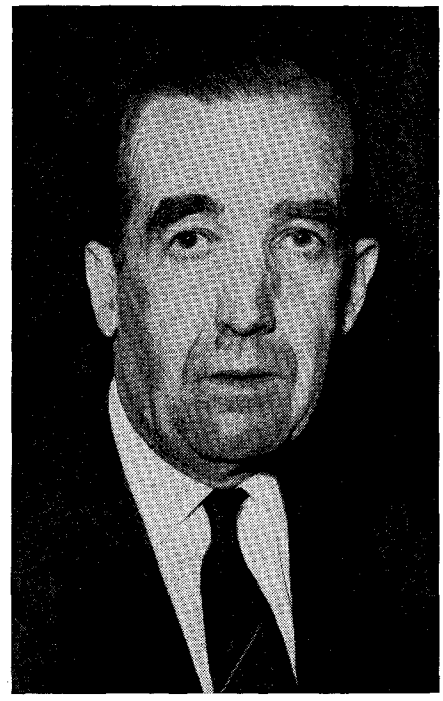
Murrow's Lost Fight

FRIDAY EVENING of the week Edward R. Murrow died, CBS Television presented a special one-hour program of excerpts from his radio and TV broadcasts. It was odd, and perhaps not without some significance, that *An Hour with Ed Murrow* was preceded by a cancelation announcement for a program called *The Great Adventure* and followed by a next-week-we-will-present announcement for a regularly scheduled entertainment show. Mr. Murrow's passing symbolized the end of a great adventure in broadcasting. His colleagues, who put together their deeply felt obituaries of Murrow at CBS radio and television, knew it. Newsmen at rival networks and local stations who paid their tributes were aware of it, too. Actually, however, the broadcasting idealism that Murrow represented died many years ago, even before he left CBS to become director of the U.S. Information Agency. But as long as he was alive, the illusion, if not the substance, survived. It was not Murrow alone the newsmen saluted, but their own hopes, their own past. Most of them were his contemporaries; they were in Europe at the birth of broadcast journalism, shortly before and during World War II. Their professional baptism coincided with the war's high drama.

Amid the V-2 rockets in London, aboard a bomber over Berlin, with the parachute drop at Antwerp, Murrow and his fellow reporters were on the same ideological and emotional wavelength as their audience. It was a time of unity and expectation of a better world after the victory. The broadcasters came home, after the peace, determined to maintain and extend the wartime level of aspiration and performance they had created. In London, shortly before the war's end, Murrow knew he would be returning to the States to become a program executive at CBS in news and public affairs. There was a general hope among newsmen that radio, which had help defeat external enemies, would now be useful in fighting subtler battles against injustice and ignorance. In September 1946, Murrow established the first CBS Documentary Unit, "devoted exclusively to the production of programs dealing with major and international issues and involving extraordinary research and preparation." But after a few years the climate of idealism dissolved. The industry returned full-stride to its market orientation.



Edward R. Murrow—Itching pills instead of tranquilizers.

Murrow left his administrative post and took up his work as a reporter, presumably because he felt more comfortable in that role. There is evidence to suggest that he had already seen the true outlines of the opposing forces in broadcasting. Television enhanced his prestige greatly; he was the prototype of the photogenic reporter on camera. Teamed productively with Fred W. Friendly, he was always imaginative and responsible, but his thrusts into areas of political, social, and economic significance grew weaker. Occasionally the old Murrow bite was hard, as in his attack on Senator McCarthy; in *Harvest of Shame*, a program about migrant farm laborers; and in some of the *CBS Reports* programs dealing with the integration struggle in the South. But shows like *Person to Person* and *Small World*, however popular or engaging, hardly represented Murrow's real conception of the role of broadcast journalism. In 1958 he stated his fears about the trend in American broadcasting in a speech to the Radio and Television News Directors' Association.

In that speech, three years before Newton Minow's "vast wasteland" comments, Murrow found evidence, in one week's programing of the three networks, of "decadence, escapism, and insulation from the realities of the world we live in." He challenged television to "produce some itching pills rather than this endless outpouring of tranquilizers." He believed strongly in the potential of commercial television, and he called upon big business and big television to "exalt the importance of ideas and information."

"The trouble with television," Murrow told his fellow broadcasters, "is that it is rusting in the scabbard during a battle for survival." It was really his final, most deeply felt word on broadcasting. *An Hour with Ed Murrow* failed to mention that 1958 speech. The sword was still in the scabbard.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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1.	Unwanted plant	Iconoclastic Irish dramatist
2.	Cry of a wild bird	English philosopher and economist
3.	Spur	Nonsense poet
4.	Wagers	Epigrammatic English poet
5.	Edge	Elegist of Stoke Poges
6.	Cattle	German philosopher and socialist
7.	Small rugs	French novelist and poet
8.	Clever, amusing talkers	Early English monk and historian
9.	Upright piece of timber	American clergy man and author
10.	Causeway	English essayist

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Air Pollution

Continued from page 34

after former HEW Secretary Abraham Ribicoff threatened to ask for a federal law requiring installation of blowbys on all new cars sold in the U.S. did the automobile industry "voluntarily" install these devices. Earlier, representatives of the Automobile Manufacturers Association had marched into the office of New York City's Department of Air Pollution Control to denounce a proposal for a state law requiring blowbys.

In June 1964, with approval of four "afterburner" devices for installation on new automobiles, the California Motor Vehicle Pollution Control Board achieved the greatest breakthrough in automobile smog control. Attached to the tailpipe, these devices complete the combustion of unburned exhaust gases, the major source of automobile pollution. In conjunction with a blowby, an approved afterburner would ideally eliminate most of an automobile's hydrocarbon and carbon monoxide emissions. With these devices scheduled for compulsory installation on 1966 model cars, the automobile manufacturers suddenly decided last August that they could beat their previously announced deadline of 1967 models for pollution-abating engine modifications, and promised them a year earlier. These modifications would appear on 1966 models sold in California, said the automobile manufacturers. The MVPCB has already approved Chrysler's Cleaner Air Package, and the air-injection systems of Ford, General Motors, and American Motors are undergoing tests.

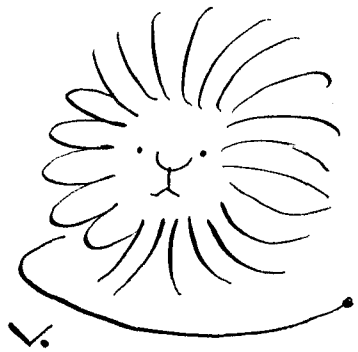
BUT the automobile manufacturers remain opposed to federal legislation requiring these engine modifications on all new U.S. cars. Just last month they repeated their opposition, and they have set 1968 models as the earliest feasible. They have even threatened court action against states other than California that enact laws requiring the pollution-abating modifications, a curious action for people who not long ago were defending states' rights and local prerogatives in pollution control.

And while arguing against the excessive expense of pollution control placed on the motorist (estimated from $13 to $75 in initial purchase, plus $1 to $35 for annual maintenance), the manufacturers have bloated the cost of American automobiles with such a surfeit of useless gadgetry, chrome decoration, and needless power that anyone who buys an automobile as a mode of transportation rather than an expression of megalomania must purchase a foreign car. And in so doing, one aids in the fight against smog. One of Detroit's 400-horsepower monsters crawling along in city traffic emits half again as many pollutants as a small car.

Though Senator Muskie's bill to require engine modifications should be enacted, it must not be considered a solution to automobile smog. Adequate maintenance, inspection, and enforcement will be extremely difficult. The growth in automobiles in many fast-growing metropolises is much higher than the 4 per cent over-all national growth rate, and the spreading traffic jams pose an air-pollution threat totally beyond solution by any currently proposed methods. New automobiles constitute about 10 per cent of the total, and since used cars may never be controlled, automobile-caused pollution will rise in many areas even if the exhaust-control engine modifications are required nationally. Some chemists, moreover, believe that the threat posed by nitrogen dioxide, for which neither standards nor control methods have evolved, is greater than the hazard posed by hydrocarbons and carbon monoxide.

Efforts to minimize the stop-and-go driving of automobiles jamming city streets and highways promise much greater reductions of automobile smog than pollution-abating engine modifications. In addition to squandering millions of man-hours and increasing traffic accidents, rush-hour traffic jams multiply automobile pollutants fantastically. In normal Los Angeles city driving, an automobile emits four times the hydrocarbon pollutants emitted by the same automobile cruising an equal distance at 40 miles per hour. (Carbon monoxide emissions increase in a similar way, and idling multiplies the release of cancer-producing benzpyrene about twenty times.) Thus, if we could lure just half the commuting motorists into public transportation, and by so doing double their average speed, we could reduce pollutants from this source to about one-sixth present levels.

Because of its potential benefits in reducing air pollution, mass transit should be favored over urban freeway programs, which are financed by enormous public subsidies and not, as highway propagandists assure us, by their major beneficiaries, the commuting motorists. If Los Angeles had a rapid-transit commuter-rail system comparable to Philadelphia's, it would easily reach its currently hopeless goal of restoring 1940 air quality. But during the 1920s the city foolishly abandoned its commuter railroads, embraced the cult of the automobile, and became a warning to areas that allow their commuter-rail service to die for lack of public subsidies that are trivial compared with the public cost of a comparable highway expansion. San Francisco's seventy-five-mile rapid-transit system, to be completed sometime in the early 1970s, will be the nation's finest. Rush-hour drivers who now spend forty-three anguished minutes crawling along in bumper-to-bumper traffic through San Francisco and Oakland can then speed through a trans-bay subway tunnel in eight minutes. And the rapid-transit system will keep hundreds of tons of pollutants out of San Francisco's air every day.



When Congress yielded to the highway lobby and voted down authorization for construction of a rapid-transit system for Washington, D.C., it cast a vote for more smog in the already troubled capital. Since the capital has the densest automobile population in the nation, and a growth rate greater than that of any other major U.S. metropolis, its already serious automobile smog will get worse.

An important factor in other aspects of city planning, air pollution weighs against the growing trend toward air-rights buildings erected over expressways. New York City's control officials have recorded high pollutant levels in the air over the heavily traveled George Washington Bridge Expressway, which is bridged by four apartment towers. The counts for nitrogen dioxide and hydrocarbons inside a dwelling unit were much higher than those recorded on a congested midtown street. Air-rights buildings are an excellent method of recouping property tax losses resulting from demolition of tax-paying properties to make way for a freeway. But to the building's occupants they pose an additional health hazard that should not be overlooked.

Though much more has been accomplished in the control of industrial pollution than in automobile pollution, both technologically and politically the attack on this source needs sharpening. Control of industrial smog ranges from the nearly sublime, in Los Angeles, to the ridiculous. Some 10,500 industrial control devices, costing more than $100,000,000, keep a daily total of 5,000 tons of pollutants from entering Los Angeles's atmosphere. Since industry is responsible only for 1,000 tons per day, this is a control efficiency of about 80 per cent. But in some areas, where apathy reigns or industry bullies local officials with threats

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to relocate "where local officials are more understanding," there is no control at all.

In bi-state metropolitan areas inhabited by 40,000,000 Americans, residents of an innocent state may have to pay for their neighbors' sins. For despite the assertions of the NAM and farm-state Congressmen that smog control is a state and local problem, air masses conveying pollutants refuse to recognize political boundaries. Prevailing winds blow contaminants from New Jersey's oil refineries, smoke-belching factories, and smoldering meadowland dumps over New York City without a thought for the proprieties of states' rights. Yet despite the obvious need, there is no U.S. interstate control agency with enforcement power. In air pollution control, as in so many other areas, states' rights have generally meant the right to do nothing. Until reapportionment brings democracy to our state governments and retires hordes of rural legislators kept in office by the rotten-borough system, states' rights will remain divorced from states' responsibilities.

Economic incentives are potentially effective and eminently fair, but they remain generally unexploited methods of controlling air pollution. Fines are generally too low, or too seldom imposed, to goad offenders into cleaning up. Just as they coddle slum landlords brought to court for housing-code violations, some New York City judges coddle air polluters. The $100-a-day fine established by the federal Clean Air Act for polluters who fail to file required reports could be a cheap cost of doing business for big polluters. Since the cost of control equipment averages about 25 per cent of the cost of production equipment, a big industry might find it much cheaper to pay $100 a day forever than to invest in control equipment.

The guiding principle of a one-man anti-pollution crusade is imposition of a tax on polluters for use of the public air supply as an atmospheric sewer, just as one pays for use of a municipal sewer line. W. L. Guthrie, an Eastern Airlines pilot from Miami, has actually induced the town of Palm Beach Shores, Florida, to enact such an ordinance. Though the practical obstacles to enforcement by a small local government are all but insurmountable, Mr. Guthrie views the Palm Beach Shores ordinance as the first step in a long journey toward a federal law and creation of a multi-billion-dollar industry.

Under Mr. Guthrie's plan the air would be declared a national property under custody of the Interior Department. In addition to the inherent equity of making the polluters pay for pollution enforcement and research, the federal tonnage tax would goad them into cleaning up. PHS officials object to the philosophy of the government's permitting atmospheric poisoning. From a practical viewpoint, however, this objection carries little weight. Since the release of all contaminants can't be absolutely banned without abandonment of our industrial civilization, the issue reduces to a choice between fining offenders for pollutant emissions above a permissible level or taxing them for discharging these pollutants. A tax of, say, $25 a ton for exhausting sulphur dioxide or dust could work wonders toward eliminating the present economic advantage enjoyed by polluters over their more public-spirited (or law-abiding) competitors who invest in control devices.

What is lacking, of course, is neither technological means nor financial resources, but the will to clean up the air. Control efforts to date have been pitifully puny: in the decade ending in 1963 the federal government spent more money subsidizing commercial helicopter flights than it spent on air pollution research and monitoring. Our toleration of air pollution manifests a deranged view of life in which private values run wild over public values. As technology expands our capacity for spoiling our environment, the need to abandon our frontier outlook expands proportionately. If we can't outgrow this modern brand of hubris we may well have to view the Great Society through gas masks.

Water Pollution

Continued from page 36

agricultural areas to saturate our rivers, fertilizers, says HEW, become a real problem. They stimulate rank plant life to choke streams with "an unnatural green soup" causing death to fish, a strong odor of decay, and toxic materials —not the least of which is strychnine.

However, it is the fourth pollutant, the *organic chemical exotics*, that is the newest and perhaps the most dangerous. Soap manufacturers are now promising that they will switch over from the "hard" detergents that have been transforming our rivers into avalanches of fluff, and will use a softer brand after June 30, 1965. But we are also flooding our waters with the residues of lethal pesticides and weed killers. DDT has been found in every river in the country; Aldrin (one application lasts a full year and kills eighteen types of insects) is universal; 0-nitrochlorobenzine has been traced in 1,000 miles of the Mississippi; benzene compounds and xylenes, naphtholene, and pyridine are present in other rivers too numerous to list. Unfortunately, most of these deadly modern poisons cannot be filtered out, and, more unfortunately, they haven't been in use long enough for authorities to know their cumulative effect on the human body.

THERE are, in the fifth category, other *mineral and chemical pollutants* of older derivation—salts from natural rock deposits, sulfates and the acids from coal mine operations, and "accidents." Serious acid seepages have occurred in the Potomac, Delaware, Susquehanna, Mississippi, and Ohio, as well as in almost all Western rivers. In Minnesota in 1963, when winter burst storage tanks and released 3,000,000 gallons of deadly, sticky fuel oil over the Mississippi nesting grounds of millions of water fowl, Governor Karl Rolvaag had to call out the National Guard to try to rescue what birds it could from the slaughter.

Sixth, *sediment* as a pollutant of our rivers has been plaguing us ever since the first watershed was thoughtlessly stripped of its soil-protecting forest and exposed to the ravages of the spring rains. The Mississippi carries 500 million tons of mud into the delta annually, and the beautiful Eel River, which once made a fairyland of the California coastal redwoods, has now been turned into a rolling flood of yellow mud by the gutted-earth procedures of the lumbermen and an unfathomable blunder by the state itself: a four-lane highway that runs straight through the heart of the groves.

While the silt problem is the oldest, the addition to our water supply of

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radioactive wastes, the seventh culprit, is one of our most recent contributions to water pollution. Radiation enters our waters from uranium milling, atomic reactors, medical laboratories, mortuaries, hospitals, and industries. At present this discharge is minute, but Dr. Earnest F. Golyna, professor of sanitary engineering at the University of Texas, says that by 1990 such discharges, "safely" diluted, would fill a lake the size of the Lone Star State fifteen feet deep. Other experts assert flatly that there is no such thing as safe dilution.

Finally, we come upon a pollutant that few recognize as such: it is *heat*. Steel mills, coke ovens, petroleum refineries, steam turbine electricity plants, and atomic reactors draw immense quantities of water from streams and return it hot or warm, killing most fish and other aquatic life. We are told that, according to projections of the gross national product, heat pollution will multiply eight times during the next thirty-five years.

THIS, then, is the state of emergency we are in at present. What can be done about the situation rests inevitably on how aroused the public becomes and on its willingness to pay the price for partial restoration of America's waterways. (After all, just the separation of storm and waste sewers in Chicago alone—a real necessity in every community if we would save our surface waters—would cost more than a billion dollars. The future depends, too, on the fate of the Administration's Water Quality Act of 1965, which is already halfway through Congress. But, in the end, it will depend primarily on public support. How many citizens will demand, for example, that other states follow Nebraska's lead and legally ban hard detergents? When will the citizenry give first priority in its budgets to the elemental matter of treating and disposing of its own waste products? And how long will people allow the timber producers of the West to spray their acres with DDT, against the advice of the Federal Pest Review Board and to the complete detriment of water quality?

Prodded by the White House, there is now a pronounced shift in the official attitude toward water pollution. The bureaucratic torpor is dissipating. Industry is no longer brazen about its wastes. But until our well-plumbered citizenry in general commits itself to anti-pollution appropriations and to strong individual support of clean waters, Americans are doomed to chant, along with Charles Palmer at the Legislative Correspondents' annual dinner:

> You keep going your way,
> I'll keep going my way,
> River, stay away from our door!

Conservation

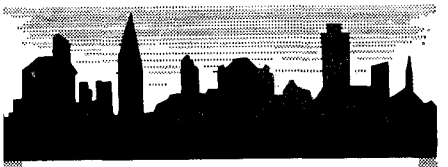
Continued from page 38

parking lot; Yosemite Valley on a summer weekend is like Times Square without electric signs. In California's splendid system of state parks and beaches a summer traveler can rarely get a camp site, and if he does get one he may well find himself squatting in a rural slum or (and this goes for Yosemite as well) in the midst of wild teen-age brawls and parties, which the limited ranger force cannot adequately, or even safely, patrol.

Already, that is, the National Park system and the state park systems that supplement it, as well as the extensive outdoor facilities within the national forests, are being battered so hard that the "use without impairment" specified in the National Park Act is a phrase to bring sour laughter from the informed. You cannot turn well over a hundred million annual visitors into a park system and expect them to leave no marks, even if they are well-intentioned, well-educated, and well-policed. You cannot bring 40,000 people and 12,000 cars into the eight square miles of Yosemite Valley in a single day without consequences.

ONE solution is rationing, the limitation of number and length of visits, but this has been, at least for the present, rejected: the annual $7 stickers now being sold to Americans will admit them to any national park or monument or forest as many times in a year as they want to come. But those stickers, authorized by the Land and Water Conservation Fund Act of 1964, will themselves help provide some limited relief, for the $125,000,000 to $200,000,000 they are expected to bring in annually will be earmarked for the acquisition of new outdoor recreation and park areas, either directly by the federal government or through federal grants to states and municipalities.

Recreation areas developed on reclamation, along with flood control dams, increasingly offer recreation to millions (Glen Canyon Recreation Area, only two years old and far from large centers of population, expects upwards of a million visitors in 1965). These recreation areas, along with the National Seashores, National Parkways, and the new category of National Riverways (Ozark Rivers is the only one so far) could take some of the pressure off the National Parks both in terms of numbers and in terms of forms of recreation undesirable in an outdoor museum. And Secretary Udall in his five years in the cabinet has initiated and successfully pushed through legislation reserving a remarkable number of new areas: Point Reyes, Cape Cod, Padre Island, and Fire



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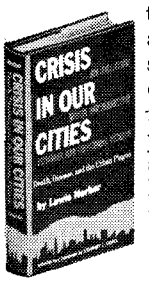

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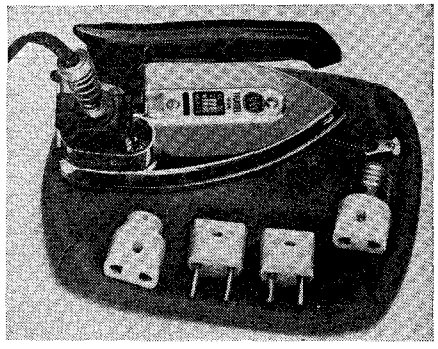
Island National Seashores, Ozark Rivers National Riverway, Canyon Lands National Park, Glen Canyon and Whiskeytown Recreation Areas, and several national monuments. In the legislative hopper are bills that would preserve other areas, including Assateague Island. In the planning stage are wilderness parks on the Allagash in Maine and in the redwood country on the California coast and on the Channel Islands off Santa Barbara—all experiencing some degree of opposition, from mild to virulent. A movement to take a new look at our roads—to design a system of parkways and scenic roads that are in effect strip parks—is gaining ground both federally and in state planning. It is invigorating, it enlists federal government, state governments, county and municipal governments, citizen groups and individuals, and it makes headway. As Mrs. Johnson has said, "To make our cities and country more beautiful . . . is a yearning of people, and it is something they think they can do, and want to do. . . . The time is right—the time is now. . . ."

Amen. And amen to the depollution efforts of those same citizens, cities, states, and federal agencies. Amen to the Audubon Society and the Wilderness Society and the Sierra Club. Amen to the reservation of new parks and the better protection of old ones. Amen to state bond issues for park acquisition, such as California's $150,000,000 passed in 1964. Amen to all of it. But not all of it together will be enough. Considering what we began with, what the "green breast of the New World" offered, conservation activities have to be called too little and too late. We will never have the whole loaf, and if we do not learn to control our population to some optimum density we will have hardly anything. But the half loaf is still possible, and we had better take it.



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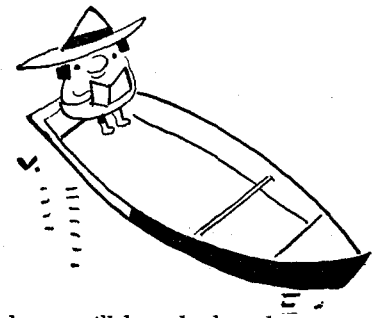
Editorial

Continued from page 48

cleanliness, and an abhorrence of filth and clutter. Pollution is a moral issue and should be presented as such. The earth *is* our home—and cleanliness *is* indeed next to godliness.

With a new generation of Americans convinced of the importance of their birthright of beauty, enlightened leaders of industry will surely realize their role in achieving this goal. The primary effort should come from industry itself. The



real test will be whether the managers of our economy can exercise the statesmanship required to put long-range national goals ahead of this year's operating statement. I know they can. I believe they must.

The lawmakers, and executive officers, of all governments can, and should, assist.

Everyone would pay and applaud if we compelled those industries which befoul our streams to abate their pollution, adding the cost to the price of their products.

For example, how many prospective owners of new autos would balk if Detroit's automakers were required to abate exhausts—and added the bill for abatement to the cost of a car?

If our cities added the cost of superior sewage treatment to monthly water bills, would good citizens seriously object?

If our tax and zoning laws were revised to encourage conservation—and reward abating acts of industry—surely the captains of industry would cooperate.

Saving solutions are possible. The winds of conservation concern are in all sails. We can have an America of fresh air and green landscapes and clean rivers if we demand solutions, seek them relentlessly, and put our duty to the future first. —STEWART L. UDALL.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. WEED, seed, shed, shad, SHAW. 2. HONK, monk mink, milk, MILL. 3. GOAD, load, loaf, leaf, LEAR. 4. BETS, pets, pots, pops, POPE. 5. BRIM, brig, brag, bray, GRAY. 6. KINE, mine, mane, mare, MARX. 7. MATS, hats, huts, hugs, HUGO. 8. WITS, bits, bets, beds, BEDE. 9. POST, host, hast, halt, HALE. 10. DIKE, like, lake, lame, LAMB.

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TEACHER required Fourth-Fifth Grade in independent school, liberally oriented. Heart of New York City. Rewarding position for intelligent, creative teacher. Some experience desirable. Reply Box M-912.

LIBRARY DIRECTOR to supervise 6 professionals and serve as Senior High Librarian. Also need outstanding experienced Senior English teacher. Excellent system 45 miles north NYC in Orange County. Beginning salary to $10,000. Box 288, Monroe, N.Y.

THOUSANDS OF LITTLE-KNOWN $7,000-$70,000 business and income opportunities available. All types! Get interesting free facts! Business Digest, 519 Center (SR-210), Racine, Wisconsin.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

VACATION in your own waterfront 3 bedroom home on private lagoon. 3 minutes to free ocean bathing. $6,190 full price and waterfront lot. $390 down, $48.95 monthly. No closing costs. City sewers, city water, city gas. M. L. Shapiro, Developers, Beach Haven West, New Jersey. Write or call for further information. 609-HY 2-2400 weekdays, 609-LY 7-7234 Saturday and Sunday.

PICTUREBOOK HOME. Concerts, theater. Box 127, Quechee, Vermont.

BEAUTIFUL LOG CHALET—Monadnock region, southern New Hampshire. Set on 17 acres of wooded hillside. Views. Charm on two levels. 27 x 18 living room, dining room, 32 x 21 glass-sided gameroom (or studio). Fireplaces. 4 bedrooms (master bedroom with fireplace). LOWER LEVEL—4 bedrooms, 2 baths. Forced hot air heat, by oil. Some furnishings. Use summer or year-round. Rare value at $29,900. George M. Foster, Real Estate Broker, Francestown, N.H. Telephone 603-874-2268.

COUNTRY PLACES in Arlington, Shaftsbury, Sandgate area. Herbert Douglas, Arlington, Vermont 802-375-2215.

ELIZABETH JAMES SAYS: In the heart of New Hope. This remodeled carriage house is now a most attractive studio with north light, balcony, powder room, small terrace beside a swift flowing stream. Offered for rent $200, for sale $30,000. Elizabeth James, "Country Real Estate," New Hope, Pennsylvania. 215-862-2430.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

A LITTLE GRAY HOME tucked away in the pines. 3 bedroom Cape Cod with charming, large living room, tiny kitchen, 2 baths and garage. Delightful privacy on 8 acres. $19,500. The Kramer Agency, Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

REBUILT WHITE COLONIAL farmhouse on 200 acres. Secluded, standing alone, as far as the eye can see, in a bowl of surrounding mountains. 4 bedrooms and 3 baths. Two brooks. Everything is in perfect shape. $37,500. Owner, Robert Morgan, Cambridge, N.Y. Tel. 518-677-3154.

ENDING OF CONTROVERSY—Historic, lovely, Eastern Shore home on deep water, pier, 5 acres of trees and flowers; oil heat. Only $37,500 (because some renovations are needed). Shore Realty, Inc., 111 East Dover Street, Easton, Maryland. 301-TA 2-4250.

MAINE ISLAND—Vacation or retirement homes. Priced realistically $5,500 and up; all fine investments. Vinalhaven Realty, Vinalhaven, Maine.

FAIRFIELD, CONNECTICUT, studio barn. 3 acres. $19,800; 1795 antique Colonial, pool. $29,800. Box M-860.

FACULTY APARTMENT HOUSE, New England college. Excellent retirement income in a pleasurable atmosphere. $32,000. Write Box M-864.

YEAR-ROUND CONTEMPORARY on Maine's beautiful Sebago Lake. Full facilities. 5 rooms, 2 baths, fireplace. $38,000. Mrs. Floris H. Jones, Broker. 207-774-4531 or 207-775-5411, Ext. 218.

For Rent—Furnished

HONOLULU, HAWAII—Sweeping view of Waikiki Beach and westward over city and ocean from the fully appointed 6 room, 1½ bath, upper floor of my hillside home, 720' above sea level. One or two-year lease beginning September 1st at $350 a month including utilities and yard man. Pictures available. Exchange references. Box M-891.

GREAT NECK, N.Y. Available September 1965, 1 year. 8 rooms, 3 baths. Excellent schools, swimming pool, dock privileges. $600 month. Box M-870.

SOUTHERN VERMONT—Unit of 3 log cabins in woods. Other accommodations, swimming and fishing in private pond nearby. Box M-915.

ABACO, BAHAMAS. White Sound, Elbow Cay. Completely furnished 4 bedroom house overlooking ocean and bay. Modern appliances. Outboard skiff. References required. Box M-908.

COMPLETELY FURNISHED CHALET at scenic Killington, Vermont. $100 month until December. Box M-881.

For Summer Rental

PRE-REVOLUTIONARY BERKSHIRE SHOWPLACE. 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, comfortable. 90 acres. $1,400. Box L-671.

LONDONDERRY, VERMONT. Mountainside chalet. Swimming, golf nearby. Box 104, Saugatuck, Connecticut.

ST. JOHN, V.I. cottage. Magnificent sea views. Weekly. Box M-820.

CHEBEAGUE ISLAND, MAINE, attractive summer house, 4½ bedrooms, 1½ baths. July rental $390. Box M-743.

DOUGLASTON—near World's Fair. 3 bedroom house available June 15th. Box M-914.

MAINE, THOMPSON LAKE. July only. Large lakeside cottage. $600. Pictures. Box M-818.

SOUTHERN VERMONT, near Jamaica. 3 bedroom Tech-built house. Deep well. $300 month. Box M-834.

MAINE LAKE—SURRY. 5 acres, privacy, modern, 4 bedrooms. Boat, outboard, canoe. $150 week. Box M-903.

CARMEL, N.Y. Charming house suitable couple. Secluded. July 25th-Labor Day. 212-ATwater 9-1394 evenings.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

SOUTH DARTMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS. Shorefront. Beautifully equipped. 5 bedrooms, 2 baths, 2 lavatories, sleeping porch. Four acres. $900 July. Box M-884.

CALIFORNIA REDWOODS. Secluded 2 bedroom elegant older home. 15 minutes San Francisco. Month or season. P.O. Box 423, Sausalito, California.

TRURO, MASSACHUSETTS. Charming oceanside studio-cottage. June or September. $400. Box M-887.

SAN FRANCISCO. 4 room residence, best district, completely equipped. June 15th to September 15th. Cool. Box M-863.

CAPE COD, Pamet River, cottages June, July. F. Dickerson, Truro, Massachusetts.

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS, N.Y.—10 room farmhouse, stone fireplace, 2 baths. 60 hillside acres. pond, lovely valley views. Swimming, golf, tennis nearby. July 1st-Labor Day, $650. Box M-867.

MAGIC MOUNTAIN chalet, Londonderry, Vermont. 2 bedrooms, all conveniences. 2 weeks $150. Box M-878.

BEARPEN MOUNTAIN, Highlands, N.C. Magnificent view. 4 spacious bedrooms. Stone fireplace. $1,000 the season. Box M-895.

CAPE COD, WELLFLEET. Spacious beachfront. 4 doubles, 2 singles, washer, dryer, fireplace. $1,000 monthly. Box M-910.

TEANECK, NEW JERSEY—July, August. 3 bedrooms, 2½ baths, screened porch, patio. 25 minutes midtown Manhattan. $650. 201-TE 6-8808, Box M-919.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 554 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

RIVERDALE, N.Y. 3 rooms, July-January. $150 month. Box M-896.

For Summer Rental

OGUNQUIT, MAINE. 2 bedroom garden apartment, excellent equipment, completely furnished. Near Lookout Hotel. Box L-810.

MID-MANHATTAN. 3 rooms. Dishwasher, air-conditioning, piano. Fully equipped. Excellent transportation. PLaza 7-0479, Box M-883.

4 BEDROOMS, Manhattan, children welcome, June 19th (or July 1st) to August 31st. $275 month. Box M-897.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, near Harvard Square. 2 room apartment overlooking river. Write Mrs. Buell or see Supt., 988 Memorial Drive.

APARTMENTS WANTED

Unfurnished

SR STAFFER seeks 1½-2½ unfurnished apartment East Side Manhattan with good transportation to midtown. Box M-925.

Furnished

RETIRED COUPLE wants furnished rental summer, seasonal. Small apartment within 1½ hours bus travel from NYC. Prefer village central N.J. Must be near shopping and bus. Box M-906.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT. A few well-chosen locations bordering small highland lake. Magnificent views. Ideal for four seasons or year-round homes. J. H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

FOR A FEW with good taste. A country club has been established on an old 300 acre estate in the magnificent hills and fields of central Orange County, New York, 55 miles from New York City. Facilities include an attractive club, swimming pool, all season tennis courts, riding trails, small game hunting, and other outdoor activities. For those who can afford it, we have a choice of seven wooded house sites, six to ten acres each. Fees and land costs are substantial, but in keeping with the character of the estate, and objectives of the owner. Further information—write George W. Kohl, Box 447, Goshen, New York.

STOWE, VERMONT—Real Estate. All kinds of property. Garland Agency, Robert Garland, Broker. 802-253-7242.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Unique 5 acre setting. Unparalleled views of ocean. Private beach, tennis. Box M-738.

NORTHERN VERMONT. Tree farmers again offer incidentally acquired houses, lots near lakes, brooks and skiing; timber tracts for recreation and investment. For Brochure write Box M-831.

EASTERN SHORE MARYLAND. Estate site on Tidewater. Sportsman's Paradise. Farmland and woodland. 202-543-5640, Box M-877.

CAMPS

BROADVIEW FARM CAMP—where 55 children, 6-13, experience the wonders of nature study in a self governed community in the Lakes Region of New Hampshire. Crafts, riflery, archery, farm animals, tripping. Pets welcome. Brochure: 1776 East 18th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11229.

LE CAMP FRANCAIS in New England. Coed, 4 to 18, special teen program. A profitable summer combining sports and French. 1200 Fifth Avenue, NYC. TRafalgar 6-4340.

HIGH/SCOPE—coed, 11-16, creative challenge for capable youth. 1305 Sherman, Ypsilanti, Michigan.

TOMOKA FOR TEENAGERS, 13-19, Tomoka for TOTS, 4-7, Tomoka for INTERS, 8-12. 3 distinct, separate Camp Units near Tanglewood, Becket, Massachusetts. Creative Skills, Culture, Sports and Seminars. 2, 4, 6, 8 week sessions. Camp Tomoka, 17 Helene Avenue, Merrick, L.I., N.Y. 516-MA 3-0032.

CAMP CHOCONUT—Stressing self-reliance. A summer of constructive fun for 40 boys 9 to 16. Campcraft, trips, shop, natural science, work projects, farm animals, sports. Private lake. 800 wooded acres in northeast Pennsylvania, 17 miles south of Binghamton, New York. Booklet. S. Hamill Horne, Box 33-R, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania.

MAINE SAILING SCHOOL—summer camp, coed, ages 11-17, on Penobscot Bay. Some tutoring available. The Hilburns, Box 174, Lakeport, California.

NO FRILLS. Full $700 worth: Music, Dance, Drama, Fine Arts, Sports (Coed 6-16). Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 22, New Jersey.

RETIREMENT LIVING

WILL YOUR RETIREMENT be a pleasure . . . or a problem? All of your retirement needs can be provided at CRESTVIEW CLUB APARTMENTS. The newest, most carefully appointed apartment-type building in the eastern United States for those 60 years and over. Located in suburban residential Toledo, Ohio, near shopping, with good transportation. Meals, services, and guaranteed life care if and when needed for reasonable monthly fee. For full information on life lease program, write: Resident Manager, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio. You will enjoy freedom, friends and fine food at CRESTVIEW.

ADD MORE LIFE to your retirement. Investigate romantic Guadalajara. Best climate this hemisphere—culture and beauty abound. Lower living costs; medical plan; moderately priced homes starting at $6,900 and up. Box L-100.

COURTLAND HALL. Place of distinction for elderly people. Attractive single rooms, balanced meals, spacious grounds. Rate $50.00 per week, room and meals. Middleboro, Massachusetts.

(Continued on page 102)

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(Continued from page 101)

VACATIONS

WALKER'S WRINKLE, Brooklin, Maine. View Herrick's Bay. Rooms, Home Cooking.

PINKHAM NOTCH INN-DANA PLACE. A New England Inn of rare charm at the foot of Mt. Washington. Enjoy your leisure, superb mountain climbing, swimming and outdoor sports in an idyllic setting. $10-$16 American Plan. R. P. Whipple, Manager, Jackson 3, New Hampshire.

MAINE'S MOST COMPLETE lodging complex on beautiful Rangeley Lake. Inn, Motel, and Camps. 100% pollen free. Ideal for vacations. For reservations call BE 864-3341.

CHAMPIONSHIP ROCKEFELLER GOLF COURSE opens December 1st. Reserve accommodations five minutes away. Summer or winter vacationing always best at The Waves, St. Croix, Virgin Islands.

KINAPIC LODGE. Lake Kezar, Lovell, Maine. American-Jewish cuisine. Cottages, private bath. Golf, tennis, beach, water skiing. Couples, families $90+ weekly. Opens June 26th. Long Island Phone 516-TN 8-4057.

FETZER'S GUEST FARM, New Hope, Pennsylvania. Organically raised vegetables, meats, home baking. Filtered pool, tennis, rooms with private bath and semiprivate. Bucks County Playhouse, Music Circus. Folder. Telephone 215-862-2630.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

VACATION AT HOME—Avoid household cares and responsibilities. Western family vacation. Riding our specialty. Located on mountain fishing stream 30 miles north Yellowstone Park. Telephone 406-333-4452. Ox Yoke Ranch, Emigrant, Montana.

FLOOD BROOK HOUSE, Vermont, Route 11, midway between Peru and Londonderry. Cool, 1600'—near theaters, concerts, antiquing, golf, hiking, fishing, swimming. $10 a day with dinner and breakfast (most people prefer lunch out). Come and try us—$6.50 overnight with a "real" breakfast, $5.00 without meals. Housekeeping apartment available. Gertrude and Robert Roessie. 802-824-5918.

MAINE ISLAND—Cottage, apartment, room-board. Modern conveniences. Car ferry. The Whitteds, Swans Island, Maine.

TIP TOP INN, Cuttingsville, Vermont. Old fashioned country inn. Mountaintop location. June 15th-October 15th. Folder.

ADIRONDACK CAMP—Road's End Lodge, Lake Pleasant 3, N.Y. 12108. On large lake—fishing, swimming, boating, sandy beach + sundeck. Modern housekeeping, rooms, 3 meals. Phone: Lake Pleasant 7554 or 6303.

ONLY THE HOSPITALITY is old fashioned. Private pool, free golf, located in the White Mountains. Bountiful Yankee meals. The New England Inn, Intervale 9, New Hampshire.

MONBLASON COLONIAL INN for the discriminating. French haute cuisine. Unspoiled countryside. Swimming, golf nearby. Virion, owner chef, Pine Plains, New York. 914-EX 8-9420.

HOUSEBOAT VACATIONS. Command your cruise on the Finger Lakes, Erie Canal and Mohawk River, 800 miles of varied, historic waterways. Stylish, comfortable, carefree—and safe for children. Insured. Complete galley, head, living for six. Memorable! Details: Fingerlakes Houseboat Vacations, 508 Beechwood, East Rochester, New York.

RECREATE AT RAINBOW LODGE, Mt. Tremper, N.Y. Mountains, trout streams, filtered pool. Quiet, secluded. American Plan. Private baths. Near Woodstock. Brochure.

GRACIOUS LIVING in beautiful seacoast village. Fine food. Entertainment, own boat and auto trips. $12-$15.50 daily includes 3 meals. Folder. Direct service from New York. Paul R. Hurlburt, Whitehall Inn, Camden, Maine.

UNIQUE DEEP-WOODS LAKESIDE HIDEAWAY near Tanglewood. Rustic lodge, cottages, honeymoon cabins, outdoor music, unorganized activities, informal serenity. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts. Open May 28th.

RELAX-BY-THE-SEA at superb Maine resort less than two hours drive from Boston. Excellent cuisine, championship putting green, swimming pool. The Lookout Hotel, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events, country auctions. Pool. 5 acre grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

VACATIONS

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs, amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information: Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

CHAITS. Modern, Informal. Swimming, Tennis, Folk Dancing, Day Camp. Accord 5, N.Y. Telephone 914-626-7373.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

NO COCKTAIL LOUNGE—the warmth of spirit obviates the need for spirits. Clean, comfortable guest accommodations, and a well-set table in a dining room that takes its beauty from breathtaking view of 7,500 mountaintop acres. All sports, including golf, tennis, boating, fishing . . . and more. Hay rides, cook-outs, nature walks, movies, ping-pong, children's programs, and so forth. AND lectures, seminars, workshops and other activities designed to refresh you culturally and spiritually. Not expensive, compared to other resorts. 450 guests; many of them get to be best of friends, and bring others. Come for a day—you'll be back! Lake Mohonk Mountain House, Dept. SR, New Paltz, N.Y. . . . 90 miles from NYC. 914-256-2211.

CAPE WINDS BY-THE-SEA; West Harwich, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Beautiful inn for 30 adult guests. Directly on ocean. Private beach. Patios. All private baths. $7-$10 per person including Continental breakfast. Weekly and off-season rates. Suites, oceanfront apartments. Brochure: The Barrows, West Harwich 18, Massachusetts.

BACK LOG CAMP, on Indian Lake, Adirondacks, New York, attracts those who love the unspoiled wilderness and actively welcome escape from civilization's "advantages." July 2nd to September 4th. Reductions for families and longer visits. Brochure: Mrs. Henry J. Cadbury, Haverford, Pennsylvania.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key. Florida. New year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

THE YODLER—Marvelous fun or quiet relaxation in Stowe, Vermont.

ENJOY YOUR VACATION with your family at a New England lakeside resort. All facilities. Entertainment. American Plan; housekeeping cottages. Forrest Durkee, Wolfeboro 18, N.H.

MOON CAPER. At luxurious Adventure Inn on subtropical Hilton Head Island, S.C. Explore a plantation graveyard at midnight. Take a moonlit dip in surf gentled by the Trade Winds. Feast on native seafoods by lantern light. Walk along a silvered beach past whispering sea oats. Be lulled to sleep by whippoorwills in a moss-hung ocean forest. 6 moonlit nights, 7 sun-filled days, 2 meals, room for 2 with balcony on the ocean, $79 per person. Call 803-785-3372. Write Box 15, The Adventure Inn, Hilton Head Island, S.C.

THE PONY BARN—Motel and apartments. Westerly, R.I. Golfing, beaching, fishing.

VACATION at The Cliff House & Motels. Quiet. Restful. Informal. Dining Room. Cocktails. Heated Swimming Pool. Golf. May 28th to October 17th. Ogunquit 5, Maine.

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT. Beautiful eighteenth century New England inn in one of Vermont's loveliest villages. Old World charm. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Barrows House, Dorset 3, Vermont.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn, apartments and motel with or without meals. Open all year. Tuck Inn Lodge, Rockport 2, Massachusetts.

WESTERN ADVENTURE on authentic ranch. Fun for all ages on operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips, all ranch activities. Paul Christensen, 63 Ranch, Box R 676, Livingston, Montana.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

SHAWMUT INN. AAA. Oceanfront resort. Secluded, restful, informal. 60 rooms. 18 cottages. Chalet Motor Lodge. Heated pool. Fine food. Cocktails. Open May 27th. Kennebunkport 19, Maine.

VACATIONS

QUEST WITH QUAKERS: Vacation, insights, values. Traverse City, Michigan, June 26th-July 3rd. Write Friends General Conference, 1520 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19102.

PAINT-VACATION — Picturesque Maine Coast, famous artists, Second Annual Workshops. June 25th-July 3rd-August 20th-August 28th. Hillcrest Inn, Ogunquit.

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160, Walden, N.Y. Records, books, lake. Informal. Telephone: 914-562-1232. Open May 28th.

CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED—everything furnished, $6.50 daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes, Box 569, Ely, Minnesota.

NAPLES, MAINE. Chute Homestead. Cottages in the lakeshore pines, delicious food, lobster-bakes, fishing, photography, antiques, water skiing. Trips and trails in the green hills. Pets and people welcomed. Folder. AAA.

MONADNOCK REGION. Beauty, charm, relaxation, towering pines, swimming pool, shuffleboard, your own lodge, delicious meals. Open May to mid-October. Write Palmer Lodge, Keene 4, N.H.

NEWSTEAD FARM. Springtime in historic Virginia. Brochure. Cartersville, Virginia.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

PROSPECT HOUSE. Hotel-Motel-Golf Club. Enjoy the cool, gorgeous Vermont lakeside setting near Rutland (opposite Alexander Woollcott's Island). GOLF, fishing, safe beach, boating, riding, tennis, dancing, movies, special events. $65-$93 weekly. The Charles Bakers, Hosts. Write, Color Folder. Box 90-G, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont.

ISLAND VIEW HOUSE—Chebeague Island, Maine (Casco Bay). "Golf." Brochure.

FALL UNDER THE SPELL of the sea as did writers of old at this distinguished resort on Cape Ann. Quiet, restful. All rooms, suites with private baths and telephones. Broad porches. Excellent food. The Ralph Waldo Emerson, Rockport 2, Massachusetts. Tel. 617-546-6321.

SUNNY FUN-FILLED, golf and surf vacations. Celebrated cuisine, cocktails, housekeeping cottages. Brochure: Atlantis, Kennebunk Beach 2, Maine.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Apple blossoms! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

PEACE—BEAUTIFUL NATURE—CREATIVITY. No TV, individualized meals. Five guests only. House on the Hill, Worcester, N.Y. 607-Ex 7-6218.

RESORT LUXURY in the North Woods. Swimming pool, golf, archery. Excellent food, cocktails. Private airstrip adjoins. Two miles north of Jackman. Sky Lodge and Motel, Moose River, Maine.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Casual atmosphere—Luscious Food—Pool—Summer Theater and Auctions: Golf, Riding nearby. Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut. 203-567-9127.

EVERY SEASON there's a reason. Fishing, boating, hunting, skiing. Pleasant Mt. Chair Lift. For FREE booklet write Box 236E, Chamber of Commerce, Bridgton, Maine.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE. Famed resort, inn and cottages at edge of the great outdoors. Golf course, fishing, water skiing. Delicious Maine food. Cocktail lounge. No hay fever. Informal. Moderate rates. Open year 'round. AAA. Squaw Mountain Inn, Greenville Junction 12, Maine.

WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton, P.O., New Hampshire.

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VACATIONS

LIKE A CRUISE on the ocean with none of the motion. A small, luxurious, quiet, scenic inn. Salt water pool. With or without meals. No liquor. Open now to November. AAA. Mobil Guide. Yankee Clipper, Rockport 3, Massachusetts.

CHRISTMAS TREE INN. AAA. Deliberate informality. Lakeside resort with private cottages nestled in pines. Central dining room and lodge. Excellent meals. Sandy beach, good fishing. Open June to September. Bridgton 5, Maine.

WINDHAM HILL FARM. West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—books—music—good food. Folder. Phone area: 802-874-5951.

REWARDING PROGRAM, gourmet table, schoolteacher prices: EMERSON FINE ARTS CENTER, York Harbor, Maine. Brochure: Box 111, New Milford, Connecticut.

EAGLE MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Jackson 16, New Hampshire. Overlooks Wildcat Valley. Square mile estate with golf, swimming pool. All summer sports, social program. Excellent meals. June 25th-October 13th. Color folder.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $56 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

LIKE SWIMMING, GOLF, SPORTS, Excellent Meals? You'll thoroughly enjoy vacationing at this delightful country Inn on 250 acre estate. Children's supervised summer program. Informal entertainment. $12.50-$23 day includes meals. Family rates. AAA. Color folder. Open all year. Telephone 413-498-5341. Edwin Finch, Manager, The Northfield Inn, East Northfield 46, Massachusetts.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL-MOTEL. Informal seaside relaxation. Bountiful meals. Near beach, art colony, golf. Moderate rates. Color folder. Ogunquit 2, Maine.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages for 2 to 6 guests. $85 to $115 weekly includes delicious meals. Lower June rates. Write D. R. Thompson, Owner-Manager, Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts.

GREEN SHADOWS INN. Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, country living. Rooms and cottages.

ACTION AND RELAXIN', that's New Hampshire—a great little state that packs your vacation with summertime fun. Crystal clear lakes, towering mountains, a rollicking coast, fine motels and restaurants . . . ask what you will, New Hampshire has it. For your free vacation kit write: Vacation Center, 130 State House Annex, Concord, New Hampshire.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE, concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios: 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan.

ENJOYABLE but not expensive. Vacation resort on Lake Wentworth. Modern cabins. Land and water sports. Bass fishing. Color folder gives complete information. Point Breeze, Wolfeboro, N.H.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theater, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR. Vermont lake near White Mountains. Informal resort, also "Sleep Away" or Day Camp. Water sports. Crafts. Tennis. Trips. Golf and Dartmouth summer theater near. Bungalows. Excellent food or housekeeping units. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, New York City 10.

LAKE SHORE FARM—Boating, fishing, swimming, private beach, children's haven. Northwood, N.H.

HEAR THE WILD LOON—Bring your family to Timberlock on the unspoiled shore of Indian Lake, Adirondacks. Peruse our brochure. Richard Catlin, Sabael, N.Y.

"GET AWAY FROM IT ALL" to relax in the quiet friendly charm of 'TWEEN WATERS INN, Captiva Island off Ft. Myers, Florida. Enjoy excellent fishing, world-famous shelling beaches, national wildlife refuge. Call 813-GR 2-3911 or write Box 196S, Captiva, Florida.

VACATIONS

QUIET SEASIDE ROOMS with complete breakfasts. Red Inn, Provincetown, Massachusetts.

IN A RUT? Loafer's paradise! No honeymooners, teenagers. Mile to Pocono Playhouse. Pool, lake, lounge, dining room. WOODSIDE, Cresco, Pennsylvania.

THE CLEARING—Remote, secluded, charming Berkshire country estate. Adults. Swimming pool. Brochure. Box 39, West Chesterfield, Massachusetts.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1624

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. In law, acquired privilege to use or enjoy a bit of somebody else's land.	191 114 25 166 39 10 30 71
B. Health and winter resort near Grimaldi caves, on Mediterranean (Italian sp.)	54 167 184 153 140 77 110
C. How the slayer of the Jabberwock "stood awhile" by the Tumtum tree (2 wds.)	37 156 63 67 8 196 52 186 171
D. The old diversion from which modern "Bingo" is derived (2 wds.)	128 78 20 160 183 105 120 168 134
E. Long curved knife, common among Mohammedans.	24 142 150 46 101 17 99
F. What Polly in Mother Goose was told to "put" (2 wds.)	97 106 175 58 82 15 11 146
G. Time phrase as to when the great Paris and London conferences on World War I reparations took place (2 wds., one comp.)	98 56 66 32 102 9 109 130 75 113 181
H. Appearing to be damaged by certain devouring insects (comp.)	173 34 157 107 21 92 125 154 193
I. Place of initial training for U.S. Navy or Marine recruits (2 wds.)	177 145 163 87 131 23 29 16
J. Deserted one's comrades, traditionally, esp. in adversity; betrayed, informed.	104 19 185 139 144 170
K. One of two portions of anything (2 wds.)	28 94 158 55 13 116 4 199 79

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Reporting—not quoting—what Justice Holmes said time has done to "many fighting faiths" (2 wds.)	12 162 119 169 57 147 85 96 60
M. An old form of cannon shot, consisting usually of nine small balls held together.	7 73 149 190 53 161 88 178 115
N. In rabbinical law, usage or traditional custom.	3 51 129 69 36 198 45
O. Which of these was it "that spread these lies" asked Rossetti in *Fragment* (3 wds.)	135 197 112 48 65 122 76 27 141 176 61
P. In India, one who has been ejected from his traditional connection for violation of the customs and rules.	59 81 93 124 136 165 195 174
Q. Refuse as unsatisfactory.	18 187 80 138 143 164
R. A certain tranquillity in any situation, *savoir faire* (3 wds.)	86 152 14 117 2 26 133 127 47 38 62 179
S. Stickiness.	5 89 188 137 43 180 155 84 41
T. A sufficient supply; 3 wds. often used to demand cessation of something annoying or futile.	68 49 103 189 100 148 132 70 44 95 159 1
U. Oarsman.	35 172 42 72 182
V. Any instrumentality for the acquisition of knowledge.	64 90 50 194 121 108 74
W. In music, according to the lute tablature.	111 83 192 40 22 123 33
X. "Bonny" and brave viscount in inspiring Scottish rallying song by Sir Walter Scott.	151 126 118 91 6 31

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

		1 T	2 R		3 N	4 K	5 S	6 X		7 M	8 C	9 G	10 A		11 F	12 L	13 K
	14 R	15 F	16 I	17 E	18 Q	19 J	20 D	21 H		22 W	23 I	24 E	25 A		26 R	27 O	28 K
29 I		30 A	31 X	32 G		33 W	34 H	35 U	36 N		37 C	38 R		39 A	40 W	41 S	
42 U	43 S	44 T	45 N		46 E	47 R		48 O	49 T	50 V	51 N	52 C	53 M	54 B	55 K	56 G	57 L
	58 F	59 P		60 L	61 O	62 R	63 C		64 V	65 O		66 G	67 C	68 T		69 N	70 T
71 A	72 U	73 M	74 V	75 G	76 O	77 B		78 D	79 K		80 Q	81 P	82 F	83 W		84 S	85 L
86 R		87 I	88 M	89 S	90 V	91 X		92 H	93 P		94 K	95 T	96 L		97 F	98 G	99 E
100 T		101 E	102 G	103 T	104 J	105 D	106 F		107 H	108 V	109 G	110 B	111 W		112 O	113 G	
114 A	115 M	116 K	117 R	118 X	119 L		120 D	121 V	122 O		123 W	124 P	125 H	126 X	127 R	128 D	129 N
130 G		131 I	132 T	133 R	134 D		135 O	136 P	137 S	138 Q		139 J	140 B		141 O	142 E	143 Q
144 J		145 I	146 F		147 L	148 T	149 M	150 E		151 X	152 R	153 B	154 H		155 S	156 C	
157 H	158 K	159 T	160 D		161 M	162 L	163 I	164 Q		165 P	166 A	167 B	168 D	169 L	170 J		171 C
172 U		173 H	174 P		175 F	176 O		177 I	178 M	179 R	180 S	181 G	182 U		183 D	184 B	
185 J	186 C	187 Q		188 S	189 T	190 M	191 A	192 W	193 H	194 V	195 P	196 C	197 O	198 N	199 K		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 22 of this issue.

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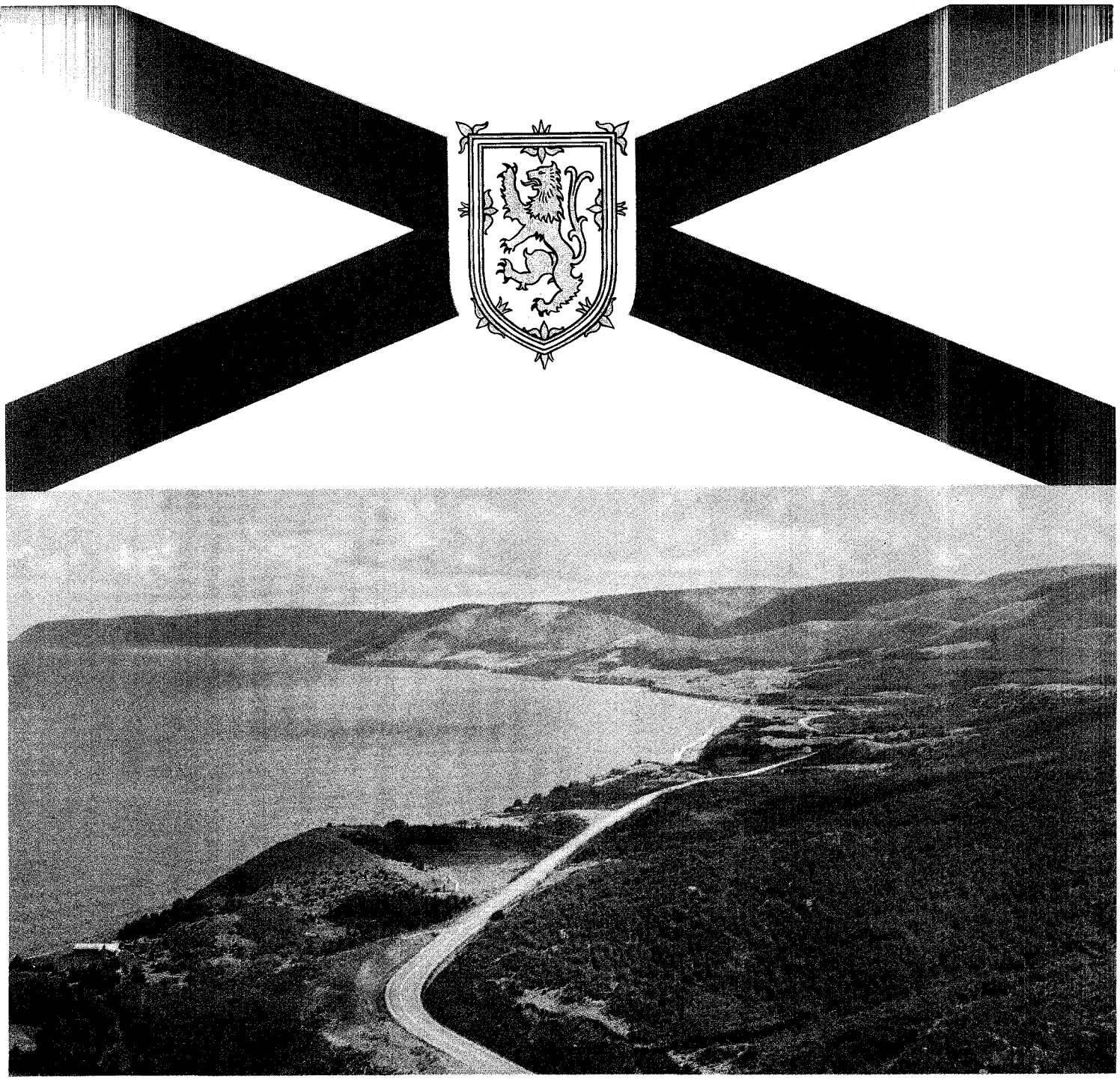

Nova Scotia's Cape Breton: Leif the Lucky, John Cabot, Captain Cook and John Paul Jones all knew its splendour

The countryside is green and flowering, and warm in welcome. The Cabot Trail, 185 miles of spectacular highway, plunges into verdant valleys, climbs round timbered peaks. It begins at Baddeck, on salty Bras d'Or Lake, one of the finest yachting playgrounds on the continent; follows the Margaree River, home of trout and Atlantic salmon, winds through Cape Breton Highlands National Park and along the beaches at Ingonish and Neil Harbour, then soars over the towering headland of Cape Smoky.

During the 18th century, on the rugged shores of Cape Breton, France and England fought for supremacy in Nova Scotia. One hundred years later, shiploads of Highland Scots immigrated to this "New Scotland."

Today, each of these cultures retains its distinct identity. The spirited Gaelic Mod, an annual festival of Celtic culture, is held at St. Ann's (Aug. 9-14), while in fishing villages such as Arichat and Cheticamp, the soft Acadian French accents still charm and the ancient crafts are skilfully perpetuated.

"The Road to the Isle," across the Canso Causeway, beckons you on to your own kind of adventure. Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, awaits your discovery this summer. To help you start planning, mail the coupon today.

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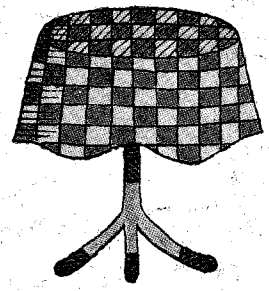
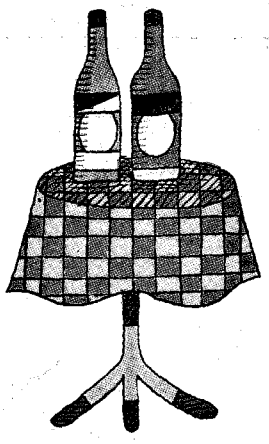
How to build

an authentic European sidewalk cafe

1 Place one small table outside



2 Add Cinzano French and Italian vermouth (What luck—Cinzano sells both in this country!)



3 Add a genuine European umbrella*

4 Add yourself and a friend

5 Add a curious policeman....

6 ...who'll make you take everything inside (good thing Cinzano tastes great anywhere!)

WHEN YOU MIX WITH CINZANO YOU MIX WITH THE BEST!

*Imported Cinzano Umbrella, Send $14.95 (check or money order) to: Munson G. Shaw Co., Import Plaza, Dept. A, P.O. Box 222, Harrison, N. J. / Munson G. Shaw Co. sole distributor U. S. A.

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